PUNCH



VOL. CLII.

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PUNCH



ALMANACK

PUNCH OFFICE

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PUNCH



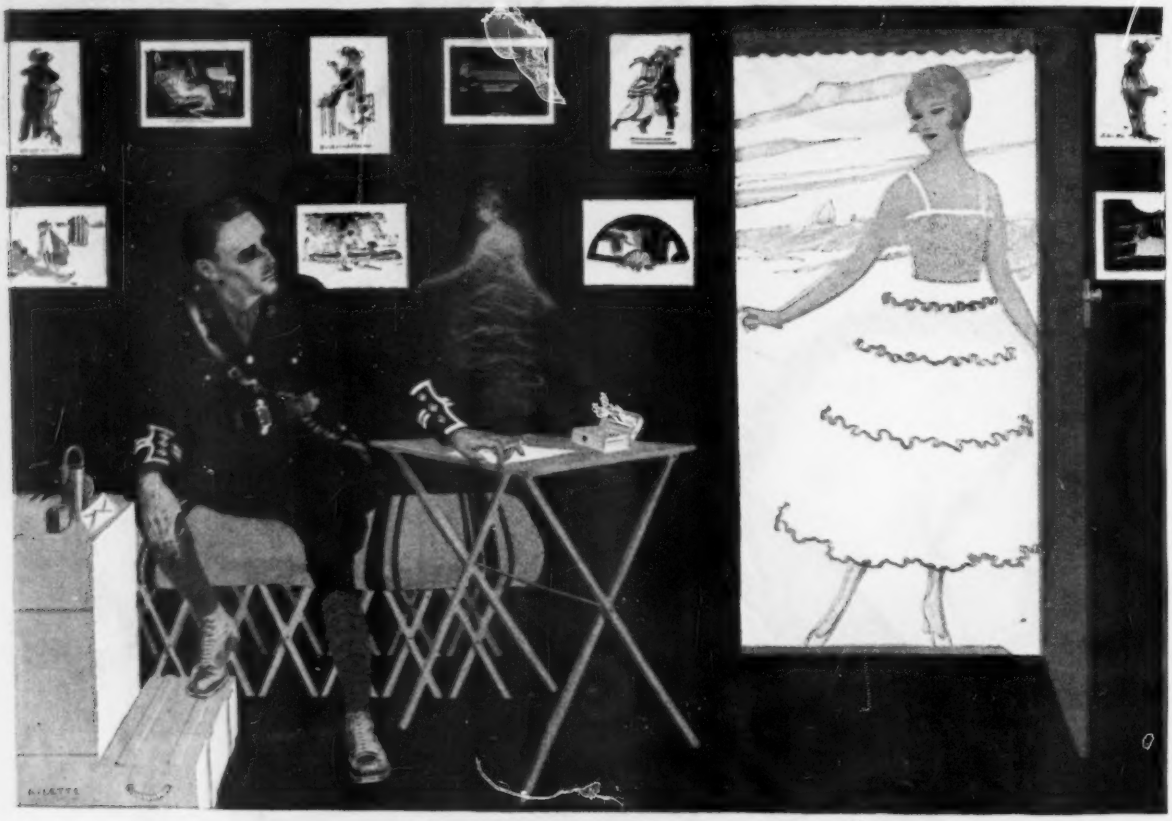
ALMANACK

PUNCH OFFICE LONDON

Picture Offer

To "De Reszke" Smokers only

This "Rilette" picture, "If Dreams Came True," on art paper, 15 ins. by 10 ins., will be sent free to any smoker forwarding to Messrs. J. Millhoff & Co., Ltd. (Dept. 7), 86, Piccadilly, London, W., a "De Reszke" box lid and 2d. in stamps, mentioning Picture No. 34. Other pictures in the series (41 in all) may be had on the same terms, viz.: a box lid and 2d. for each picture required. Complete list of pictures on receipt of 1d. postage.



"*If Dreams Came True*"

[In painting the picture reproduced above, which was first published some months ago, the artist derived his inspiration from a letter sent by an Officer at the front to the manufacturers of "De Reszke" Cigarettes. That the picture made a strong appeal to the feelings of those on Active Service is illustrated by the fact that it has, in turn, inspired the verses printed below].

BLUE MAGIC

(*Inspired by "If Dreams Came True"*)

WHEN I smoke my cigarette
I can see two red lips curving,
In the magic picture set
Where the smoke goes floating, swerving.
I can see two bright eyes smiling
(Dear twin battery, most unnerving!)—
To my sweet and sure beguiling,
I can see two red lips curving.

When I smoke my cigarette
I can hear a soft voice calling—
Very faint and far, and yet
Nearer than the shrapnel falling.
I can hear a kind word spoken,
To my very heart's enthralling.
While my magic ring's unbroken
I can hear a soft voice calling.

When I smoke my cigarette
I can feel a hand's caressing;
Close my eyes—a touch I get
Fleeting as a fairy's blessing.
Little dainty, tender fingers
That so late my lips were pressing;
On my cheek your fragrance lingers,
I can feel your soft caressing.

So I smoke my cigarette—
Little Sweetheart, can you hear me?—
Weave awhile my cloudy net,
Charm your gracious presence near me,
Shut out all that's grim and tragic—
Would you so console and cheer me,
Send some more "De Reszke" magic.
Little Sweetheart—*did* you hear me?

CHRIS RICHARDSON

"De Reszke" Cigarettes are sold everywhere; or post free from J. Millhoff & Co., Ltd., 86, Piccadilly, London, W.



CALENDAR, 1917.

January							February							March						
S	...	7	14	21	28		S	...	4	11	18	25		S	...	4	11	18	25	...
M	1	8	15	22	29		M	...	5	12	19	26		M	...	5	12	19	26	...
Tu	2	9	16	23	30		Tu	...	6	13	20	27		Tu	...	6	13	20	27	...
W	3	10	17	24	31		W	...	7	14	21	28		W	...	7	14	21	28	...
Th	4	11	18	25	...		Th	1	8	15	22	...		Th	1	8	15	22	29	...
F	5	12	19	26	...		F	2	9	16	23	...		F	2	9	16	23	30	...
S	6	13	20	27	...		S	3	10	17	24	...		S	3	10	17	24	31	...

April							May							June						
S	1	8	15	22	29		S	...	6	13	20	27		S	...	3	10	17	24	...
M	2	9	16	23	30		M	...	7	14	21	28		M	...	4	11	18	25	...
Tu	3	10	17	24	...		Tu	1	8	15	22	29		Tu	...	5	12	19	26	...
W	4	11	18	25	...		W	2	9	16	23	30		W	...	6	13	20	27	...
Th	5	12	19	26	...		Th	3	10	17	24	31		Th	...	7	14	21	28	...
F	6	13	20	27	...		F	4	11	18	25	...		F	1	8	15	22	29	...
S	7	14	21	28	...		S	5	12	19	26	...		S	2	9	16	23	30	...

July							August							September						
S	1	8	15	22	29		S	...	5	12	19	26		S	...	2	9	16	23	30
M	2	9	16	23	30		M	...	6	13	20	27		M	...	3	10	17	24	...
Tu	3	10	17	24	31		Tu	...	7	14	21	28		Tu	...	4	11	18	25	...
W	4	11	18	25	...		W	1	8	15	22	29		W	...	5	12	19	26	...
Th	5	12	19	26	...		Th	2	9	16	23	30		Th	...	6	13	20	27	...
F	6	13	20	27	...		F	3	10	17	24	31		F	...	7	14	21	28	...
S	7	14	21	28	...		S	4	11	18	25	...		S	1	8	15	22	29	...

October							November							December						
S	...	7	14	21	28		S	...	4	11	18	25		S	...	2	9	16	23	30
M	1	8	15	22	29		M	...	5	12	19	26		M	...	3	10	17	24	31
Tu	2	9	16	23	30		Tu	...	6	13	20	27		Tu	...	4	11	18	25	...
W	3	10	17	24	31		W	...	7	14	21	28		W	...	5	12	19	26	...
Th	4	11	18	25	...		Th	1	8	15	22	29		Th	...	6	13	20	27	...
F	5	12	19	26	...		F	2	9	16	23	30		F	...	7	14	21	28	...
S	6	13	20	27	...		S	3	10	17	24	...		S	1	8	15	22	29	...

AFTER THE WAR: THE WAR-WORK HABIT.



LADY GREEN-PARKER (LATE PLATOON-COMMANDER IN A WOMAN'S VOLUNTEER CORPS) STARTS HER GARDENERS AT WORK FOR THE DAY.



MRS. BROMPTON RHODES (WHO HAS BEEN WORKING ON THE LAND) FINDS IT IMPOSSIBLE TO ARRANGE THE FLOWERS ON HER DINING-TABLE WITHOUT DONNING HER SMOCK AND CORDUROYS.



LADY ALBERT HALL (FORMERLY A RED-CROSS AMBULANCE DRIVER) DEALS WITH A BREAK-DOWN OF HER CAR IN BOND STREET.



THE HON. MRS. KENSINGTON GORE (ONCE A MUNITION-WORKER) IS INFORMED THAT SOMETHING IS WRONG WITH THE TAP OF HER SCULLERY SINK.

AFTER THE WAR: THE WAR-WORK HABIT.



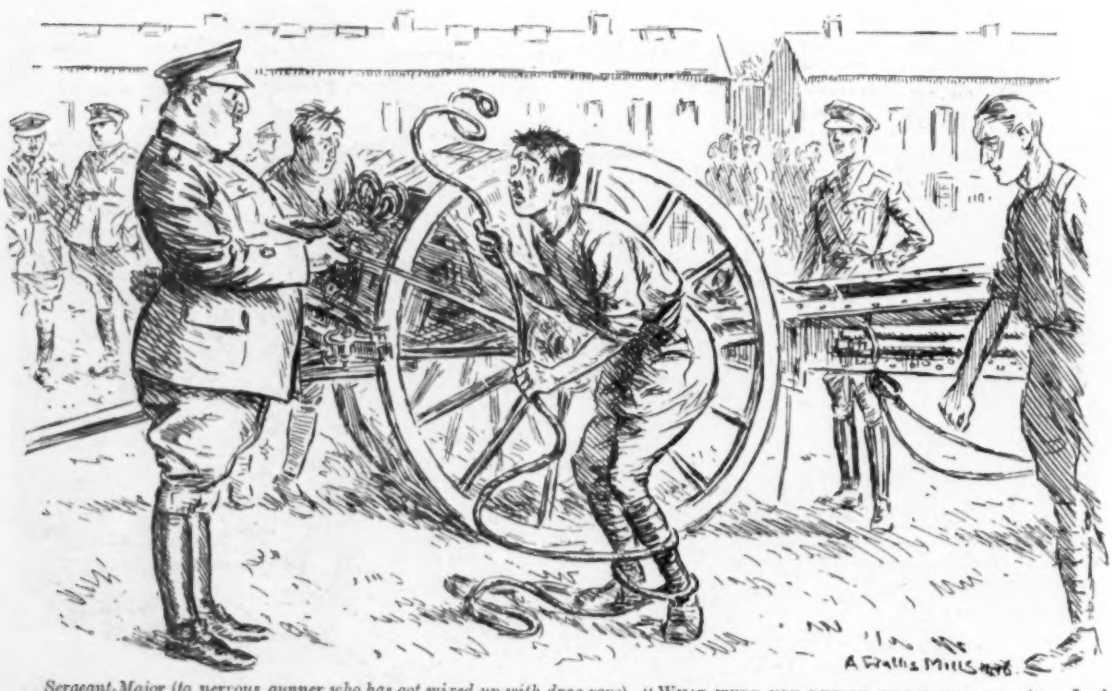
THE DUCHESS OF PIMLICO (WHO USED TO ENTERTAIN CONVALESCENT SOLDIERS AT HER COUNTRY SEATS) GIVES A GARDEN PARTY AT PIMLICO HOUSE, BELGRAVIA.



THE COUNTESS OF KNIGHTSBRIDGE AND HER CHARMING DAUGHTERS (WHO HAVE ALL BEEN WORKING IN CANTEENS) CANNOT AT ONCE ACCUSTOM THEMSELVES TO THE ORDINARY AMENITIES OF AFTERNOON "AT HOMES."



Sergeant-Major (who has the professional mind). "HE'S A GOOD MAN IN THE TRENCHES, SIR, AND A GOOD MAN IN A SCRAP, SIR; BUT YOU 'LL NEVER MAKE A SOLDIER OF HIM."



Sergeant-Major (to nervous gunner who has got mixed up with drag-rope). "WHAT WERE YOU BEFORE YOU JOINED THE ARM: ? A SNAKE-CHARMER?"

HOME-MADE MUNITIONS.





"HEAVENS, SERGEANT, WHAT 'S THIS?"

"THAT JOKE OF MINE, YOU KNOW—WHEN I ASK A RECRUIT WHO 'S BEEN THROWN, 'WHO THE DEVIL ASKED YOU TO DISMOUNT, SIR?' WELL, HERE 'S ONE OF THE PAPERS SAYS IT 'S THE OLDEST WHEEZE IN THE WORLD!"



WHY NOT A V.A.D. SECTION OF VIVANDIÈRES AT OUR THEATRE-BARS TO RENDER FIRST AID TO ANY RECKLESS YOUTH WHO HAS THE TEMERITY TO TAKE A THEATRE WHISKY?

A FALSE ALARM.



"CALL ME AT SEVEN SHARP."



BOOM!



BANG!



CRASH!



"OH, ZEPPS?"



"I WAS AFRAID IT WAS TIME TO GET UP!"



"HEAVENS, SERGEANT, WHAT 'S THIS?"

"THAT JOKE OF MINE, YOU KNOW—WHEN I ASK A RECRUIT WHO 'S BEEN THROWN, 'WHO THE DEVIL ASKED YOU TO DISMOUNT, SIR?' WELL, HERE 'S ONE OF THE PAPERS SAYS IT 'S THE OLDEST WHEEZE IN THE WORLD!"



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BOOM!



BANG!



CRASH!



"OH, ZEPPS?"



"I WAS AFRAID IT WAS TIME TO GET UP!"

THE COMPLETE FILM ACTOR.

Mr. Percy Garrick Smithers, actor, finding the path to fame less smooth on the legitimate stage than he believed it to be by the Cinema route, went to a producer of film plays and offered his services.



"ARE YOU A GOOD PUGILIST?"

"Yes," said the producer, "I might possibly give you lead in a big sensational I am about to put up. Are you a good pugilist?"

"I have indulged a little in the pastime of sparring," answered Percy.

"Good," said the producer. "You see, the picture opens with Bill Bloodred, the champion prize-fighter, demanding certain documents from his aged uncle. As the latter won't surrender the papers, Bill gives him a swinging blow to the jaw, a few more heavy ones to various other parts of the body, and then proceeds to kick the old man to death as the latter lies helpless on the floor. It's one of those thrilling scenes the juveniles like so much! Then *you* come in and tackle Bill."

"Quite so," said Percy.

"A terrific fight ensues. Bill surpasses anything he has ever done in the ring, and it goes on until at last you collapse. Bill escapes, leaving you for dead. Do you catch the idea?"

"Pretty well," said Percy.

"Now Bill goes straight away to the police office and states that you have murdered his uncle. When you come to, you are surrounded by about twenty members of the police force, the chief of whom slips the handcuffs over your wrists. With one wrench you snap the chain and are free!"

"With *one* wrench?" asked Percy, to be sure he was getting the details correctly.

"With one wrench. Then ensues another big struggle. This time it is yourself *versus* the police."

"The twenty?"

"Quite right. After some time you show signs of weakening, and the police look like getting the upper hand."



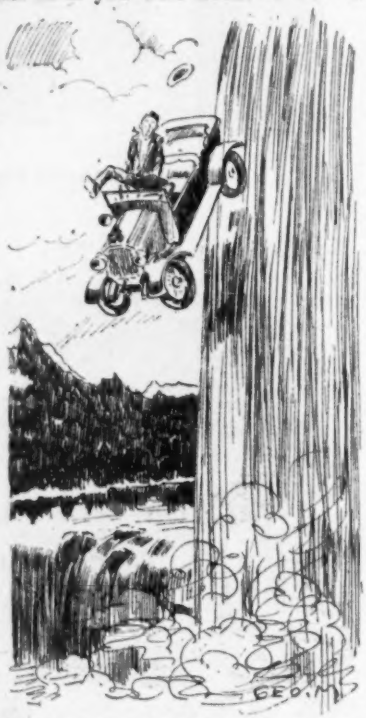
"IT IS YOURSELF VERSUS THE POLICE."

"Ah!" remarked Percy.

"But just then Mignon, the old man's daughter, emerges from behind a screen. She tells the police the facts and proclaims your absolute innocence."

"Good!" said Percy.

"The chief of the police thereupon shakes you by the hand and apologises. You indicate that it will now be your life's work to bring the assassin, Bill, to justice, and then you quit. I should mention that before leaving you fall in love with Mignon, and promise that on your return you'll marry her at once. That parting scene will want a bit of acting. Your countenance must show successive degrees of pain, as if you had eaten something that was disagreeing with your digestion; and you mustn't omit the most effective suffering expression of all—chin raised, mouth open, eyelids closed tightly—just as if you were about to sneeze.



"YOU ARE SEEN FALLING, FALLING, FALLING."

You'll find your experience on the stage quite useful, you know."

"Oh, quite, quite," agreed Percy.

"Now you are out in the street. You seize the first motor-car at hand, and start off on the grand hunt after Bill. Through the crowded streets, out into the country highway, you fly at a terrific speed. Up the mountain passes you race, down precipitous slopes with ever-increasing momentum. Every moment, it seems, will be your last. But you come safely through."

"Certainly," said Percy.

"That is to say—almost. Unfortunately, in turning a sharp corner, the car plunges into the waters of a rapid mountain torrent!"

"Dear, dear!" said Percy.

"But you come safely through——"

Percy heaved a sigh of relief.

"You are seen falling, falling, falling,

still in your car, with the descending cataract. Over and over you are turned in the seething waters, dashed against rocks, hurled through ravines, and finally you are given a sheer drop down a perpendicular waterfall of three hundred feet. Out of the white foam formed in the bed of the waters you emerge swimming strongly hand over hand, until at last you reach the broad waters of the placid river, and finally the shore. Here you notice a train passing some little distance away, and in it, gazing out of one of the windows, you observe—Bill, the murderer! You at once start in pursuit; by a superb effort you catch up the train, and just succeed in swinging yourself safely on board. You can do a little sprinting, I suppose?"

"I could give an ordinary train a



"You follow him."

bit of a start, no doubt," said Percy with confidence.

"Just so," pursued the producer. "And now you find yourself confronting the miscreant, Bill. The train is passing through a city. It is on the elevated railway. Bill makes a dash for the door, springs out, and lands on the roof of a house. You follow him—your leap being considerably greater, because between his jump and yours the train has proceeded a certain distance."

"Precisely," said Percy.

"Now there is a scramble over the roof-tops. You climb up pipes, slide down slates, leap across spaces between separate houses, cling to coping stones, and all that sort of thing."

"I grasp the idea," said Percy.

"At last Bill is seized with a notion. He throws himself on to the telephone wires, and, hanging by his hands, manages to convey himself across to the houses on the opposite side of the road. You imitate him. As Bill arrives on the other side, he turns and cuts the wires on which you are crossing. Before the ends of the wires fall, however, you turn a quick somersault and land beside Bill. Once more there is a race over the roofs until Bill reaches a factory chimney. Down the shaft he dives. So do you. Into the furnace below, then out of it, the chase continues—it doesn't pause for a moment."

"Not a moment," echoed Percy as in a trance.

"Yes, it does, for you and Bill have dragged out of the furnace some of the burning coal; this has caught some inflammable material, and soon the whole factory is alight. Now you rush round to alarm the workers. And what do you find? Mignon! She had gone out into the world to earn her own bread, and had found employment in this factory. The manager of the factory, an arch villain, had noted Mignon's beauty, and just as you arrive he is dragging her away. You snatch Mignon from his grasp. At that moment Bill comes up, takes in the situation, seizes the treacherous manager, and flings him into the devouring flames. Then Bill assists you to carry Mignon through the suffocating smoke out to safety, but as you disappear the now dying manager draws his revolver and fires after you. You are struck by the bullet, but bear up until, with Bill's help, you have brought Mignon out of danger. Then you faint away."



"He cuts the wires on which you are crossing."

"Not till then?" said Percy.

"No, not till then. The last scene of all will be your wedding at the church. Mignon, of course, is the bride, and Bill is your best man. You see, he retrieved his character by the aid given at the factory fire, and you have forgiven him the murder of his uncle. Oh, and, by the way, you wouldn't have to be *really* shot at the rehearsals, you know."

"That's fine!" said Percy. "When would you like me to start?"

"A week from now."

"Good. That will give me a nice opportunity to get fit, and to have one last good time in case any unforeseen



"The last scene of all will be your wedding."

mishap should occur in the course of rehearsal. Of course I see no reason whatever to anticipate any accident, but they have been known to happen under circumstances even more commonplace, if that were possible."

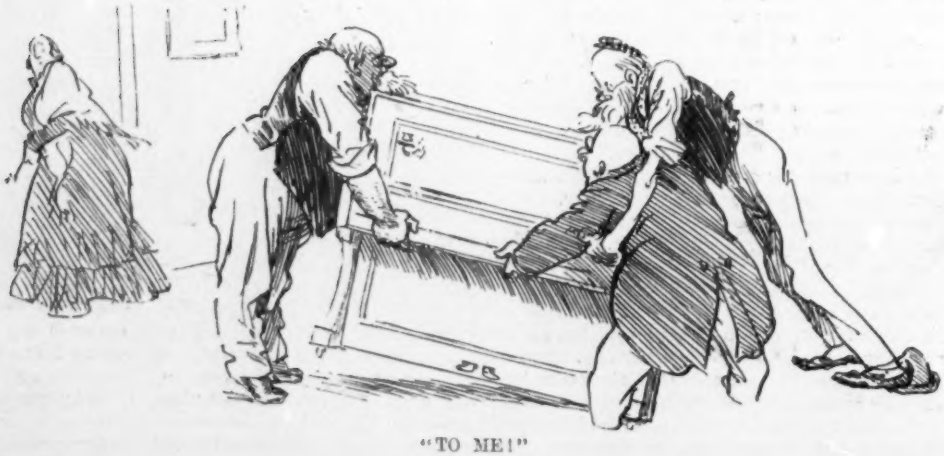
THE EVICTION OF AN ENEMY IN OUR MIDST



BRITISH MATRON, IN A SPASM OF PATRIOTISM, DECIDES TO GET RID OF HER GERMAN PIANO. MESSRS. DUGOUT AND CO. UNDERTAKE TO REMOVE IT.



"NOW, THEN, WHEN I SES, 'TO ME!'"



"TO ME!"

THE EVICTION OF AN ENEMY IN OUR MIDST.



"To *you!* *From* me!"



The spirit of frightfulness active to the very end.



Peace—at a price.



MESOPOTAMIA.

Tommy (to Padre, who has been telling him about the Scriptural associations connected with the country). "SUPPOSED TO BE THE GARDEN OF EDEN, IS IT, SIR? WELL, IT WOULDN'T TAKE NO FLAMIN' SWORD TO KEEP *ME* OUT OF IT."

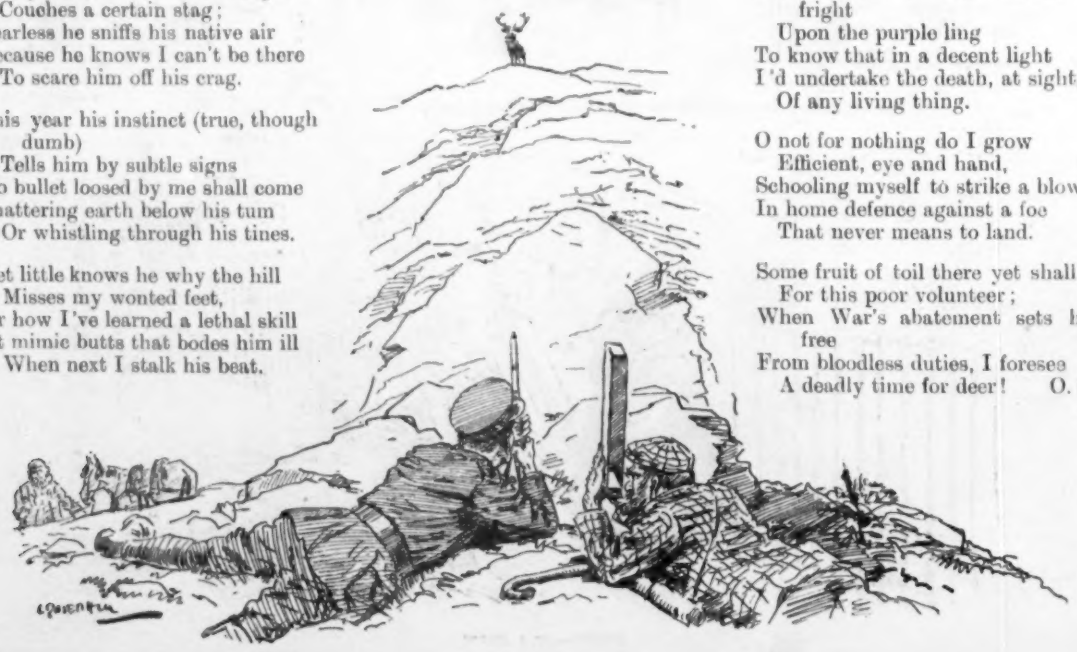
THE TRUCE—AND AFTER.

[Lines alleged to have been recently found on the back of a miniature target (of which only the bull's-eye was perforated), and believed to be the work of a private in the County of London Volunteer Regiment.]

THIS year at ease on Ben Macquhair
  Couches a certain stag;
Fearless he sniffs his native air
Because he knows I can't be there
  To scare him off his crag.

This year his instinct (true, though dumb)
  Tells him by subtle signs
No bullet loosed by me shall come
Shattering earth below his tum
  Or whistling through his tines.

Yet little knows he why the hill
  Misses my wonted feet,
Or how I've learned a lethal skill
At mimic butts that bodes him ill
  When next I stalk his beat.



I trow that he would swoon for fright
  Upon the purple ling
To know that in a decent light
I 'd undertake the death, at sight,
  Of any living thing.

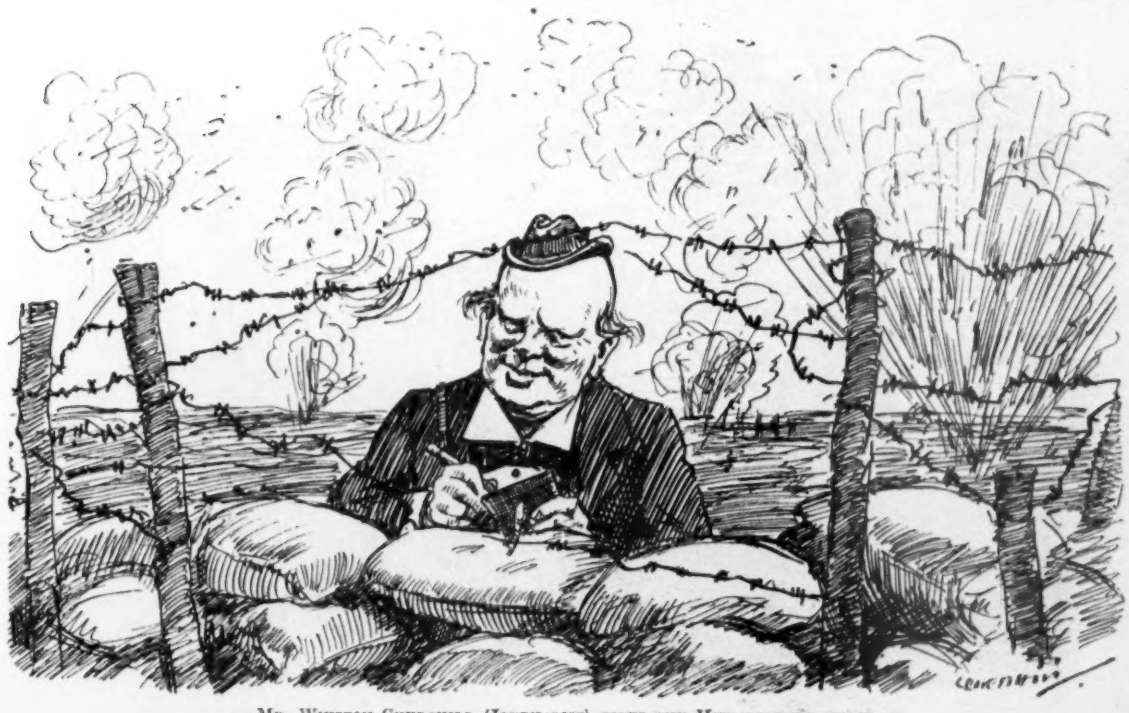
O not for nothing do I grow
  Efficient, eye and hand,
Schooling myself to strike a blow
In home defence against a foe
  That never means to land.

Some fruit of toil there yet shall be
  For this poor volunteer;
When War's abatement sets him free
From bloodless duties, I foresee
  A deadly time for deer! O. S.

MR. PUNCH'S UNAUTHORISED WAR PICTURES.
FIRST SERIES. AT THE FRONT.



General Lloyd George, War Lord.



Mr. Winston Churchill (Journalist) gives the Hun another shock.

AT THE FRONT.



MR. ARNOLD BENNETT AND MR. H. G. WELLS (*rival bookmakers—together*). "WHAT'S THIS FELLOW DOING HERE?"



Mr. Hilaire Belloc. "THIS TRENCH IS WRONG. IT DOESN'T AGREE WITH MY MAP."

AT THE FRONT.



SIR ARTHUR WING PINERO TAKES A TRIP ON A TANK TO SEE HOW HOUSES ARE BROUGHT DOWN.



SUSPENSION OF HOSTILITIES TO ALLOW SIR HERBERT TREE TO THROW OFF A FEW SOLILOQUIES FROM *HAMLET*.

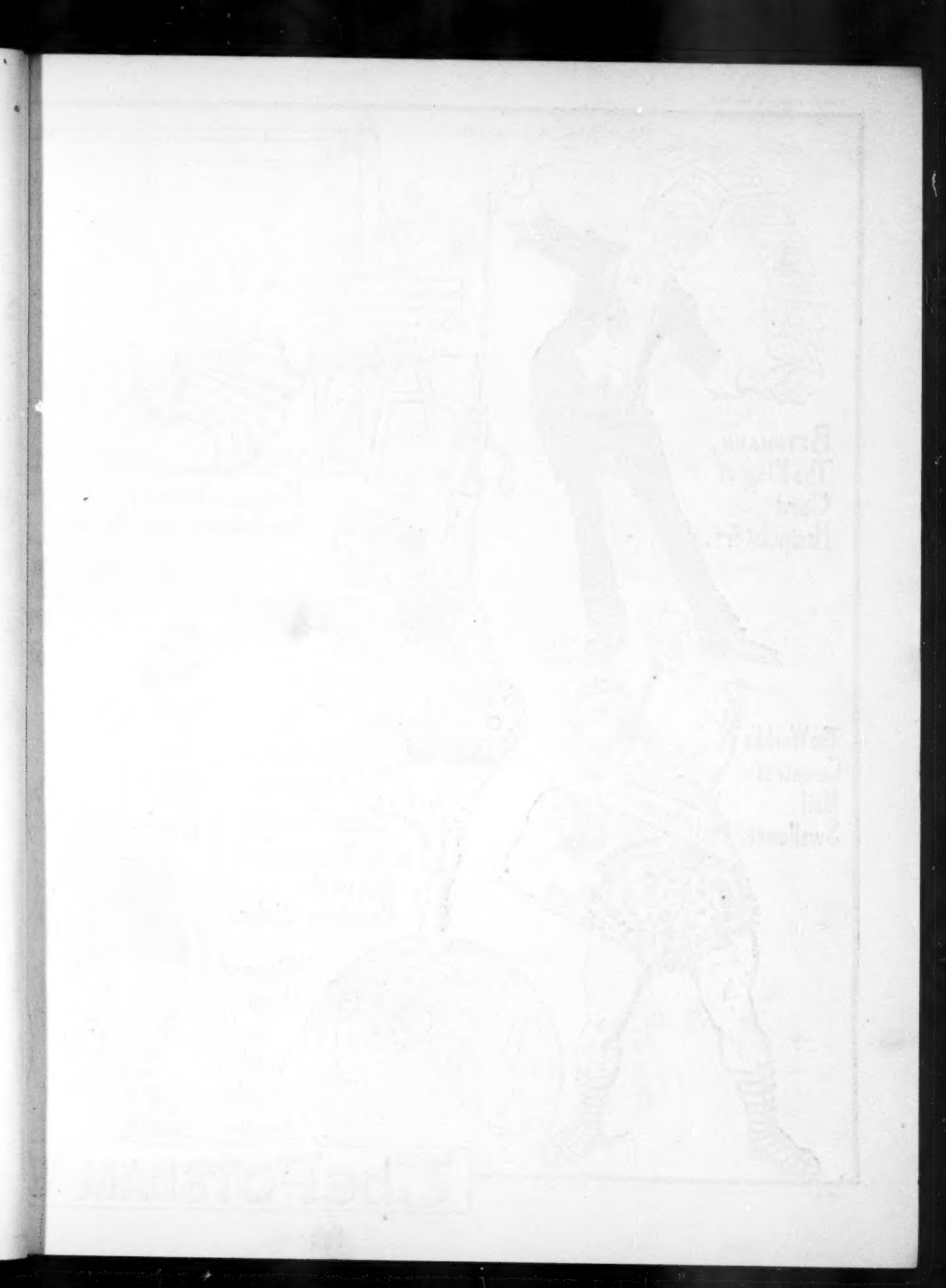
AT THE FRONT.



LORD NORTHCLIFFE DICTATES AN ARTICLE FOR *THE TIMES*.



MR. WOODROW WILSON (WITH MASCOT) TRIES TO FIND A SYMPATHETIC SOUL.




HAT CARD
SAUSAGE CARD
BEER CARD
BREAD CARD
MEAT CARD
TROUSER CARD
BUTTER CARD
POTATO CARD
TOBACCO CARD
FAT CARD
MILK CARD
BOOT CARD
THE PROFESSOR WILL SING THE HYMN OF HATE WHILE TOTALLY SUBMERGED
BETHMANN, The King of Card Manipulators.
Professor TIRPITZ, The Sub-aqueous Marvel.
The World's Greatest Nail Swallower.
Hindenburg
The Pan-German Imperial Super-Prodigy, in his Stupendous Act on the Revolving Globe.
ARCTIC OCEAN
ATLANTIC OCEAN
"Rhapsodie Hongroise", by the Veteran Tyrolese Jodeler.
The POTSDAM VA


Zeppelino, in his thrilling Aerial Dive.
Fearless Ferdie, the Juggler of the Balkans.
The Great Little Willie, Military Impersonator.
Daring Performance on the Barbed Wire, by Tino, the Greek Equilibrist.
Bernard Partridge
Weary Mehmed, The Tramp Cyclist of Stamboul.
VARIETY TROUPE

SECOND SERIES. IN FRONT OF THE FRONT.

SOME OF THE ENEMY'S UNFULFILLED ANTICIPATIONS.



WILLIAM IN BAGHDAD.



FRANCIS-JOSEPH IN VENICE.

IN FRONT OF THE FRONT.



THE CROWN PRINCE IN PARIS. A LITTLE VISIT TO THE LOUVRE.



BETHMANN-HOLLWEG OCCUPIES No. 10, DOWNING STREET. WELCOME BY TEUTON VIRGINS ARRANGED BY WOLFF, PRESS AGENT.

IN FRONT OF THE FRONT.

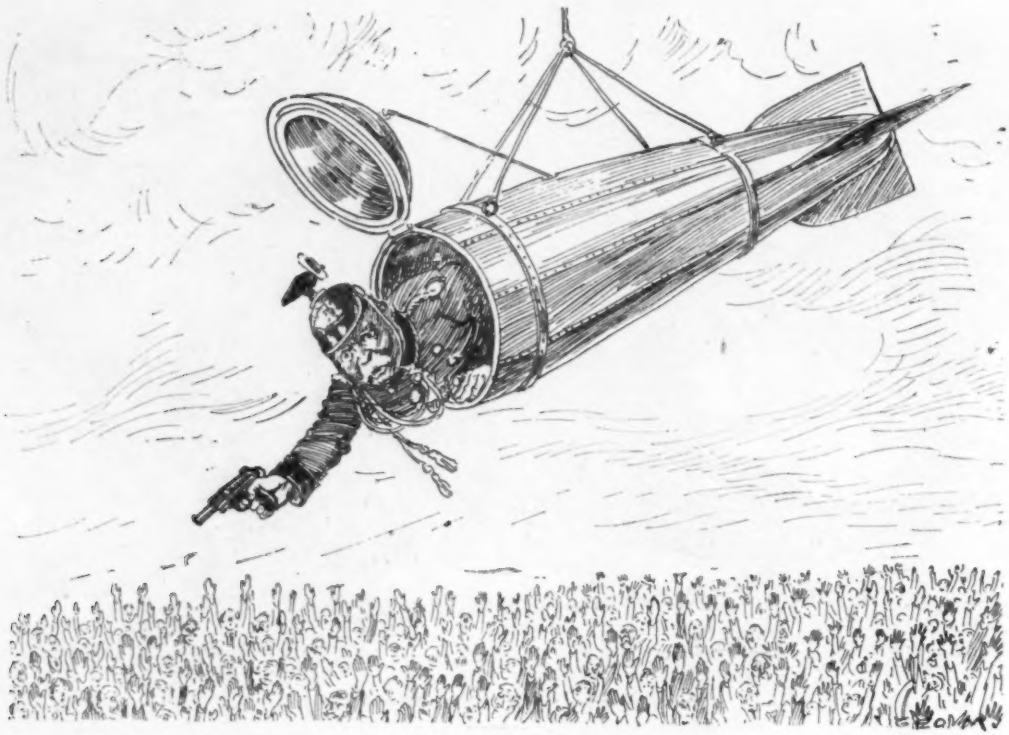


HINDENBURG IN THE NEVA-NEVA LAND.



RICHARD STRAUSS CONDUCTS THE "HYMN OF HATE" AT THE ALBERT HALL.

IN FRONT OF THE FRONT.



COUNT ZEPPELIN TAKES THE SURRENDER OF LONDON.



TIRPITZ UP THE THAMES.

FASHIONS IN THE NEW GERMANY.

[Dr. EUGEN WOLFF has contributed to the *Illustrirte Zeitung* an article on "How we are to order our External Life in the New Germany," from which we cull the following selected passages.]



"LET OUR WOMEN WHO LOOK TO PARIS FOR THEIR FASHIONS,



OUR MEN WHO LOOK TO LONDON, REMEMBER THAT—



OUR PHYSICAL FORM IS NOT THAT OF THE ENGLISH AND FRENCH."



"GERMAN CLOTHES AFTER THE WAR MUST BE MODELLED ON SOME PARTICULAR NATIONAL COSTUME NOTED FOR ITS EASE AND BEAUTY."



Uncle. "WELL, MY BOY, WHAT WOULD YOU DO IF YOU WERE IN A BATTLE WITH ME? FOLLOW ME—OR RUN AWAY?"
Nephew (carried away by martial enthusiasm and prepared to undertake anything). "BOTH, UNCLE."



Military Policeman. "WHO ARE YOU?"
Muddy Tommy. "THEY CALLS ME—*CALLS* ME, MIND YER—A BLANKETY LANCER!"

HYGIEIA AND THE CHEMIST.



IDEAL ADVERTISEMENT OF A SUFFERER FROM INDIGESTION ABOUT TO IMBIBE A PATENT REMEDY.



THE SAME SUBJECT FROM LIFE.

A ROYAL FOUR-BALL MATCH.

ST. HELENA GOLF COURSE.



MEHMED OF TURKEY DRIVES OFF FROM THE FIRST TEE.

LIKE the enemy, Mr. Punch also has projected himself "in front of the front," and, in a moment of prophetic inspiration, anticipated the following account, from the pen of his Special Correspondent, of a *post-bellum* competition on the St. Helena links:—

"The life of our royal captives in the internment camp at St. Helena is the subject of a report from the Governor of the Island, which was issued last night as a Purple Paper. The Governor, after dealing with general matters, writes:—

'In the interests of health I have permitted the less exalted members of the camp to lay out a small golf course within the enclosed area, and yesterday the links were declared open, the ceremony taking the form of a four-ball competition, in which the German CROWN PRINCE was partnered with FRANCIS-JOSEPH of Austria against FERDINAND of Bulgaria and MEHMED of Turkey. Although present at the proceedings I feel that I cannot do better than include in my report an account of the contest which appeared in *The St. Helena Sentinel*.'"

Extract from *St. Helena Sentinel*:—

"*Internment Camp, 3 p.m.*—CROWN PRINCE, who plays slashing reckless game, takes honour at first hole (Liége to Loos), hooks at right angles, dents two spectators, and ends up in Aisne Bunker. FERDINAND (canny, cautious type of player) hits a wind-cheating screamer which finishes fully forty yards from the tee. Critics differ as to FRANCIS-JOSEPH'S shot, and it is still a moot point whether he had a species of fit or was simply trying to follow through. When restored to perpendicular was found to have ball deeply embedded in his person. Disqualified for handling. MEHMED (a left-hander; uses clubs with scimitar-shaped shafts) puts his drive over short slip into the club-house kitchen. C. P., after converting Aisne Bunker into mine crater, picks up. M., hopelessly bunkered in the Irish Stew, also picks up. F. holes out in a stealthy nineteen. Bulgar-Turk Combine one up.



CROWN PRINCE "THROWS BAG OF CLUBS AFTER THE BALL."

2nd Hole (*Ypres Salient* — 120 *yards pitch*).—FRANCIS-JOSEPH, strongly urged by Czech backers to use his foot instead of his clubs, heels out in seventeen and squares the match. (Sensation.)

3rd hole (*Czernowitch to Brest-Litowski*).—CROWN PRINCE, taking the Przaritczow - Blokhod - Strypovitchi line, puts long-range shot into the Pripet Marshes. MEHMED, after undermining greater part of the Bukowina, reports progress from the tee. FRANCIS-JOSEPH, reverting to clubs, misses tee-shot twenty-four times and retires exhausted to bath-chair.

FERDIE's wind-cheater, badly sliced, trickles into the Warsaw whins and is lost. C. P., arrived at edge of Pripet Marshes, drops another ball, tops it into hazard, throws bag of clubs after it, and sends for another set. Hole abandoned, M. having taken thirty-nine



"FIRST-HAND EXHIBITION OF FRIGHTFULNESS."

shots and a life-line to get out of the Blokhod Swamp.

4th Hole (Kilimanjaro to Tanganyika).—CROWN PRINCE drives out of bounds twelve times, gives away second set of clubs and sends for a third. FRANCIS-JOSEPH, attempting the Smuts Smash from edge of Usambara Bunker, over balances into hazard and is partially suffocated. FERDINAND is disqualified for pushing on the green. MEHMED holes his tee shot. (Uproar.) Orientals one up.

5th Hole (Douaumont to Verdun—long heart-breaking test of golf.)—CROWN PRINCE gives a first-hand exhibition of frightfulness and cuts down caddy with a niblick, the miserable fellow having coughed as C. P. was about to drive. MEHMED, who is now taking a larger size in fezzes by reason of performance at last tee, puts eight new balls into the Meuse Burn and gives up. FRANCIS-JOSEPH, still too full of sand to play hole, awaits arrival of vacuum-cleaner. FERDINAND, after twice exploiting the Big Push brassie shot, is suspended for cutting the cloth. C. P. abandons hole (or what is left of it) after missing two-inch putt.

5 *p.m.*—Match all square at the turn. Exhaustive search now being made for MEHMED, who was last seen (and heard) seeking his ball in the Mametz Wood. Ominous silence for past five minutes. Grave reason to fear that he has cut down entire wood upon himself.

5.30 *p.m.*—MEHMED rescued from *débris* but will take no further part in contest, following match on a stretcher. FRANCIS-JOSEPH now shows signs of extreme exhaustion and plays all shots from bath-chair. FERDINAND, who asserts himself a match for both his opponents, won tenth hole (Helles Hell—hundred-yards carry over dense undergrowth) with brassie shot that ricochetted off five spectators and two trees, finishing up three inches from the pin. By careful putting he got down in two more. CROWN PRINCE has just thrown away third set of clubs.

6 *p.m.*—FRANCIS-JOSEPH has retired. Can no longer swing a club, and has booked bed in camp hospital. CROWN PRINCE still awaiting fresh set of clubs. Will now play FERDINAND a single.

6.15 *p.m.*—FERDINAND, who has been granted permission to cue on the greens, has just won eleventh hole by a brilliant run-through cannon off CROWN PRINCE's ball.

6.30 *p.m.*—FERDINAND has retired.

7.10 *p.m.*—FERDINAND has retired about two miles. Cause of withdrawal occurred on fourteenth green, when F. mis-cued and blamed CROWN PRINCE's shadow. C. P., in his frightfulness,



"A BRILLIANT RUN-THROUGH CANNON."

struck F. savagely in the face with a baffy and threw F.'s rubber tee into Salonika Pond. When F. remonstrated, C. P. took the offensive and F. was forced to yield ground. When last seen was yielding ground rapidly and in danger of having his lines of communication cut.

7.50 *p.m.*—CROWN PRINCE to continue *solus*. Going out for record of the course.



"TAKING A LARGER SIZE IN FEZZES."

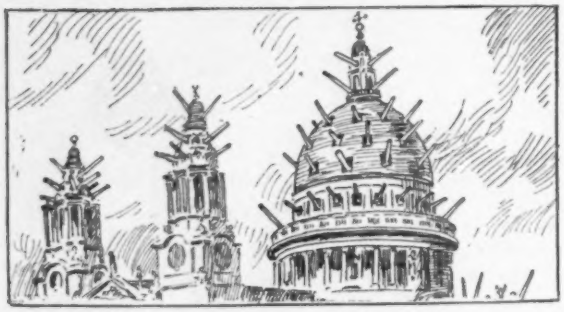
8.10 *p.m.*—Record abandoned, CROWN PRINCE having thrown away or broken every available club in the St. Helena Sector."

Governor's report (resumed).—"In the not too sanguine hope that my prisoners will one day grasp the meaning of the term 'Sportsmanship,' I have given my consent to the holding of a cricket-match at an early date. I am reliably informed that in HINDENBURG the Austro-German XI. has a remarkable bowler of the googly order. On some of the Riga grounds, when two feet in mud, he was quite unplayable. FERDINAND, who will captain the other side, is very fast for several overs, though his action is not above suspicion. Great efforts are being made to get FRANCIS-JOSEPH to keep wicket. I trust to include an account of the match in a subsequent report."

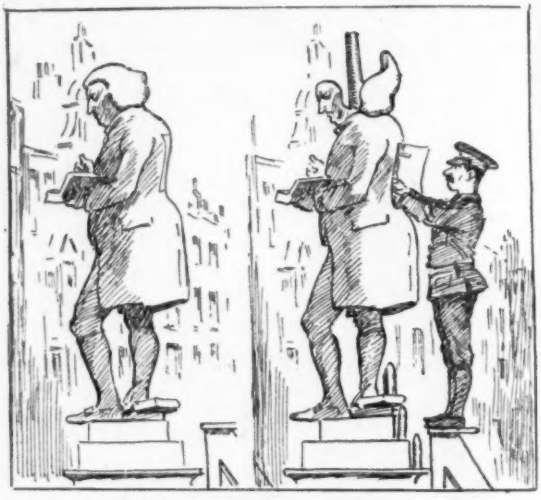
There was an old Tsar of Bulgaria
Who climbed like a climbing wistaria;
He spread and he spread
Till he had to be bled
With a view to reducing his area.

THE "FORTRESS" OF LONDON.

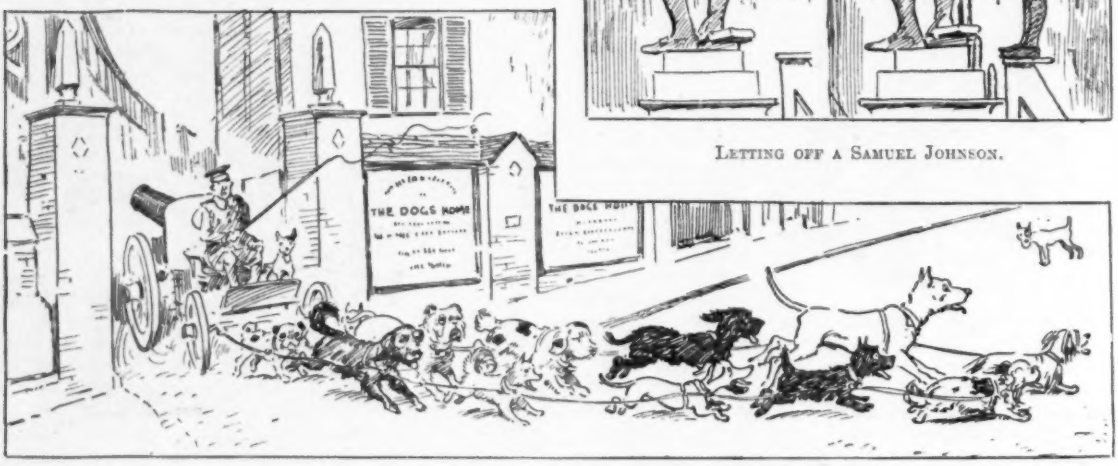
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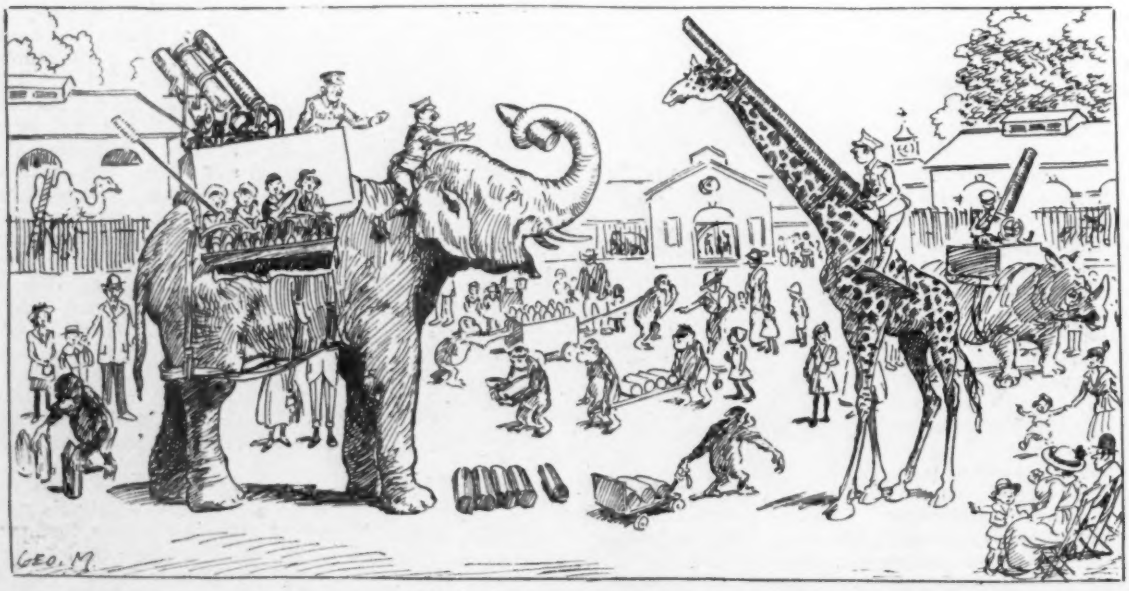
The Church militant.



Letting off a Samuel Johnson.



A dog's-home gun-team.



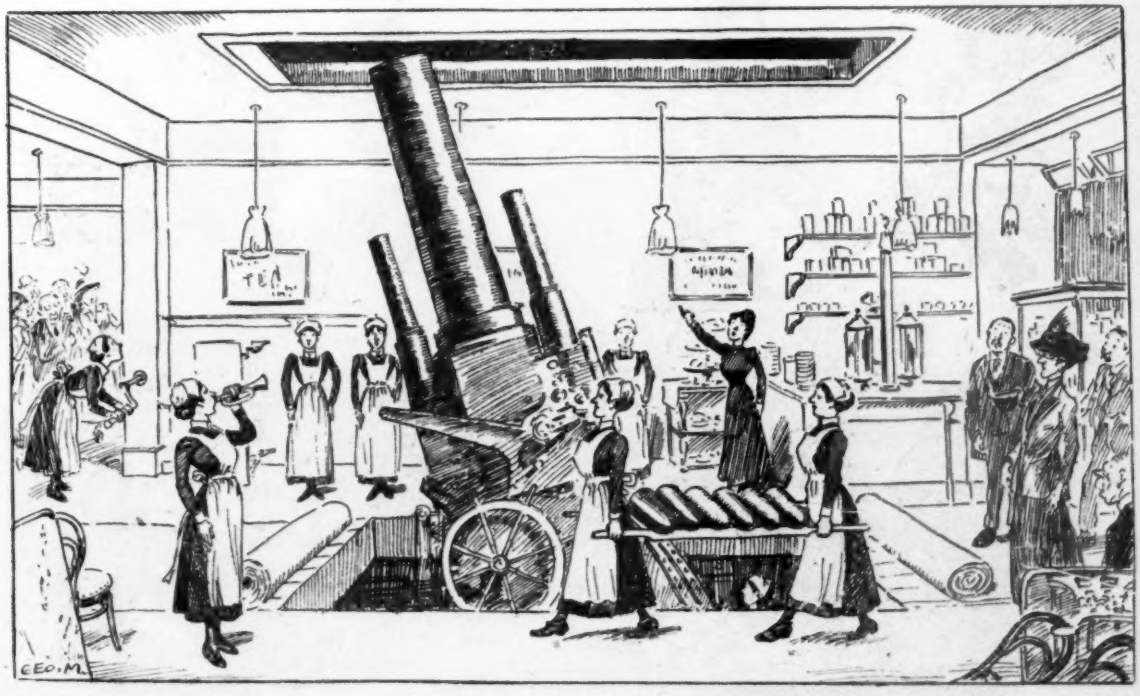
The Royal Zoological Artillery.

THE "FORTRESS" OF LONDON.

(As pictured by Teuton imagination.)



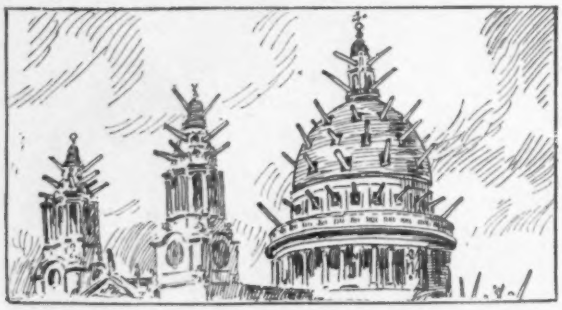
A city tea shop before the alarm.



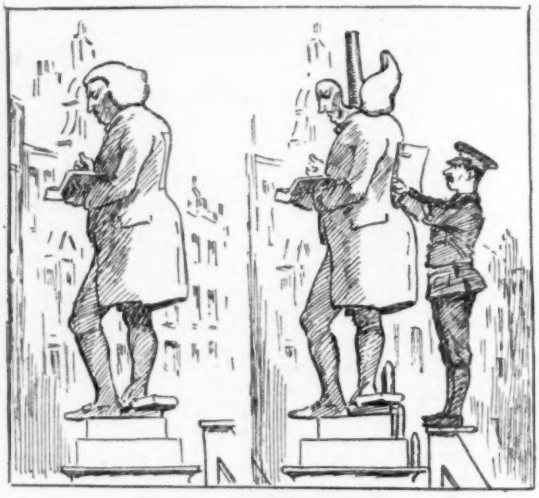
The same after the alarm.

THE "FORTRESS" OF LONDON.

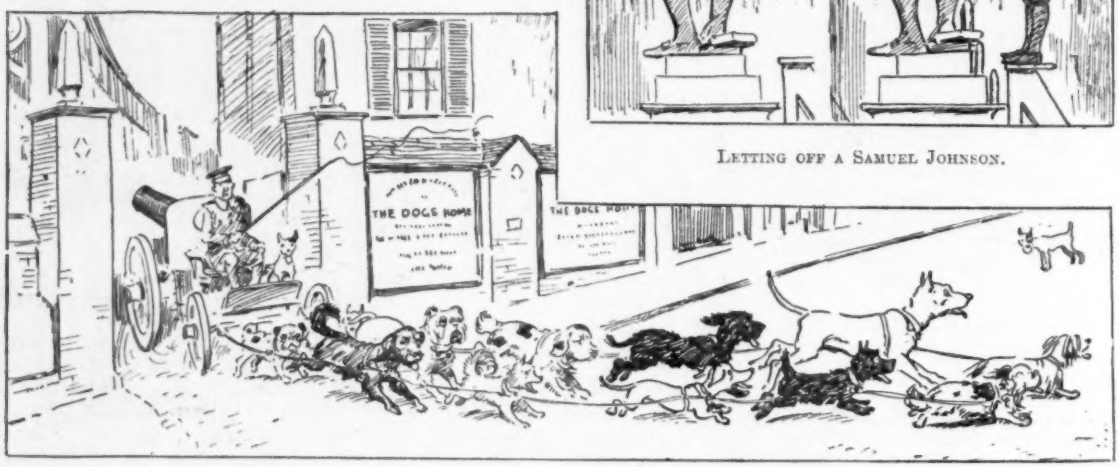
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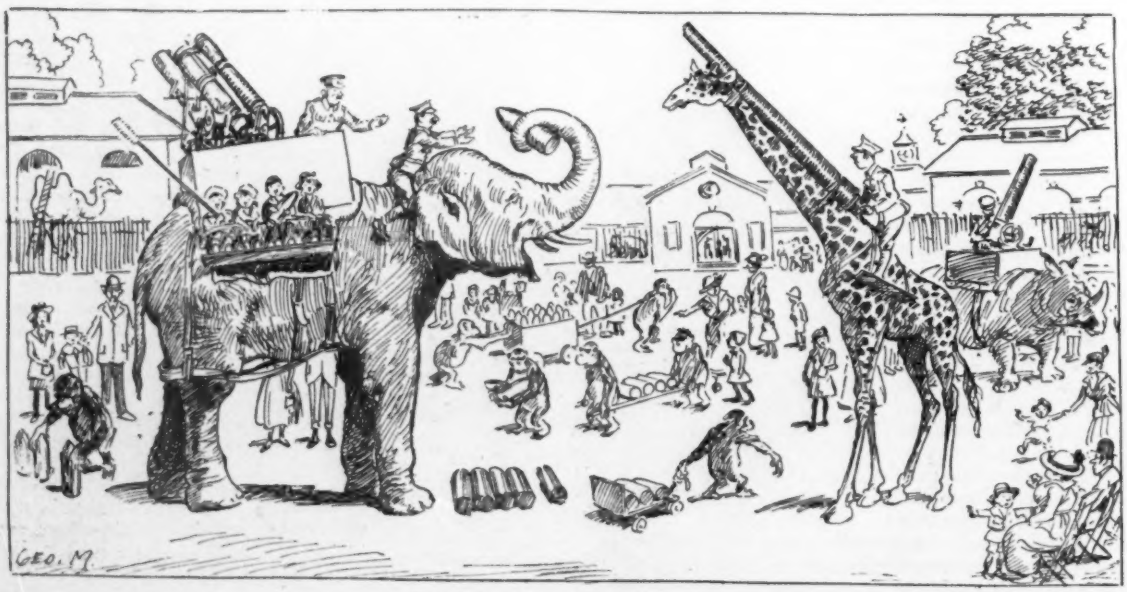
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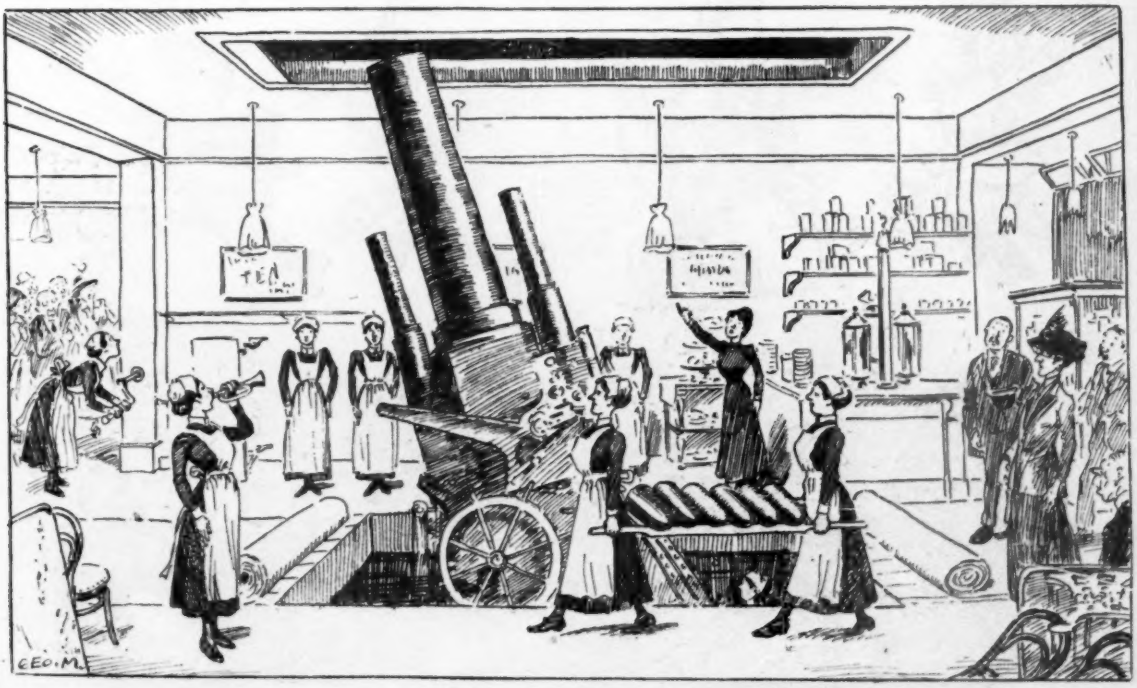
The Royal Zoological Artillery.

THE "FORTRESS" OF LONDON.

(As pictured by Teuton imagination.)



A city tea shop before the alarm.



The same after the alarm.

THE MUSIC-HALL MANAGER'S DREAM.







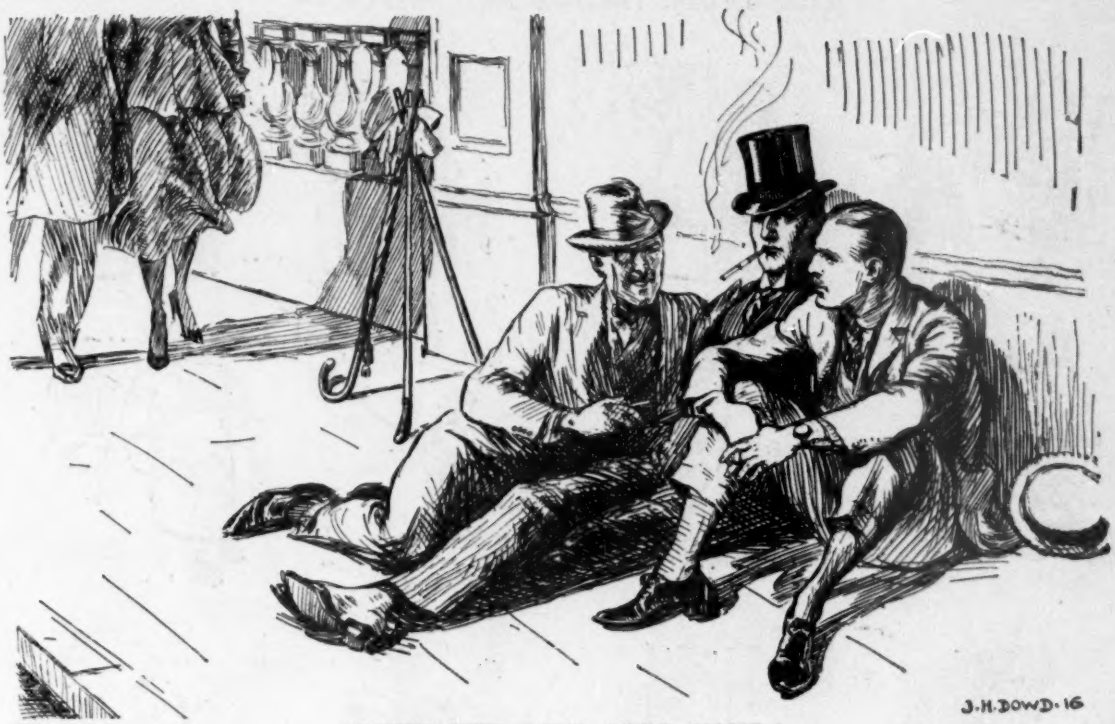






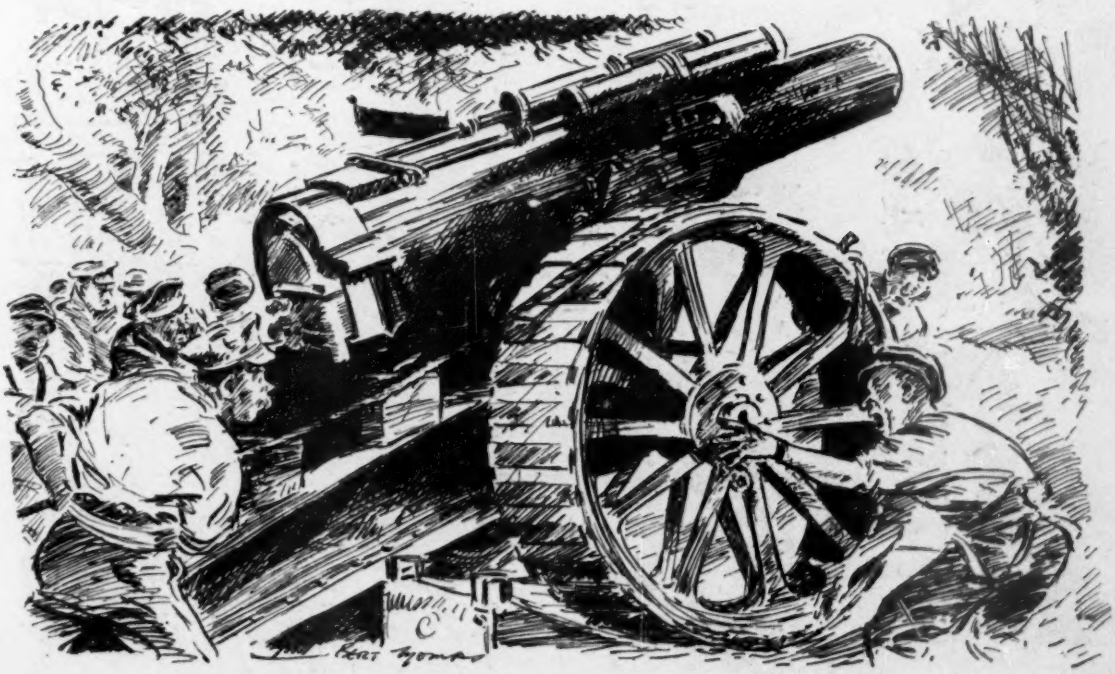






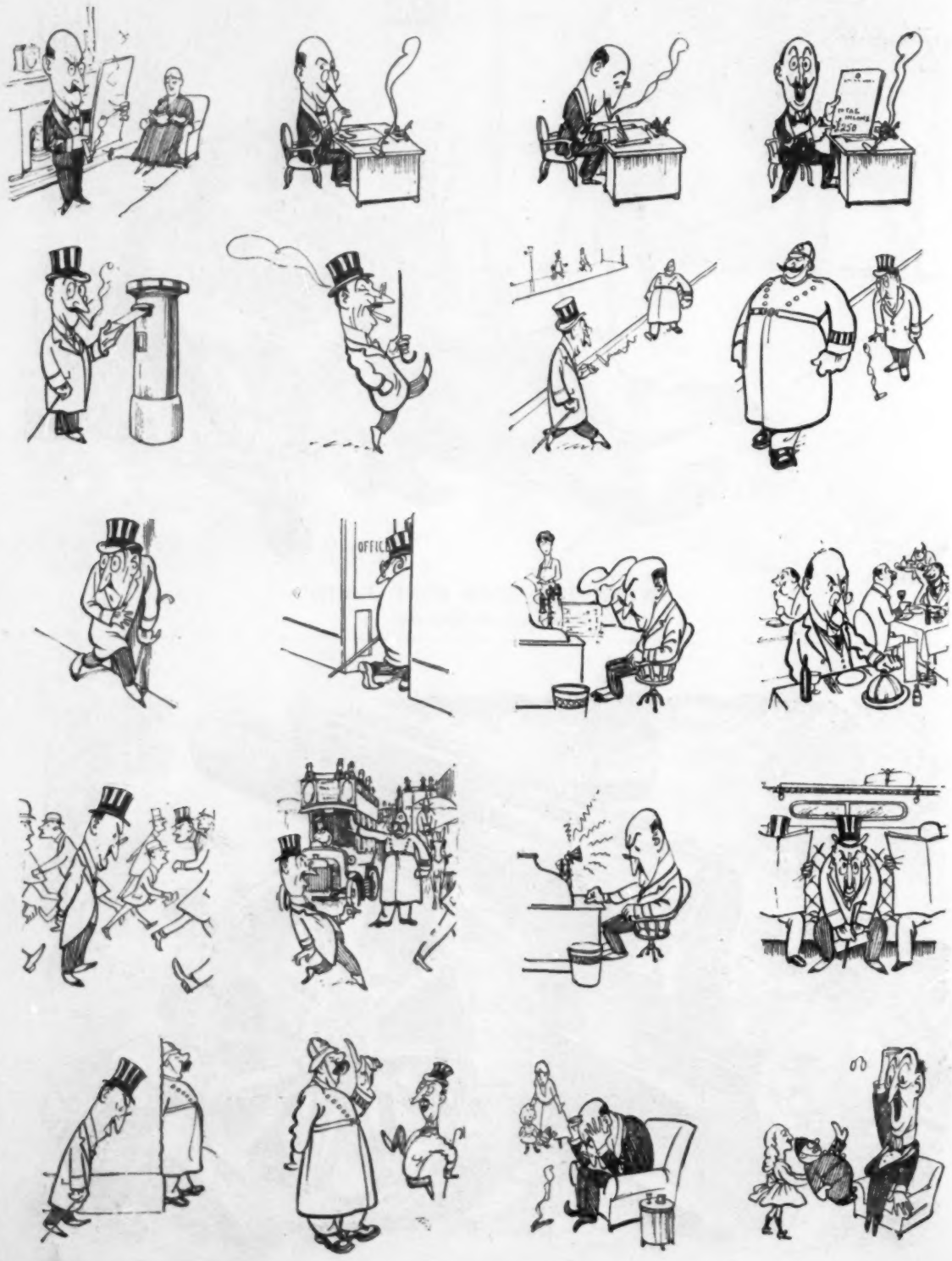
"WHEN THE BOYS COME HOME."

PEACE DAYS IN PICCADILLY.

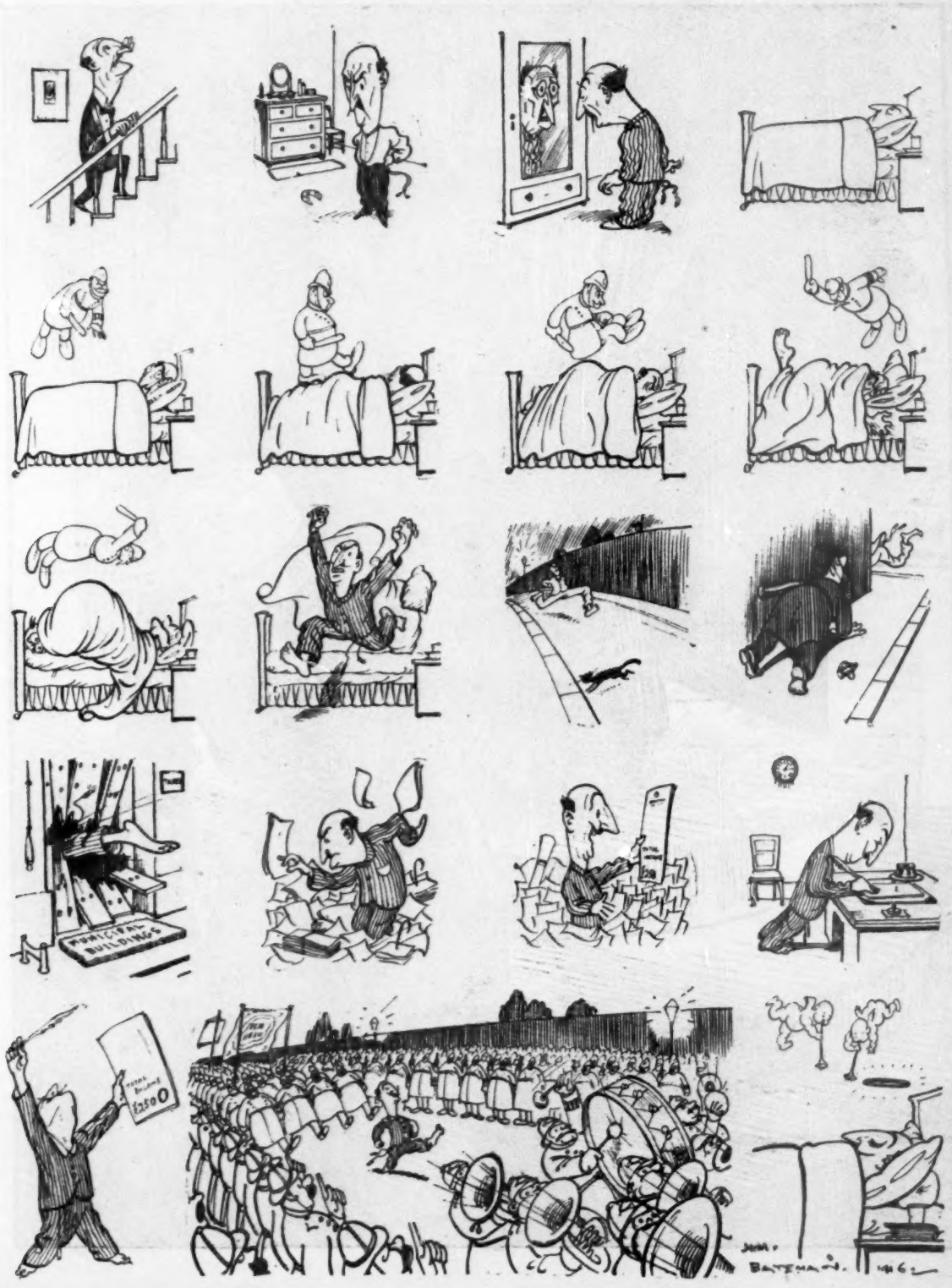


Excited Tommy (as the gun gets into position). "'ERE, BACK 'ER DOWN A BIT. SHE'S ON MY FAG!"

THE FALSE INCOME-TAX RETURN—



—AND ITS RECTIFICATION.




1917

Vol. Clij.



MORE DISCIPLINE.

"YES, Sir," said Sergeant Wally, accepting one of my cigarettes and re-adjusting his wounded leg,—"yes, Sir, discipline 's the thing. It 's only when a man moves on the word o' command, without waiting to think, that he becomes a really reliable soldier. I remember, when I was a recruit, how they put us through it. I 'd been on the square about a week. I was a fairly smart youngster, and I thought I was jumping to it just like an old soldier, when the drill sergeant called me out of the ranks. 'Look 'ere,' he said, 'if you think you 're going to make a fool o' me, standing about there till you choose to obey the word o' command, you 've made a big mistake.' I could 'a' cried at the time, but I 've been glad often enough since for what the sergeant said that day. I 've found that little bit of gag useful myself many a time."

I was meditating with sympathy upon the many victims of Sergeant Wally's borrowed sarcasm when he spoke again.

"When I first came up to London from the depôt," he said, "I 'd a brother, a corporal in the same batallion. You know as well as I do, Sir, that as a matter o' discipline a corporal doesn't have any truck with a private soldier, excepting in the way of duties, and my brother didn't speak to me for the first week. Then one day he called me up and said, 'It ain't the thing for me to be going about with you, but as you 're my brother I 'll go out with you to-night. Have yourself cleaned by six o'clock.'

"Well, I took all the money I 'd got—about twelve bob—and off we went.

"We had a bit o' supper first at a place my brother knew of, and a very good supper it was. My brother ordered it, but I paid. Then we got a couple of cigars—at least, I did. Then we went to a music-hall, me paying, of course. We had a drink during the evening, and when we came out my brother said, 'We 'd better come in here and have a snack.'

"'Well, I ain't got any money left,' I sez. My brother looked at me a minute, and then he said, 'I don't know what I 've been thinking of, going about with you, you a private and me a corporal. Be off 'ome!' And he stalks away.

"Yes, Sir, discipline 's the thing. Thank you, I 'll have another cigarette."

Simpler Fashions in India.

"The bride, who was given away by her father, looked happy and handsome in a beautiful red fern dress."—*Allahabad Pioneer.*

TO THE KAISER FOR HIS NEW YEAR.

Now with the New-born Year, when people issue
Greetings appropriate to all concerned,
Allow me, WILLIAM, cordially to wish you
Whatever peace of mind you may have earned;
It doesn't sound too fat,
But you will have to be content with that.

For you will get no other, though you ask it;
No peace on diplomatic folios writ,
Like what you chucked in your waste-treaty-basket,
Torn into fragments, bit by little bit;
In these rude times we shrink
From vain expenditure of pulp and ink.

You hoped to start a further scrap of paper
And stretched a flattering paw in soft appeal,
Purring as hard as tiger-cats at play purr
With velvet padding round your claws of steel;
A pretty piece of acting,
But, ere we treat, those claws 'll want extracting.

You thought that you had just to moot the question
And say you felt the closing hour had come
And we should simply jump at your suggestion
And all the Hague with overtures would hum;
You 'd but to call her up,
And Peace would follow like a well-bred pup.

But Peace and War are twain (see *Chadband's* platitude);
War you could summon by your single self,
But Peace—for she adopts a stickier attitude—
Takes two to mobilise her off the shelf;
Unless one side 's so weak
That, try his best, he cannot raise a squeak.

When things are thus and you have had your beating,
We 'll talk and you can listen. Better cheer
I 've none to offer you by way of greeting,
But this should help you through the glad New Year;
It lacks for grace, I own,
But let its true sincerity atone! O. S.

AN EXTRA SPECIAL.

A SPECIAL constable is allowed to bore his beat-partner in moderation. I have no doubt that I bore mine. In return I expect to be moderately bored. In fact a partner who flashed through all the four hours might attract Zeppelins. But Granby! In human endurance there is a point known as the limit. That is Granby.

Years back some Government person in a moment of fatuity made Granby a magistrate. Magistrates should learn to condense their wisdom into sentences. Granby beats out his limited store into orations.

It was my misfortune to arrive late at the station the other night and to find that the other specials had craftily left Granby to be my partner. The results of unpunctuality are sometimes hideous.

Directly we had started our lonely patrol Granby gave what I may describe as his "bench" cough and began, "When I was at the court the other day a very curious case came before me." He was off. If Granby delivers to prisoners in the dock the speeches he recites to me the Government ought to intervene. No man however guilty ought to have a sentence *and* one of Granby's orations. He might be given the option. Personally, for anything under fourteen days I should be tempted to serve the sentence.

Just when he was at his dreariest I heard a remarkable treble voice down a side-street singing, "Keep the Home Fires Burning." "Sounds like a drunk," I said promptly; "we ought to investigate this." Had it been a couple of armed burglars I should have welcomed their advent if it stopped Granby.

We went down and found a stout lady sitting on the pavement warbling Songs Without Melody.

"Gerout, Zeppelin," she observed as a flash-lamp was turned on her.

"A distinct case of intoxication *plus* incapability," observed Granby. "We must take her to the station. You can charge her. I have so many important engagements this week that I can't spare time to be a witness."

I saw that a wasted morning at the police-court was to be thrust on me.

"I also have many important engagements this week," I replied.

"This duty is to be taken seriously——" began Granby.

"Yes," I said, "if we don't run her in we ought to see her home. She can't stay here rousing the street."

"That was what I was about to suggest as the proper course for you when you interrupted me," said Granby. "Where do you live?" he demanded.

"Fourteen, Benbow Avenue," replied the lady; "and pore Uncle Sam 's been dead eleven years."

"Come on," I said. "Get up and we 'll see you home."

The lady pushed me aside, gripped Granby's arm and said affectionately, "'Ow you remind me of pore ole Jim in 'is best days afore 'e got jugged!"

Granby snorted as he dragged the lady onward. I think he knew that I was smiling in the darkness.

"Jus' like ole times, when we was courtin' together," continued the lady. "If it 'adn't been for a bronze-topped barmaid comin' between us, what might 'ave been! ah, what might 'ave been!"

This tender reminiscence prompted the lady to sing, "Come to me, sweet Marie," with incidental attempts at a step-dance. The *finale* brought us to Benbow Avenue.

"I shall speak to her husband and caution him severely about his wife's conduct," said Granby to me.

I shrank into the background ready to move off directly the oration began.

Granby knocked at the door and it opened.

"I have brought your wife home in a state——" he began.

"Ain't I 'ad a nice young man to take me for a walk while you 've been sitting guzzling by the fire?"

"You been taking my missis for a walk," said the indignant husband.

"I am a magistrate and a special constable——" began Granby.

"More shame to you. It 's the likes of you 'oo disgraces the upper clarses."

"Shut the door, Bill," said the lady. "Don't lower yourself by talking to 'im. I never could abide a man as smelt o' gin meself."

The door slammed and Granby strode towards me.

"The ingratitude of the lower classes is disgraceful. I am tempted to despair of the State when I think of it. The only way is to let these occurrences pass into oblivion, to set oneself resolutely to forget them as if they had never been."

I agreed; but since then Granby has always eyed me curiously. I think he suspects that I am not forgetting resolutely enough.

A Field Officer writes: "Yesterday I was saluted by an Australian private. It was a great day for me."



THE WHITE HOUSE MYSTERY.

UNCLE SAM. "SAY, JOHN, SHALL WE HAVE A DOLLAR'S WORTH?"

THE WATCH DOGS.

LIV.

MY DEAR CHARLES,—What about this Peace? I suppose that, what with your nice new Governments and all, this is the very last thing you are thinking of making at the moment. I wouldn't believe that the old War was ever going to end at all if it wasn't for the last expert and authoritative opinion I hear has been expressed by our elderly barber in Fleet Street. At the end of July, 1914, he told me confidentially, as he snipped the short hairs at the back of my head, that there was going to be no war; the whole thing was just going to fizzle out. Now he says it is going to be a very, very long business, as he always thought it would.

I find it difficult to maintain consistently either the detached point of view, in which one discusses it as if it was a European hand of bridge, or the purely interested point of view, in which one regards it only as a matter affecting one's individual comfort. I know a Mess, well up in the Front where they measure the mud by feet, in which they were discussing the War raging at their front door as if it had nothing to do with them beyond being a convenient thing to criticise. Men who were then likely to be personally removed at any moment by it saw nothing in the progress of it to be depressed about. As the evening wore on and they all came to find that they knew much more about the subject than they supposed, they were prepared to increase the allowance of casualties in pressing the merits of their own pet schemes. No gloom arose from the possibility that this generous offer might well include their own health and limbs. There was no gloom; there was even no desire to change the subject. Indeed, the better to continue it they called for something to drink. There was nothing to drink, announced the Mess Orderly. Why was there nothing to drink? asked the Mess President, advocate of enormous offensives on a wide front for an indefinite period of years, if need be. The Mess Orderly explained that more drink was on order, but it had not arrived because of difficulties of carriage. Why were there difficulties of carriage? Because of the War. "Confound the War," said the Mess President. "It really is the most infernal nuisance."

I know a Captain Jones, resident in a cottage on the road to the trenches (he calls this cottage his "Battle Box"), whose mind was very violently moved from the impersonal to the personal point of view by a quite trifling incident. He has one upstairs room for office, bedroom, sitting, reception and dining room. His meals are brought over to him by his servant from an estaminet across the road over which his window looks. The other morning he was standing at this window waiting for his breakfast to arrive. It was a fine frosty day, made all the brighter by the sound of approaching bagpipes. Troops were about to march past, suggesting great national thoughts to Jones and reminding him of the familiar details of his own more active days. Jones prepared to enjoy himself.



Enthusiast. "AS A PATRIOT, MADAM, WILL YOU SIGN THE ROLL OF HONOUR OF 'THE NO SUPERFLUOUS-TRAVEL-BUT-GIVE-UP-YOUR-SEATS-TO-SOLDIERS AND-SAILORS-AS-MUCH-AS-POSSIBLE LEAGUE'?"

Colonels on horses, thought Jones as he contemplated, are much of a muchness—always the look of the sahib about them, the slightly proud, the slightly stuffy, the slightly weather-beaten, the slightly affluent sahib. Company Commanders, also on horses, but somehow or other not quite so much on horses as the Colonels, are the same all the army through—very confident of themselves, but hoping against hope that there is nothing about their companies to catch the Adjutant's eye. The Subaltern walks as he has always done, lighthearted if purposeful, trusting that all is as it should be, but feeling that if it isn't that is some one else's trouble. Sergeants, Corporals, Lance-corporals and men have not altered. The Sergeants relax on the march into something almost bordering on friendliness towards their victims; the Corporals thank Heaven that for the moment they are but men; the Lance-corporals thank Heaven that always they are something more than men, and the men have the look of having decided that this is the last kilometre they'll ever footslog for anybody, but while they are doing it they might as well be cheerful about it. The regimental transport makes a change from the regularity of column of route, and the comic relief is provided, as it has always been and always will be provided whatever the disciplinary martinets may say or do, by the company cooks.

This was a sight, thought Jones, he could watch for ever. He was sorry when the battalion came at last to an end; he was glad when another almost immediately began. He was in luck; doubtless this was a brigade on the move. He proposed to have his breakfast at the window, when it came as come it soon must, thus refreshing his hungry body and his contemplative mind at the same time. The second battalion, as the first, were fine fellows all, suggesting the might of the Allies and the futility of the enemy's protracted resistance. Again the comic relief was provided by the travelling cuisine, reminding Jones of the oddity of human affairs and the need of his own meal, now sufficiently deferred.

The progress of the Brigade was interrupted by the intervention of a train of motor transport. Jones spent the time of its passing in consulting his watch, wondering where the devil was his breakfast and ascertaining that his servant had indeed gone across the road for it at least forty minutes ago.

It was not until there came a break, after the first company of the third battalion, that the reason of this delay became apparent. There was his servant on the far side of the road, and there was his breakfast in the servant's hand, all standing to attention, as they should do when a column of troops was passing. . . .

The remainder of that Brigade suggested no agreeable thoughts to Captain Jones. He saw nothing magnificent in the whole and nothing attractive in any detail of it. It was in fact just a long and tiresome sequence of monotonous and sheeplike individuals who really might have chosen some other



M.O. "WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU, MY MAN?"
M.O. "MY WORD! HOW DID YOU GET THAT?"
Private. "VALVULAR DISEASE OF THE HEART, SIR."
Private. "LAST MEDICAL BOARD GIVE IT ME, SIR."

time and place for their silly walks abroad. And as for the spirit of discipline exemplified in the servant, who scrupled to defy red tape and slip through at a convenient interval, this was nothing else but the maddening ineptitude of all human conceits.

A wonderful servant is that servant of Captain Jones; but then they all are. Valet, cook, porter, boots, chambermaid, ostler, carpenter, upholsterer, mechanic, inventor, needlewoman, coal-heaver, diplomat, barber, linguist (home-made), clerk, universal provider, complete pantechnicon and infallible body-guard, he is also a soldier, if a very old soldier, and a man of the most human kind. Jones came across him in the earlier stages of the War, not in England and not in France. The selection wasn't after the usual manner or upon the usual references. He recommended himself to Jones by the following incident:—

A new regiment had come to the station; between them and the old regiment, later to become the firmest friends, some little difference of opinion had arisen and, upon the first meeting of representative elements in the neighbouring town, there had been words. Reports, as they reached Jones at the barracks some four miles from the town, hinted at something more than words still continuing. Jones, having reason to anticipate sequels on the morrow, took the precaution of going round his company quarters then and there, to find which of his men, if any, were not involved. "There's a fair scrap up in town," he heard a man saying. As he entered, a second man was sitting up in bed and asking, "Dost thou think it will be going on yet?" Hoping for the best, he was for rising, dressing, walking four miles and joining in.

Jones stopped his enterprise that night, but engaged him for servant next day. I don't know why, nor does he; but he was right all the same.

Yours ever, HENRY.

"Will anyone knowing where to obtain the game of 'Bounce' kindly inform A. T.?"
Advt. in "The Times."

"A. T." should address himself to the Imperial Palace at Potsdam.

AN ELECY ON CLOSED STATIONS.

(*Suggested by an official notice of the L. & N.W.R.*)

THE whole vicinity of Hooley Hill
Is smitten with a devastating chill,
And the once cheerful neighbourhood of Pleck
Has got the hump and got it in the neck.
The residential gentry of Pont Rug
No longer seem self-satisfied or smug,
And the distressed inhabitants of Nantlle
Are wrapped in discontent as in a mantle.
Good folk who Halted once at Apsley Guise
Are now afflicted with a sad surprise,
While Oddington, another famous Halt,
Is silent as a sad funereal vault;
And the dejected denizens of Cheadle
Look one and all as if they'd got the needle.

An Unfortunate Juxtaposition.

"DR. —— has RESUMED PRACTICE.
—— AND ——, UNDERTAKERS."
West Australian.

CHARIVARIA.

ACCORDING to President WILSON Germany also claims to be fighting for the freedom of the smaller nations. Her known anxiety to free the small nations of South America from the fetters of the Monroe Doctrine has impressed the PRESIDENT with the correctness of this claim.

* * *

Unfortunately Count REVENTLOW has gone and given away the secret that Germany does not care a rap for the rights of the little nations. It is this kind of blundering that sours your transatlantic diplomatist.

* * *

General JOFFRE has been made a Marshal of France. While falling short of the absolute omnipotence of London's Provost-Marshal the position is not without a certain dignity.

* * *

The announcement that the Queen of HUNGARY'S coronation robe is to cost over £2,000 has had a distinctly unpleasant effect upon the German people, who are wondering indignantly how Belgium is to be indemnified if such extravagance is permitted to continue.

* * *

It is stated that as the result of the drastic changes in our railway service the publication of *Bradshaw's Guide* may be delayed. At a time when it is of vital importance to keep up the spirits of the nation the absence of one of our best known humorous publications will be sorely felt.

* * *

The failure of King CONSTANTINE to join with other neutrals in urging peace on the belligerents must not be taken as indicating that he is out of sympathy with the German effort.

* * *

The County Council has after mature deliberation decided to set aside ten acres of waste land for cultivation by allotment holders. It is this ability to think in huge figures that distinguishes the municipal from the purely individual patriot.

* * *

In anticipation of a Peace Conference German agents at the Hague have been making discreet inquiries after lodgings for German delegates. The latter have expressed a strong preference for getting in on the ground floor.

* * *

The weighing of a recruit could not be completed at Mill Hill, as the scales did not go beyond seventeen stone, and indignation has been expressed in some quarters at the failure of the official mind to adopt the simple expedient of weighing as much as they could of him and then weighing the rest at a second or, if necessary, a third attempt.

* * *

It is rumoured that tradesmen's weekly books are to be abolished. We have long felt that the absurd practice of paying the fellows is a relic of the dark ages.

* * *

The statement of a writer in a morning paper that Wednesday night's fog "tasted like Stilton cheese" has attracted the attention of the Food Controller, who is having an analysis made with the view of determining its suitability for civilian rations. We assume that it would rank as cheese and not count in the calculation of courses.

* * *

Austria has forbidden the importation of champagne, caviare and oysters, and now that the horrors of war have thus been thoroughly brought home to the populace it is expected that public opinion in the Dual Monarchy will shortly force the EMPEROR to make overtures to the Allies for a separate peace.

* * *

As a protest against being fined, a Tottenham man has stopped his War Loan subscriptions. Nevertheless, after a series of prolonged discussions with Sir WILLIAM ROBERTSON, Mr. BONAR LAW has decided that the War can go on, subject to the early introduction of certain economies.

* * *

The Duke of BUCCLEUCH has given permission to his tenants to trap rabbits on the ducal estates. It is hoped that a taste of real sport will cause many of the local residents, though above military age, to volunteer for similar work on the West Front.

* * *

The prisons in Berlin are said to be full of women who have offended against the Food Laws, and in consequence of this many deserving criminals are homeless.

* * *

A party of American literary and scientific gentlemen have obtained permission to visit Egypt on a mission of research. In view of the American craze for souvenir-hunting it is anticipated that a special guard will be mounted over the Pyramids.

"'I am being overwhelmed with letters offering services from all and sundry,' Mr. Chamberlain said yesterday.

'As I haven't even appointed a private secretary at present,' he added, 'it is obviously impossible for me even to open them.'"

Daily Sketch.

We suppose the Censor must have told him what they were about.

MUSCAT.

AN ancient castle crowns the hill
That flanks our sunlit rockbound bay,
Where, in the spacious days of old,
Stout ALBUQUERQUE set his hold
Dealing in slaves and silks and gold
From Hormuz to Cathay.

The Dom has passed, the Arab rules;
Yet still there fronts the morning light
Erect upon the crumbling wall
The mast of some great Amiral,
A trophy of the Portingall
In some forgotten fight.

The wind blows damp, the sun shines hot,
And ever on the Eastern shore,
Faint envoys from the far monsoon,
There in the gap the breakers croon
Their old unchanging rhythmic rune
(The noise is such a bore).

And week by week to climb that hill
The SULTAN sends some sweating knave
To scan the misty deep and hail
With hoisted flag the smoky trail
That means (hurrah!) the English mail,
So we still rule the wave!

Hurrah!—and yet what tales of woe!
My home exposed to Zeppelin shocks,
The long-drawn agony of strife,
The daily toll of precious life,
And a sad screed from my poor wife
Of babes with chicken-pox.

All this it brings—yet brings therewith
That which may help us bear and grin.
"Boy, when you hear the boat's keel scrunch,
Ask the mail officer to lunch;
But give me time to peep at *Punch*
Before you let him in."

LONDON'S LITTLE SUNBEAMS.

THE TAXI-MEN.

WHAT (writes a returned traveller) has happened to London's taxi-drivers? When I went away, not more than three months ago, they occasionally stopped when they were hailed and were not invariably unwilling to convey one hither and there. But now . . . . With flags defiantly up, they move disdainfully along, and no one can lure them aside. Where on these occasions are they going? How do they make a living if the flag never comes down? Are they always on their way to lunch, even late at night? Are they always out of petrol? I can understand and admire the independence that follows upon overwork; but when was their overwork done? The only tenable theory that I have evolved is that Lord NORTHCLIFFE (whose concurrent rise

to absolutism is another phenomenon of my absence) has engaged them all to patrol the streets in his service.

Sometimes, however, a taxi-driver, breaking free from this bondage, answers a hail; but even then all is not necessarily easy. This is the kind of thing:—

You. I want to go to Bedford Gardens.

The Sunbeam (*indignantly*). Where's that?

You. In Kensington.

The Sunbeam. That's too far. I've got another job at half-past four (*or* My petrol's run out).

You. If I gave you an extra shilling could you just manage it?

The Sunbeam (*scowling*). All right. Jump in.

This that follows also happens so frequently as to be practically the rule and not the exception:—

You. 12, Lexham Gardens.

The Sunbeam. 12, Leicester Gardens.

You. No; LEXHAM.

The Sunbeam. 12, Lexham Road?

You (*shouting*). No; Lexham GARDENS!

The Sunbeam. What number?

You. TWELVE!

To illustrate the power that the taxi-driver has been wielding over London during the past week or so of mitigated festivity, let me tell a true story. I was in a cab with my old friend Mark, one of the most ferocious sticklers for efficiency in underlings who ever sent for the manager. His maledictions on bad waiters have led to the compulsory re-decorating of half the restaurants of London months before their time, simply by discolouring the walls with their intensity. Well, after immense difficulty, Mark and I, bound for the West, induced a driver to accept us as his fare, and took our places inside.

"He looks a decent capable fellow," said Mark, who prides himself on his skill in physiognomy. "We ought to be there in a quarter of an hour."

But we did not start. First the engine was cold. Then, that having consented and the flag being lowered, a fellow-driver asked our man to help him with his tail-light. He did so with the utmost friendliness and deliberation. Then they both went to the back of our cab to see how our tail-light was doing, and talked about tail-lights together, and how easy it was to jolt them out, and how difficult it was to know whether they had been jolted out or not, and how jolly careful one had to be nowadays with so many blooming regulations and restrictions and things.

Meanwhile Mark was becoming purple with suppressed rage, for the clock was ticking and all this wasted time should, in a decently-managed world, have belonged to us. But he dared not let himself go. It was a pitiful sight—this strong man repressing impulse. At any moment I expected to see him dash his arm through the window and tell the driver what he thought of him; but he did not. He did nothing; but I could hear his blood boil.

Then at last our man mounted the box, and just at that moment (this is an absolutely true story) it chanced that an errand-boy asked him the way to Panton Street, and he got down from the box and walked quite a little way with the boy to show him. And while he was away the engine stopped. It was then that poor Mark performed one of the most heroic feats of his life. He still sat still; but I seemed to see his hat rising and falling, as did the lid of WATT's kettle on that historic evening which led to so much railway trouble, from strikes and sandwiches to *Bradshaw*. Still he said nothing. Nor did he speak until the engine had been started again and we were really on our way and thoroughly late. "If it had only been in normal times," he said grimly, "how I should have let that man have it. But one simply mustn't. It's terrible, but they've got us by the short hairs!"

No doubt of that.



Mistress (*to maid who has asked for a rise*). "WHY, MARY, I CANNOT POSSIBLY GIVE YOU AS MUCH AS THAT."

Mary. "WELL, MA'AM, YOU SEE, THE GENTLEMAN I WALK OUT WITH HAS JUST GOT A JOB IN A MUNITION FACTORY, AND I SHALL BE OBLIGED TO DRESS UP TO HIM."



Gretchen. "WILL IT NEVER END? THINK OF OUR AWFUL RESPONSIBILITY BEFORE HUMANITY."
Hans. "AND THESE EVERLASTING SARDINES FOR EVERY MEAL."

WARS OF THE PAST.

(As recorded in the Press of the period.)

V.

From "The Piræus Pictorial."

GET A MOVE ON.

By Mr. Demosthenes.

[*The brilliant Editor of "Pal Athene," who has been aptly styled "the leading light of the democracy," contributes what is perhaps the most wonderful and powerful article which we have had the pleasure of publishing from his trenchant pen.*]

Words won't do it, my friends. We don't want speeches. We want *action*. I ask you to give the Buskers socks. Kick this Chorus of Five Hundred out of the orchestra. Ostrichise the Government! Give them the bird!

If I read my countrymen aright (and who does if I don't?), what they are saying now is, "We must have a definite plan of strong action. We are not going to fight any longer with speeches and despatches." That 's the way, Athenians! Good luck to you! Zeus bless you. And the same to you, Tommy Hoplites and Jack Nautes, and many of them! *You* don't mean PHILIP to be Tyrant of Athens, do you? *You* 're not going to have him turning our beautiful Parthenon into a cavalry stable? *You* 're not going to see the Barbarians hanging up their shields on the dear old statue of Athene. Of course you 're not. When I walk through the city and see, as I pass the houses of my humbler brethren, the neat respectable little altars and the good old well-used wine-presses (which I never do without breathing a little prayer, uncantingly, straight from the heart), I say, "It 's a foul calumny to pretend that the people are not all right. They are, Zeus bless 'em! All they are waiting for is a lead. And action!"

We 've got to have a strong policy, my friends, and my tip to you is—"Trust the Army! Curse the politicians!" It 's no use sitting still while ÆSCHINES AND Co. are spouting. You and I, my brothers and sisters, as I 'm proud to call you, *we* don't spout, do we? We mean business! *And PHILIP means business too!* At any moment he may come down on us and devastate our quiet picturesque little demes which we all love so well and get disgustingly drunk on *our* wine. So give us the word, ÆSCHINES AND Co.—not many words, please, but just *one* word—and we 'll tackle him as he ought to be tackled and put a pinch of Attic salt on his tail. We don't want *this* PHILIP, but we *do* want a fillip of our own. Meanwhile, are we downhearted? I *don't* think.

(*Another powerful philippic by Mr. Demosthenes next week.*)

What to do with our Prisoners.

"Private Jones, V.C., single handed captured 102 Germans; limited number for sale, best offers; proceeds military hospital."
Bazaar.

"The towing to Madrid of the Greek steamer *Spyros* lacks confirmation."
Daily Telegraph.

We always had our doubts about the report.

"Nevertheless, though nobody has ever sympathised with the goose that laid the golden eggs, it is now widely recognized that it was bad policy to kill him."
G. B. Shaw in "The Times."

Even in War-time, you will notice, "G. B. S." cannot get away from the sex-problem.

"FREMDENBLATT.—Mr. Lloyd George will recognise one day that the Allies put their heads in a sling on the day they rejected Germany's terms."—*Daily Paper.*

But we may trust little DAVID to know what to do with a sling.



AN ANSWER TO PEACE TALK.

BRITANNIA CALLS A WAR CONFERENCE OF THE EMPIRE.

HIS MASTER'S VOICE.

FOR AMERICAN CONSUMPTION.

I AM the White House typewriter!
I am the Voice of the People
And then some!
I speak, and the Western Hemisphere attends,
All except Mexico and WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN,
Who has a megaphone of his own.
I am the soul of a great free people!
Hence the *vers libre*
Which breathes the spirit of Democracy
Because anybody can do it.

Who secured a second term of office for my master, President WILSON?
Was it the War or OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD or General HARRISON GRAY OTIS?
It was not.
It was I!
Though the others helped, especially Gen. OTIS.

I am of antiquated design, as invisible as Colonel HOUSE and nearly as useless as Senator WORKS,
But as my master only works me with one thumb
(For fear of saying something that might have to be explained away)
I do very nicely.
And when it comes to throwing the bull
I am the real Peruvian doughnuts.

I was new once, but obscure,
Wasting my freshness on a *Life of Jefferson* (extinct)
And a *History of the United States*,
Which by the kindness of the Democratic party and the MCCLURE Syndicate
Is now appearing in dignified segments on the back page of provincial newspapers
Along with *Dainty Diapers* and *Why I Love the Movies*, by MARY PICKFORD.

I am the Defender of Liberties!
Never have I hesitated to tell Germany not to do it again;
Never have I failed to protest in the severest terms when the British Navy threatened to interfere with business.
Next to Mr. LANSING,
Who is said to use a Blickensderfer,
I am the hottest little protester in Protestville,
And in consequence nobody loves me,
Neither REVENTLOW nor GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK nor WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST;
Nor even *The Spectator*,
Which never did like Democrats, anyway.

But now I am the Harbinger of Peace
By special request.
Imperial Germany,
Sated with victory and a shortage of boiled potatoes,
Implores me to save the Entente Powers from utter annihilation,
And the prayer is echoed
By Sir EDGAR SPEYER and the other neutrals.
So my keys tap out the glad message
Of friendship for all and trouble for none.



Bill (coming to after a shell has hit his dug-out). "HAVE I BEEN LONG UNCONSCIOUS, WILLIAM?"

William. "OH, A GOODISH BIT, BILL."

Bill. "WHAT DO YOU CALL A 'GOODISH BIT,' WILLIAM?"

William. "WELL, A LONGISH TIME, BILL."

Bill. "WELL, WHAT'S THAT WHITE ON THE HILL? IS IT SNOW OR DAISIES?"

I ask them what they are fighting about,
And if it is really true that Belgium has been invaded,
And propose that we should all get together and talk it over
Nice and quietly over tea and muffins
And away from all the nasty blood and noise.

Thus I address them,
And humane Germany
Almost falls on my neck in her anxiety to comply with my request;
But the stiff-necked Entente,
With an old-fashioned obstinacy reminiscent of the LINCOLN person at his worst,
Merely utter joint and several sentiments
The substance and effect of which appear to be
"Nix!"

ALGOL.

THE ONLY REGRET.

ONCE UPON A TIME.

ONCE upon a time a man lay dying.

He was dying very much at his ease, for he had had enough of it all.

None the less they brought a priest, who stretched his face a yard long and spoke from his elastic-sided boots.

"This is a solemn moment," said the priest. "But sooner or later it comes to us all. You are fortunate in having all your faculties."

The dying man smiled grimly.

"Is there any wrong that you have done that you wish redressed?" the priest asked.

"None that I can remember," said the dying man.

"But you are sorry for such wrong as you have done?"

"I don't know that I am," said the dying man. "I was a very poor hand at doing wrong. But there are some so-called good deeds that I could wish undone which are still bearing evil fruit."

The priest looked pained. "But you would not hold that you have not been wicked?" he said.

"Not conspicuously enough to worry about," replied the other. "Most of my excursions into what you would call wickedness were merely attempts to learn more about this wonderful world into which we are projected. It 's largely a matter of temperament, and I've been more attracted by the gentle things than the desperate. Strange as you may think it, I die without fear."

"But surely there are matters for regret in your life?" the priest, who was a conscientious man, inquired earnestly.

"Ah!" said the dying man. "Regret? That 's another matter. Have I no occasion for regret? Have I not? Have I not?"

The priest cheered up. "For opportunities lost," he said. "The lost opportunities—how sad a theme, how melancholy a retrospect! Tell me of them."

"I said nothing about lost opportunities," the dying man replied; "I said that there was much to regret, and there is; but there were no opportunities that in this particular I neglected. They simply did not present themselves often enough."

"Tell me of this sorrow," said the



Sentry (for the second time, after officer has answered "Friend," and come up close). "HALT! WHO GOES THERE?"
Officer. "WELL, WHAT HAPPENS NOW?"
Sentry. "I COULDN'T TELL YOU, SIR, I'M SURE. I'M A STRANGER HERE MYSELF."

priest. "Perhaps I may be able to comfort you."

The dying man again smiled his grim smile. "My greatest regret," he said, "and one, unhappily, that could never be remedied, even if I lived to be a thousand, is——"

"Yes, yes," said the priest, leaning nearer.

"Is," said the dying man, "that I have known so few children."

"ABSENTEE ARRESTED.

Sergeant Storr stated that he saw Shaun on a lighter in the Old Harbour. He failed to produce his registration card and could offer no reason why he had not reported for service. Subsequently he said he was 422 years of age."—*Hull Daily News.*

Passed for centenarian duty.

"Wanted, strong Boy, about 14, for milk cart; to live in."—*Provincial Paper.*

He will at least have the advantage of living close to his work.

"THE BHAKTHI MARGA PRASANGA SABHA.—At Nagappa Chetty Pillayar Vasantha Mantapam, 322 Thumbu Chetty Street, Georgetown, to-morrow 4 P.M. Bramhasri Mangudi Chidambara Bhagavathar will give a harikatha on 'Pittukkumansuman tha Thiruvilayadal.'"
Madras Paper.

We like the words and should be glad to hear the tune.

NURSERY RHYMES OF LONDON TOWN.

(SECOND SERIES.)

XII.

CHERRY GARDENS.

WHERE d'ye buy your earrings,
Your pretty bobbing earrings,
Where d'ye buy your earrings,
Moll and Sue and Nan?
In the Cherry Gardens
They sell 'em eight a penny,
And let you eat as many
As ever you can.

Moll's are ruddy coral,
Sue's are glossy jet,
Nan's are yellow ivory,
Swinging on their stems.
O you lucky damsels
To get in Cherry Gardens
Earrings for your fardens
Comelier than gems!

XIII.

NEWINGTON BUTTS.

The bung is lost from Newington Butts!
The beer is running in all the ruts,
The gutters are swimming, the Butts are dry,
Lackadaisy! and so am I.
Who was the thief that stole the bung?
I shall go hopping the day he's hung!

XIV.

NINE ELMS.

Nine Elms in a ring:
In One I saw a Robin swing,
In Two a Peacock spread his tail,
In Three I heard the Nightingale,
In Four a White Owl hid with craft,
In Five a Green Woodpecker laughed,
In Six a Wood-dove croodled low,
In Seven lived a quarrelling Crow,
In Eight a million Starlings flew,
In Nine a Cuckoo said, "Cuckoo!"

"On Sale, 2,300 Oak barrels; edible: offers wanted."—*Manchester Evening News.*

Are these the first-fruits of the new Food Control?

From battalion orders:—

"Men transferred from Command Depôt will be fed up to the day of departure."

Even commanding officers occasionally have a glimpse of the obvious.

"In expressing regret that we had dropped the word 'culture' out of our vocabulary because of Germany, the Archdeacon of Middlesex gave the following definitions:—

'Kultur'—Had for 'Culture.'—A word its god the State, and which describes a was practically spirit of sympathy materialism, the result with all that is beaubeing simply mechanitiful, true, honest, cal efficiency. and pure."—*Liverpool Echo.*

Even now it is not very clear.



Jan (repeating the question for the tenth time in two hours). "'AST SEEN OLD FURRIT THAT SOIDE, JARGE?"
Jarge (answering the question for the tenth time in two hours). "NOA. AIN'T YOU SEEN UN YOUR SOIDE?"
Jan. "NOA. DIDST PUT UN IN THY SOIDE?" *Jarge.* "NOA. DID THEE NOT PUT UN IN THAT SOIDE?"
Jan. "NOA." *Jarge.* "THEN I BECKON HE MUN BE IN THA BOX."

CHOKING THEM OFF.

IT is reported that, should the measures recently adopted by the railway companies with a view to "discourage unnecessary travelling" prove insufficient, other expedients, of a more stringent character, may be resorted to. By the courtesy of an official we are able to give details of some further innovations that have been suggested.

(I.) The Platform Staff at the chief stations will be specially trained to answer all enquiries from civilian passengers in an ambiguous or quasi-humorous manner.

Thus detailed instructions are to be issued giving the correct form of reply to such questions as, "Can I take this train to Rugby?" The answer in this case will convey a jocular suggestion that the task is best left to the engine-driver; and others in the same style.

In all cases of urgency the formula "Wait and see" to be freely employed for purposes of discouragement.

(II.) In the case of exceptionally popular tickets, such as those to Brighton, a strictly limited number of impressions to be struck off, which will be disposed of by public auction to the highest bidder.

(III.) When stoppages (whether necessary or disciplinary) take place between stations, preference to be given to the interior of tunnels. All artificial light will then be cut off, and the officials of the train will run up and down the corridors howling like wolves.

(IV.) On hearing the declaration of any would-be traveller (as "Margate") it shall be optional for the booking-clerk to reply, "I double Margate"; when his opponent, the public, must either pay twice the already increased fare or forfeit the journey.

(V.) The quality of buns, pastry and sandwiches at the station refreshment-rooms to be drastically revised. A return to be made to the more "discouraging" models of fifty years ago, which will be specially manufactured under the supervision of the Ministry of Munitions.

(VI.) All the too-attractive photographs of agreeable places on the company's service at present exhibited in the compartments to be removed, and in place of them the frames to be filled with such chastening subjects as "Marine Drive at Slushboro' on a Wet Evening," "No Bathing To-day" (Bude), or "Fac-simile of a typical week-end bill at the Hotel Superb, Shrimpville." It is felt that if this last item does not cause people to stop at home nothing will.

Another Impending Apology.

"GRIZZLY BEARS AT THE ZOO.

Lieutenant-General Sir W. R. Robertson, Chief of the Imperial General Staff, was unanimously elected an hon. member of the Zoological Society of London at the December general meeting."—*The Times.*

"By a Ministerial decree, chickens can be raised in the courtyards of houses in Rome."
Daily Express.

And we are now confidently expecting some "Lays of Modern Rome."

"£5 REWARD.—LOST, on November 28th, in Kensington, BLACK ABERDEEN TERRIER, name 'Cinders' on collar, also Lt.-Col. —— and badge of S.W.B. Regiment.—Kindly return to Mrs. ——."—*The Times.*

Let us hope the Colonel at least has found his way home.

ULTIMUS.

His shape was domed and his colour brown,
And I took him up and I set him down
In the lamp's full light, in the very front of it,
Ready and glad to bear the brunt of it;
And then, having raised my hand and blessed him,
I thus in appropriate words addressed him:—
"Oh, soon to be numbered with the dead,
Your fortunate brothers, prepare," I said,
"Prepare to vanish this very day
And go to your doom the silent way.
For DEVONPORT'S Lord will soon decree,
With his eye on you and his eye on me,
That you 're only a useless luxury;
And, since the War on the whole continues,
We must tighten our belts and brace our sinews,
And give up the things we liked before,
And never, like *Oliver*, ask for more.
Since this is so and the War endures,
I am bound to abandon you and yours,
And wherever I meet you I must frown
On your sweet white core and your coat of brown.
But no, since you are the only one,
The last of a line that is spent and done,
I shall give myself pleasure once again
And set you free from a life of pain.
Prepare, prepare, for I mean to punch you,
My lonely friend, and to crunch and munch you."

So saying I smiled in a sort of dream
On my absolute ultimate chocolate-cream;
Then swiftly I reached my hand to get him
And popped him into my mouth and ate him.

TACTICS.

"Maman! à quel saint prie-t-on——" began Jeanne. Ah! but no, a recollection flashed across her mind and was reinforced by other memories. "J'en ai fini avec les saints," she mused, proceeding to the other end of the room where, full of intention, she bus'ed herself among some books. Yes, she was now quite disillusioned; that latest blow, on her recent tenth birthday, had confirmed finally her long-growing suspicion—prayer to the saints was unavailing.

After a time; "Maman, pour que Papa vienne en permission à qui faut-il que l'on s'adresse?"

"À son colonel, mon enfant. Mais, ma fi-fille, tu sais . . .!"



First Burglar. "THEY SEEM TO BE JUST FINDING OUT THERE'S TOO MANY DOGS ABOUT. WOT PEOPLE WANT TO KEEP DOGS AT ALL FOR I NEVER COULD SEE."
Second Burglar. "COME 'EM OUT. THAT'S WOT I SEZ. COME 'EM OUT."

Jeanne, with an air of having something to decide for herself, paid no heed, but resumed the study of her picture-book description of the French Army, murmuring: "Un colonel—est-ce que c'est comme un saint, ou bien est-ce que c'est comme le bon Dieu lui-même?"

Some moments of deep silence spent in intense study ended with a triumphant: "Bon! j'y suis." That was exactly what she had wished to discover, the very source of power. "'Les officiers attachés à un général pour l'exécution et la transmission de ses ordres,'" re-read Jeanne, and commented, "Et tout cela s'appelle l'*é-tat ma-jor* du général. Bon! c'est bien comme je le pensais; c'est le général qui est à la tête de tout."

Her course was now quite clear. She urged and encouraged herself: "Il faut absolument que Papa vienne en permission. *Je—le—veux!*" And, that her intentions might not be thwarted, absolute secrecy must be maintained, at least in so far as the chapter relating to her terrestrial tactics was concerned; no one would oppose intercession *auprès du bon Dieu.*

"Il faut m'adresser à tous les deux en même temps," pronounced Jeanne, taking a sheet of note-paper. "J'écris directement au général" (since time and space have to be allowed for in earthly negotiations, the order must be thus)—"et je prie le bon Dieu en personne." That both positions should be assailed simultaneously, operations must be begun in this quarter in the morning, at the hour of the first postal delivery.

"Point de saints, ni de colonels—maintenant je comprends—l'*é-tat ma-jor* dans l'Armée et les saints au Paradis, c'est tout comme!"

AT THE PLAY.

"PUSS IN NEW BOOTS."

FIVE hours is a great space out of a man's life, but that was precisely the time taken by Mr. ARTHUR COLLINS to present his *Puss in New Boots*, so that I had leisure to study the book of the words, sold shamelessly to the unsuspecting (of whom I was not one), and compare the rough sketches of our three standard authors of the Lane, Messrs. COLLINS, SIMS and DIX with the version, by no manner of means final, of the comedians. A pantomime book is on the whole rather a mournfully unsubtle document. The thing is frankly not meant to be read when the blood is cool. It is the Action, Action and again Action of such hefty knockabouts as WILL EVANS, ROBERT HALE and STANLEY LUPINO that makes the dry bones live and the old squibs crackle. And it is good fun to watch the audience at their share of authorship, setting the seal of their approval upon the happy wheeze, the well-contrived business, and blue-pencilling with their silence the wash-out or the too obscure allusion.

The show is substantially new throughout—new songs, new scenery, new japes, new acrobatics. A new Puss, too, as well as new boots; and, without any reflection on little Miss LENNIE DEANE, who was quite an adequate Puss of pantomime, we may regret Miss RENÉE MAYER.

Miss FLORENCE SMITHSON still delights the curious with her Swedish exercises in alt, and makes a very pretty lady of high degree for a pantomime marquis, who is no other than Miss MADGE TITHERADGE stepping down from the "legitimate" and bringing an air and an elocution unusual and admirable. She made her excellent speaking voice do duty in recitative for song, and the innovation is not unpleasing. If it be fair in frivolous public places to dig down to those thoughts that better lie too deep for tears, Mr. ALFRED NOYES' *A Song of England*, clear spoken by her with tenderness and spirit, is a better instrument than most.

Mr. HALE'S *Baroness* challenges comparison with Mr. GEORGE GRAVES'S. She is perhaps more womanly ("no ordinary" type), less grotesquely irrelevant and profane—though she does her bit. On the other hand, she is more active and less repetitive. When, the good fairy endowing her with beauty, she appeared as DORIS KEANE in *Romance*, that was an applauded stroke. And when she lied beneath the tree of truth and the chestnuts fell each time truth was mishandled, thickest of all when it was asserted that a certain Scotch comedian had refused his salary, this was also very well received. On the whole, then, a satisfactory Baroness.

Mr. LUPINO (the miller's second son) is really an exquisite droll, and I don't remember to have seen him in better form. He has some of the authentic ingredients of the old circus clown—a very valuable inheritance.

Mr. WILL EVANS is always good to watch, always has that air of enjoying himself immensely that is the readiest way to favour. He seemed at times to be, as it were, looking wistfully for his old pal, GRAVES; missed probably that companionable nose and those reliable *da capos* which give such opportunity



DIANA OF THE LANE.
The Baroness . . Mr. ROBERT HALE.

for the manufacture of gags; whereas Mr. HALE is a "thruster." But cooking the *recherché* dinner in the gas cooker that becomes a tank, and putting up the blind and laying the carpet—here was the WILL EVANS that the children of all ages applaud.

I always find the Lane big scenes and ballets more full of competing colour and restless movement than of controlled design. But the Hall of Fantasy, with its spiral staircases reaching to the flies, was an ambitious effort crowned with success. The dance of the eight tiny zanies was the best of the ballet. The Shakspearean pageant at the end might be (1) shortened, and (2) brightened by the characters throwing a little more conviction into their respective aspects—notably the ghost of *Hamlet's* father. However, as a popular tercentenary tribute to "our Shakspeare" the scheme is to be commended and was as such approved. T.

THE SPIRITUAL SPORTSMAN.

[The Executive of the German Sporting Clubs and Athletic Associations have issued a manifesto expressing satisfaction at the substitution of German for English words and phrases. "German sport," it declares, "in future places itself unreservedly on the side of those who would further German Kultur. German Song and German Art will in future find a home in German sport." This new patriotic programme has been greatly applauded in the Press, the *Berliner Tageblatt* observing that the culture of soul and body must proceed *pari passu*, with the result that "not only will the German sportsman become a beautiful body, but a beautiful soul as well. Every club must have its library, not filled with sensational novels, but with works of art. And before all else the club-house must be architecturally beautiful—an object from which he may obtain spiritual edification."]

THE German is seldom amusing,
Since humour is hardly his forte,
But I 've frequently smiled in perusing
His latest pronouncement on sport;
For it seems that he thinks it the duty
Of sportsmen to aim at the goal
Of adding to bodily beauty
A beauty of soul.

They 've made a good start by proscribing
All English and Anglicised terms,
To counter the risk of imbibing
Debased philological germs;
And they 've coined a new wonderful lingo,
Which only a Teuton can talk,
Resembling the yelp of a dingo,
A cormorant's squawk.

But in spite of his prowess Titanic,
His marvellous physical gift,
The soul of the athlete Germanic
Still clamours for moral uplift;
So we learn without any emotion
That, his ultimate aim to secure,
He must bathe in the bountiful ocean
Of German *Kultur*.

In the process of character-building
Hun Art (*Simplicissimus* brand),
With its *rococo* carving and gilding,
Must ever advance hand in hand
With its sister, Hun Song, that inspiring
And exquisite engine of Hate,
Whose efforts we 've all been admiring
So largely of late.

Thus, freed from all sentiment sickly,
The sportsman whom Germany needs
Will help to exterminate quickly
All weak and effeminate breeds;
And, trained in the gospel of BISSING,
Will cleave to the Hun decalogue
Which rivets the link, rarely missing,
'Twixt him and the hog.

"Parlourmaid wanted for Sussex; under parlourmaid kept; Roman Catholic and spectacles objected to."

Our own preference is for a Plymouth Sister with *pince-nez*.



Cook (who, after interview with prospective mistress, is going to think it over). "'ULLO! PRAMBILATOR! IF YOU 'D TOLD ME YOU 'AD CHILDREN I NEEDN'T HAVE TROUBLED MESELF TO 'AVE COME."

The Prospective Mistress. "OH! B-BUT IF YOU THINK THE PLACE WOULD OTHERWISE SUIT YOU I DARESAY WE COULD BOARD THE CHILDREN OUT."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MISS ETHEL SIDGWICK (long life to her as one of our optimist conquerors!) still keeps her preference for the creation of charming people and her rare talent for making them alive. But I wonder if she is not refining her brilliant technique to the point of occasional obscurity of intention. At least I know I had to re-read a good many passages to be quite sure what was in fact intended. An implied compliment, no doubt; but are all readers so virtuous? ("or so dull?" quoth she). *Hatchways* (SIDGWICK AND JACKSON) is one of those happily comfortable, just right houses with a hostess, *Ernestine*, whom everybody loves and nobody (save her husband, and he not in this book) makes love to. Holmer, on the other hand, is the adjoining ducal mansion with a distinctly uncomfortable dowager still in command who can't even arrange her dinner-parties and fails to marry her sons to the right people. Perpetually Hatchways is wiping the eye of Holmer, and this touches the nerve of the great lady. Her sons, *Wickford*, the authentic but hardly reigning duke, and *Lord Iveagh Suir*, the queer impressionable (on whom the author has spent much pains to excellent effect), both take their troubles to *Ernestine*. And a young French aviator (this is a pre-War story), guest at Hatchways, analyses and discusses situations and characters from his coign of privilege—a device adroitly handled by the discreet author, who adds two charming girls, coquette *Lise*, *Iveagh's* first love, and wise, loyal, perceptive *Bess*, whom he found at last. To those who appreciate subtle portraiture let me commend this study. . . . I feel just as if I had been for a long week-end at Hatchways, anxiously wondering, as I write my "roofer," if I shall be so lucky as to be asked again.

I think there is little doubt that you will agree with me in calling *The Flaming Sword* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) as noble and absorbing a story of fine work finely done as any that the War has produced. It is the history, told by herself, of Mrs. ST. CLAIR STOBART'S Red-Cross Mission "in Serbia and Elsewhere." The frontispiece, Mr. GEORGE RANKIN'S moving picture of *The Lady of the Black Horse* (a name always to be honoured among our Allies), catches the spirit of the heroic tale and prepares you for what the *Lady* herself has to tell. Mrs. STOBART is no sentimentalist; fighting and the overcoming of obstacles are, one would say, congenial to her mettle; time and again, even in the midst of her story of the terrible retreat, with the German guns ever thundering nearer, she can yet spare a moment to strike shrewdly and hard for her own side in the other struggle towards feminine emancipation which is always obviously close to her heart. Certainly she has well earned the right to be heard with respect. Read this high-spirited account of the difficulties—mud, disease, prejudice,

famine—through which the writer brought her charge triumphantly to safety, and you will be inclined, with me, to throw your critical cap into the air and thank Heaven for such women of our race, which would be to invite, not unsuccessfully, some withering snub from the very lady you were endeavouring to praise. But that can't be helped. Meantime of her exploit and the book that recounts it I can sum up my verdict in the only Serbian that I have gleaned from its pages—*Dobro, Dobro!* For a translation of which you know where to apply.

So many battle books have been pouring from the press lately that it is difficult to keep pace with them, and harder still to find something fresh to say of each; but *quot homines tot* points of individual interest, and for those whose concern lies more especially with the New Zealand Forces and their campaigns I can very safely recommend a volume which the official war correspondent to that contingent and his son have jointly published under the title of *Light and Shade in War* (ARNOLD). Whether it is Mr. MALCOLM ROSS who supplies the light, and Mr. NOEL ROSS the shade, or *vice versa*, we are given no means of ascertaining. Between them they have certainly put together an agreeable patchwork of small and easily read pieces, most of which have already appeared in journalistic form. It is perhaps parental prejudice that makes Mr. Punch consider the best of the bunch to be "Abdul," one of three slight sketches that originally saw the light in his own pages. *Abdul* is a joy, also a thief, a society entertainer, and a Cairo hospital orderly. I can only hope that the story of how he displayed his patient's sun-browned knees as a raree show to the convulsed G.O.C. and lady, who were visiting the hospital, is at least founded on fact. The publishers are entirely justified in saying that these impressions, made often under actual fire, have both colour and intimacy. So I wish them good luck in the campaign for popular favour.



Waitress. "NO, SIR, THE MANAGEMENT 'AS NO REASON TO THINK THAT LORD DEVONPORT REGARDS BUBBLE AND SQUEAK AS *TWO* COURSES."

François Villon, His Life and Times (HUTCHINSON) is one of those fortunate volumes that arrive to fill a long vacant corner. So far as I know, with the exception perhaps of STEVENSON'S study, there has been no means by which the casual reader, as apart from the student, could correct his probably very vague ideas about the Father of Realism. Mr. H. DE VERE STACPOOLE, approaching the subject not for the first time, here essays a brief life and appreciation of the poet, told in picturesque but simple style. Sometimes indeed the simplicity is apt to appear overdone, so that one gets a suggestion that the story is being presented to us in thoughts of one syllable. Apart from this, however, there is much to be said for Mr. STACPOOLE'S vivid reconstruction of mediæval France, and the Paris that sheltered VILLON himself, TABARY, MONTIGNY and the others—that group of shadows whom we see only by the lightning of genius. They and their contemporaries pass before us here like a pageant woven upon tapestry. Occasionally indeed Mr. STACPOOLE looks suddenly round the tapestry, even (one might say) tears a hole in it and pushes his head through, with a startling effect. But as he has always the good excuse of sympathy with his subject one easily forgives him these generous impulses. As I said before, a book that has had its place long reserved.

If you happen to remember that most excellent book, *Brother-in-Law to Potts*, you may recall that the principal motive in it is the spiritualising influence of a certain Lady Beautiful, very lightly and even intangibly presented, on the lives of some other persons of a more material clay. In *Obstacles* (CHAPMAN AND HALL), Mrs. "PARRY TRUSCOTT" has returned to her previous subject, but with the notable difference that she now traces the influence brought in turn to bear upon the lady herself, who emerges from her semi-divine obscurity to become the heroine of the story. If in her background sketch of the munitions factory where *Susannah* elects to work the writer does not trouble much about technical detail or even attempt to suggest any particular acquaintance with such matters as lathes or shell bodies, yet she does convey, with striking simplicity and naturalness, the impression of a world at war, and for the rest she is content to bring her heroine in contact with the lives that are to affect her and the environment of comparative poverty that is to help her to a decision. What that decision was, and how unnecessary too, is sufficiently indicated if I say that she was blessed with most understanding parents, who positively preferred that her suitor should be a poor man. And so the happy future that surely no authoress and most certainly no male reader could have the heart to refuse to so delightful a *Susannah* is available to complete a picture touched throughout with singular grace and charm. In particular the little snap-shots of two ideal family households, the one that includes the heroine, and another, much humbler, which she enters as an honoured guest, go to make this volume, all too short though it is, one that I can recommend with quite unusual pleasure and confidence.

Our Citizen Soldiers.

"Lord George H. Cholmondeley, M.C., Hotts Royal Horse Artillery, who has just been promoted to the rank of mayor in that Territorial Corps."—*Cheshire Observer.*

We congratulate His Worship and also the Hotts.

"The General Committee and all clergy and ministers (as well as the choir) are invited to sit on the orchestra."

Western Morning News.

We are afraid the orchestra has not been doing its best.

"WRAPPING paper (in sheets and reels) and Twins; large stock. Please state size required, and we will quote best cash terms."

Irish Paper.

An obvious attempt to cut into the trade of the dairyman whose speciality is "Families Supplied."

CHARIVARIA.

THE effect of the curtailed train-service throughout the country is already observable. On certain sections of one of our Southern lines there are no trains running except those which started prior to January 1st.

* * *

The new Treasury Notes, we are told, are to have a picture of the House of Commons on the back. It is hoped that other places of amusement, such as the Crystal Palace and the Imperial Institute, will be represented on subsequent issues.

* * *

It is announced from Germany that arrangements have been made whereby criminals are to be enrolled in the army. They have, of course, already conducted many of its operations.

* * *

According to *The Daily Chronicle* there are only twenty-three full Generals in the British Army—a total identical with that of the late Cabinet. It is only fair to the army to state that the number is purely a coincidence.

* * *

"THE RISE IN BOOT PRICES
WOMEN'S LARGE PURCHASES."

The above headlines in a contemporary have caused a good deal of natural jealousy among members of the Force.

* * *

"At them and through them!" says the *Hamburger Fremdenblatt* in a seasonable message to the commander of the Turkish Navy. This will not deceive the Turk, who is beginning to realise that, while the invitation to go *at* the enemy is sincere, any opportunities of "going *through*" him will be exclusively grasped by his Teutonic ally.

* * *

Prince BUELOW has again arrived in Switzerland. It is these bold and dramatic strokes that lift the German diplomat above the ranks of the commonplace.

* * *

It is explained by a railway official that a passenger who pays threepence for a ticket to-day is really only giving the company twopence, the rest being water, owing to the decline in the purchasing power of money. A movement is now on foot among some of the regular passengers to endeavour to persuade the companies to consent to take their fares neat for the future.

* * *

At his Coronation the Emperor KARL OF AUSTRIA waved the sword of ST. STEPHEN towards the four corners of the earth, to indicate his intention to protect his empire against all its foes.



PRIVATE SLOGGER, JUST ARRIVED WITH LAST DRAFT AND ON GUARD DUTY FOR FIRST TIME, FORGETS HIMSELF WHEN THE COLONEL APPEARS ACCOMPANIED BY HIS DAUGHTER.

The incident has been receiving the earnest consideration of the KAISER, who has now finally decided that in the circumstances it is not necessary to regard it as an unfriendly act.

* * *

It was felt that the ceremonies connected with the Coronation ought to be curtailed out of regard for the sufferings due to the War. So they dispensed with the customary distribution of bread to the poor.

* * *

Lecturing to a juvenile audience Professor ARTHUR KEITH said that there was no difference between detectives and scientists, and some of the older boys are still wondering whether he was trying to popularise science or to discredit detective stories.

* * *

Germans cannot now obtain footwear, it is reported, without a permit card. Nevertheless we know a number of them who are assured of getting the boot without any troublesome formalities.

* * *

Burglars have stolen eighteen ducks from the estate of BETHMANN-HOLLWEG. It will be interesting to note how their defence—that "Necessity knows no law"—is received by the distinguished advocate of the invasion of Belgium.

* * *

"Taxicab drivers must expect a very low standard of intoxication to apply to them," said the Lambeth magistrate last week. On the other hand the police should be careful not to misinterpret the air of light-hearted devilry that endeared the "growler" to the hearts of an older generation.

* * *

It is stated that £2,250,000 has been sent by Germany into Switzerland to raise the exchanges. A much larger sum, according to Mr. PUTNAM, was sent into the United States merely to raise the wind.

* * *

Referring to the Highland regiments a *Globe* writer says, "The streets of London will reel with the music of the pipes when they come back." This is one of those obstacles to peace that has been overlooked by the KAISER.

VIENNA-BOUND: A REVERIE EN ROUTE.

[A Wireless Press telegram says: "The German Imperial train has reached Constantinople in order to transport the Sultan to Vienna, to take part in the conference of Sovereigns to be held there."]

I HATE all trains and told them so;
I said that I should much prefer
(Being, as Allah knows, no traveller)
To stick to Stamboul and the *status quo*.

They said, "If you would rather walk,
Pray do so; it will save the fare;"
Which shows that WILLIAM (who will take the Chair)
Insists that I shall come and hear him talk.

I've never tried a train before;
It makes me sick; it knocks my nerves;
The noises and the tunnels and the curves
Add a new horror to the woes of war.

What am I here for, anyhow?
I'm summoned for appearance' sake,
To nod approval at the Chief, but take
No further part in his one-man pow-wow.

My job is just to sit, it seems,
And act the silent super's *rôle*,
The while I wish myself, with all my soul,
Safe back in one or more of my hareems.

I'd let the Conference go hang;
Any who likes can have my pew
And play at peace-talk with this pirate crew,
WILLIAM and KARL and FERDIE—what a gang!

Our Chairman wants to save his skin
And (curse this train!) to cook a plan
For Germany to pouch what spoils she can—
All very nice; but where do I come in?

At best I'm but the missing link
Upon his Berlin-Baghdad line;
This is the senior partner's show, not mine;
Will he consult my feelings? I don't think.

If Russia's gain should mean my loss,
He'll wince at Teuton schemes cut short,
But for my grief, expelled from my own Porte,
Will he care greatly? Not one little toss.

Well, as I've said and said again,
'Tis Fate (Kismet), and, should it frown,
We Faithful have to take it lying down—
And yet, by Allah, how I loathe this train! O. S.

"A subaltern friend of mine landed at Gibraltar for a few hours, and he was anxious to be able to say that he had been to Spain. So he walked along the Isthmus to Ceuta, where the British and Spanish sentries faced one another, and directly the Spanish soldier turned his head he hopped quickly over into Spain. Then the sentry turned round, and he hopped back again even more quickly."
Daily Sketch.

Those of our readers who have walked from the Gibraltar frontier to Morocco and back, like the above subaltern, know that it takes some doing.

"JAMES PHILLIPS, 16, was charged with doing damage to the extent of £4 10s. at a refreshment shop in Hackney belonging to Peter Persico. As he was kept waiting a little time he broke a plate on the table; then he put a saucer under his heel and broke it. When remonstrated with he broke 16 cups and saucers by throwing them at partitions and enamelled decorations, and overturned a marble table, the top of which he smashed."—*The Times.*

No doubt he was incited to these naughty deeds by the line, very popular in Hackney circles, "Persico's odi, puer, apparatus."

HEART-TO-HEART TALKS.

(The Emperor of AUSTRIA and Count TISZA.)

Tisza. So there is the full account, your Majesty, of men killed, wounded and captured.

The Emperor. It is a gloomy list and I hardly can bear to consider it.

Tisza. Yes, and beyond the mere list of casualties by fighting there are other matters to be considered. Food is scarce and of a poor quality, in Hungary as elsewhere. The armies we can yet feed, but the home-staying men and the women and children are a growing difficulty. It becomes more and more impossible to provide them with sufficient nourishment.

The Emperor. It is strange, but in Austria the conditions are said to be even worse.

Tisza. You are right, Sire, they are worse, much worse.

The Emperor. Well, we must lose no time then. We must buy great stocks of food. More money must be spent.

Tisza. More money? But where is it to come from? Not from Hungary, where we are within a narrow margin of financial collapse, and not in Austria, where there is already to all intents and purposes a state of bankruptcy. More money is not to be got, for we have none ourselves and nobody will lend us any.

The Emperor. You paint the situation in dark colours, my friend TISZA.

Tisza. I paint it as it is, Sire, at any rate as I see it. It is not the part of a Royal Counsellor to act otherwise.

The Emperor. Yes, but there might be others who would take a different view, and support their belief with equally good reasons.

Tisza. Not if they know the facts and are faithful to their duty as Ministers of the State. Here and there, no doubt, might be found foolish and ambitious men who would be willing to deceive, first themselves and then their Emperor, as to the true condition of affairs. But, if your Majesty trusted them and allowed them to guide you, you would learn too late how ill they had understood their duty. I myself, though determined to do everything in my power to promote the welfare of Hungary and its King, would willingly stand aside if you think that others would give you greater strength.

The Emperor. I have every reason to trust you most fully. Have you any plan for extricating us from this dreadful morass of failure and difficulty into which we are plunged?

Tisza. Your Majesty, there is only one way. We must have peace, and must have it as soon as possible.

The Emperor. I too think we must have peace, but how shall we obtain it when we have a friend and ally who watches us with the closest care, and would not allow us even to hint at any steps that would really lead to peace?

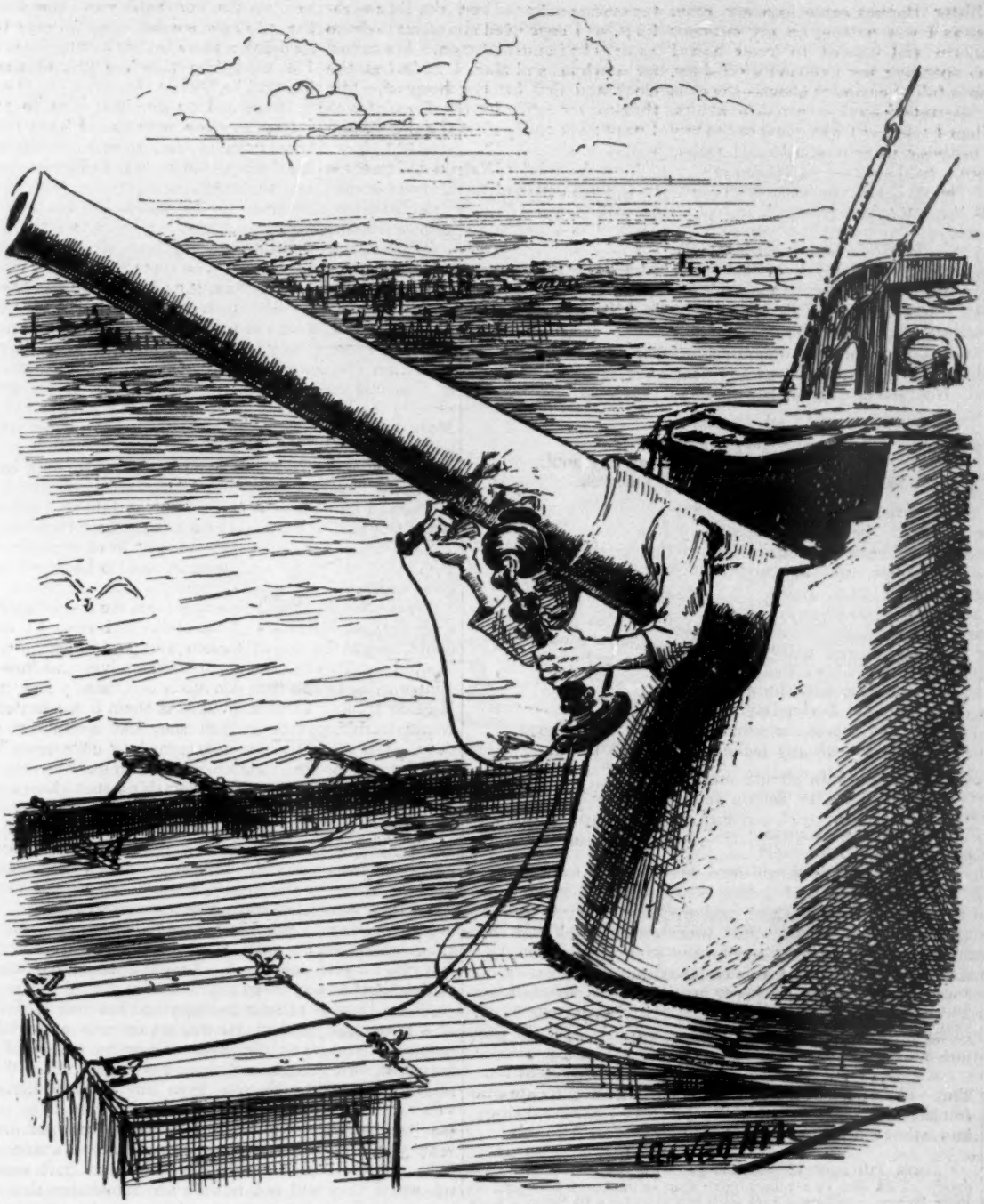
Tisza. Sire, you are a young man, but you are a scion of a great and ancient House, which was powerful and illustrious when the Hohenzollerns were but mean and petty barbarian princelings. Withdraw yourself, while the opportunity is still with you, from the fatal domination of this vain and inflated upstart who endeavours to serve only his own selfish designs. Our enemies will make peace with you, and thus he too will be forced to abandon the War. With him and with the deeds that have outraged the world they will not initiate any movement that tends to peace. He must go through his punishment, as indeed we all must, but his, I think, will be heavier than ours.

The Emperor. Then you want me to make peace?

Tisza. If it could be done by holding up your hand, I would urge you to hold it up at once.

The Emperor. And what would the world say?

Tisza. The world would glorify your name.



A SHORT WAY WITH TINO.

THE BIG GUN (*ringing up the Entente Exchange*). "OH, YOU *ARE* THERE, ARE YOU? WELL, PUT ME ON TO NUMBER ONE, ATHENS."

A KNIGHT-ERRANT.

Sister Baynes came into my room just as I was putting on my out-door uniform and wanted to know how I was spending my two hours off duty. She is full of curiosity about—she calls it interest in—other people's affairs. When I told her I was going out to buy a birthday present she looked rather stern. Said she:—

"The giving of unnecessary presents has become a luxury which few of us nowadays think it right to afford."

I didn't answer her because at the moment I could think of no really adequate reason why Bobbie *should* have a present, except that I so very much wanted to give him one. Bobbie is tall and young and red-haired and, of course, khaki clad. We are going to be married "when the War is over."

I pondered Sister Baynes' words until I reached Oxford Street, and then forgot them in the interest of choosing the present. For a while I hesitated between cigarettes and chocolates, and finally decided on the latter. Bobbie is a perfect pig about sweets. I bought a comfortable-looking box, ornamented with a St. George, improbably attired in khaki, slaying a delightful German dragon clad in blue and a Uhlan helmet. St. George had red hair and a distinct look of Bobbie, which was one reason why I got him.

This business accomplished, I thought I would call on a friend who lives near by. She is middle-aged and rather sad, and spends her time pushing trolleys about a munition works. Just now, however, I knew she had a cold and couldn't go out. I found her on the floor wrestling with brown paper, preparing a parcel for her soldier on Salisbury Plain. She adopted him through a League, and spends all her spare time and pocket-money in socks and cigarettes for him. She smiled at me wanly, with a piece of string between her teeth, and I felt I simply must do something to cheer her up.

"I've brought you some chocolates for your cold," I said. "Eat one and forget the War and the weather," and I handed her Bobbie's box. Her necessity, as someone says somewhere, seemed at the moment so much greater than his.

"You extravagant child!" she said, but her face lightened for an instant. She admired St. George almost as much as I had done, but, though she fingered the orange-coloured bow, she did not untie it, so I concluded she meant to have an orgy by herself later on. We talked for a while, and then I looked at the clock and fled for the hospital. She thanked me again for the chocolates as I went; she really seemed quite pleased with them.

Two days later Matron collared me in the passage and gave me a handful of letters and things to distribute. There was a fat parcel for Martha, the ward-maid. I found her in the closet where she keeps her brooms, and gave it her. Her eyes simply danced as she took it, first carefully wiping her hand on her apron.



THE COMBINATION SCOOTER AND CARPET SWEEPER.
BUY YOUR SERVANT ONE AND ADD A ZEST TO HER WORK.

"It's from my bruvver," she explained. "'Im on Salisbury Plain. Very good to me 'e always is." She stripped off the paper and gave a sigh of rapture. "Lor, Nurse, ain't it beautiful?"

It was a chocolate box, a comfortable-looking chocolate box, ornamented with a red-headed St. George, a large blue dragon and a vivid orange bow.

"It does seem nice," I agreed.

"Fancy 'im spending all that on me," said Martha.

"You 'll be able to have quite a feast," said I, smiling at my old friend St. George.

Martha suddenly looked shy.

"I 'm not going to keep it," she confided. She came closer to me. "Do you remember young Renshaw, what used to be in your ward, Nurse?"

I nodded; I remembered him well, a cheery boy with a smashed leg, now in a Convalescent Home by the sea.

"'Im and me's engaged," said Martha in a hoarse whisper. "I liked 'im and he liked me, and one day as I was doing the windows 'e asked me. 'E says the food down there is that monopolous, so I 'll send him this 'ere just to cheer 'im up like."

It seemed an excellent idea to me. I beamed upon Martha. I helped her to re-wrap St. George, and lent her my fountain-pen to write the address which was to send my Knight once more upon his travels. It appeared to me that he and his dragon were seeing a lot of life.

Bobbie had arranged to call for me on his birthday, so when my off duty came I simply flung on my things and raced for the hall. As I passed Matron's door she called me in. I entered trembling; it was always a toss-up with Matron whether you were to be smiled upon or strafed.

To-day she was lamb-like. She sat at a desk piled high with papers. Among them lay a vivid coloured object.

"I've just had a letter from that young Renshaw," she said. "Such a charming letter, thanking us for all our kindness and enclosing a present to show his appreciation." She smiled. She seemed hugely pleased about something. "He addresses it to me," she went on; "but, though I am grateful for the kind thought, I do not myself eat chocolates."

She picked up the box, a comfortable-looking box ornamented with an orange satin bow.

"I think these are more in your line than mine," she said, "and Renshaw was in your ward. You have really the best right to them."

She handed me the box of chocolates. I gazed at my travelled Saint and he gazed back. I could almost have sworn he winked.

Clutching him and his dragon, I departed and danced down the corridor into the hall. There waited Bobbie, red-haired and khaki-clad, more like St. George than the gallant knight himself.

"How do you do?" I greeted him. "Many happy returns, dear old thing!" As he held out his hand I put something into it. "A box of chocolates," I explained; "I bought them for your birthday!"

"Wanted, for Low Comedian, really Funny Sons."—*The Stage.*

As a change, we suppose, from the eternal mother-in-law.



Inveterate Golfer (stung by the leading article). "I SUPPOSE *I* AM REALLY NON-ESSENTIAL. IT'S HARD TO REALISE THIS WITH ONE'S HANDICAP JUST REDUCED TO SEVEN."

THE REGIMENTAL MASCOT.

WHEN his honour the Colonel took the owld rigiment to France, Herself came home bringin' the rigimental mascot with her. A big white long-haired billy-goat he was, the same.

"I'll not be afther lavin him at the daypo," says Herself; "'tis no place for a domestic animal at all, the language them little drummer-boys uses, the dear knows," says she.

So me bowld mascot he stops up at the Castle and makes free with the flower-beds and the hall and the drawin'-room and the domestic maids the way he'd be the Lord-Lieutenant o' the land, and not jist a plain human Angory goat. A proud arrygent crature it is, be the powers! Steppin' about as disdainy as a Dublin gerrl in Ballydehob, and if, mebbe, you'd address him for to get off your flower-beds with the colour of anger in your mouth he'd let a roar out of him like a Sligo piper with poteen taken, and fetch you a skelp with his horns that would lay you out for dead.

And sorra the use is it of complainin' to Herself.

"Ah, Delaney, 'tis the marshal sperit widin him," she'd say; "we must be patient with him for the sake of the owld rigiment;" and with that she'd start hand-feedin' him with warmed-up sponge-cake and playin' with his long silky hair.

"Far be it from me," I says to Mikeen, the herd, to question the workings o' Providence, but were I the Colonel of a rigiment, which I am not, and *had* to have a mascot, it's not a raparee billy I'd be afther havin', but a nanny, or mebbe a cow, that would step along dacently with the rigiment and bring ye luck, and mebbe a dropeen o' milk for the orficers' tea as well. If it's such cratures that bring ye fortune may I die a peaceful death in a poor-house," says I.

"I'm wid ye," says Mikeen, groanin', he bein' spotted like a leopard with bruises by rason of him havin' to comb the mascot's silky hair twice daily, and the quick temper of the baste at the tangles.

The long of a summer the billy stops up at the Castle, archin' his neck at the wurrld and growin' prouder and prouder by dint of the standin' he had with the owld rigiment and the high-feedin' he had from Herself. Faith, 'tis a great delight we servints had of him I'm tellin' ye! It was as much as your life's blood was worth to cross his path in the garden, and if the domestic maids would be meetin' him in the house they'd let him eat the dresses off them before they dare say a word.

In the autumn me bowld mascot gets a wee trifle powerful by dint o' the high-feedin' and the natural nature of the crature. Herself, wid her iligant lady's nose, is afther noticin' it, and she sends wan o' the gerrls to tell meself and Mikeen to wash the baste.

"There will be murdher done this day," says I to the lad, "but 'tis the orders—go get the cart-rope and the chain off the bull-dog, and we'll do it. Faith, it isn't all the bravery that's at the Front," says I.

"That's the true wurrd," says he, rubbin' the lumps on his shins, the poor boy.

"Oh, Delaney," says the domestic gerrl, drawin' a bottle from her apron pocket, "Herself says will ye plaze be so obligin' to sprinkle the mascot wid

a dropeen of this ody-koloney scent—mebbe it will quench his powerfulness, she says."

I put the bottle in me pocket. We tripped up me brave goat with the rope, got the bull's collar and chain, and dragged him away towards the pond, him buckin' and ragin' between us like a Tyrone Street lady in the arms of the poliss. To hear the roars he let out of him would turn your hearts cowld as lead, but we held on.

The Saints were wid us; in half-an-hour we had him as wet as an eel, and broke the bottle of ody-koloney over his back.

He was clane mad. "God save us all when he gets that chain off him!" I says. "God save us it is!" says Mikeen, looking around for a tree to shin.

Just at the minut we heard a great screechin' o' dogs, and through the fence comes the harrier pack that the Reserve orficers kept in the camp beyond. ("Harriers" they called them, but, begob! there wasn't anythin' they wouldn't hunt from a fox to a turkey, those ones.)

"What are they afther chasin'?" says Mikeen.

"'Tis a stag to-day, be the newspapers," I says, "but the dear knows they'll not cotch him this month, he must be gone by this half-hour, and the breath is from them, their tongues is hangin' out a yard," I says.

'Twas at that moment the Blessed Saints gave me wisdom.

"Mikeen," I says, "drag the mascot out before them; we'll see sport this day."

"Herself——" he begins.

"Hoult your whisht," says I, "and come on." With that we dragged me bowld goat out before the dogs and let go the chain.

The dogs sniffed up the strong blast of ody-koloney and let a yowl out of them like all the banshees in the nation of Ireland, and the billy legged it for his life—small blame to him!

Meself and Mikeen climbed a double to see the sport.

"They have him," says Mikeen.

"They have not," says I; "the crature howlds them by two lengths."

"He has doubled on them," says Mikeen; "he is as sly as a Jew."

"He is forninst the rabbit holes now," I says. "I thank the howly Saints he cannot burrow."

"He has tripped up—they have him bayed," says Mikeen.

And that was the mortal truth, the dogs had him.

Oh, but it was a bowld billy! He went in among those hounds like a lad o a fair, you could hear his horns lambastin' their ribs a mile away. But they were too many for him and bit the grand silky hair off him by the mouthful. The way it flew you'd think it was a snowstorm.

"They have him desthroyed," says Mikeen.

"They have," says I, "God be praised!"

At the moment the huntsman leps his harse up on the double beside us; he was phlastered with muck from his hair to his boots.

"What have they out there?" says he, blinkin' through the mud and not knowin' rightly what his hounds were coursin' out before him, whether it would be a stag or a Bengal tiger.

"'Tis her ladyship's Rile Imperial Mascot Goat," says I; "an' God save your honour for she'll have your blood in a bottle for this day's worrk."

The huntsman lets a curse out of his stummick and rides afther them, flat on his saddle, both spurs tearin'. In the wink of an eye he is down among the dogs, larruppin' them with his whip and drawin' down curses on them that would wither ye to hear him—he had great eddication, that orficer.

"Come now," says I to Mikeen, the poor lad, "let you and me bear the cowld corpse of the diseased back to Herself, mebbe she'll have a shillin' handy in her hand, the way she'd reward us for saving the body from the dogs," says I.

But was me bowld mascot dead? He was not. He was alive and well, the thickness of his wool had saved him. For all that he had not a hair of it left to him, and when he stood up before you you wouldn't know him; he was that ordinary without his fleece, he was no more than a common poor man's goat, he was no more to look at than a skinned rabbit, and that's the truth.

He walked home with meself and Mikeen as meek as a young gerrl.

Herself came runnin' out, all fluttery, to look at him.

"Ah, but that's not *my* mascot," says she.

"It is, Marm," says I; and I swore to it by the whole Calendar—Mikeen too.

"Bah! how disgustin'. Take it to the cow-house," says she, and stepped indoors without another word.

We led the billy away, him hangin' his head for shame at his nakedness.

"Ye'll do no more mascottin' avic," says I to him. "Sorra luck you would bring to a blind beggar-man the way you are now—you'll never step along again with the drums and tambourines."

And that was the true word, for though Herself had Mikeen rubbing him daily with bear's-grease and hair-lotion he never grew the same grand fleece again, and he'd stand about in the back-field, brooding for hours together, the divilment clane gone out of his system; and if, mebbe, you'd draw the stroke of an ash-plant across his ribs to hearten him, he'd only just look at you sad-like and pass no remarks.

TOP-O'-THE-MORNING.

Top-o'-the-Morning's shoes are off;
He runs in the orchard, rough, all day;
Chasing the hens for a turn at the trough,
Fighting the cows for a place at the hay;
With a coat where the Wiltshire mud has dried,
With brambles caught in his mane and tail—
Top-o'-the-Morning, pearl and pride
Of the foremost flight of the White Horse Vale!

The master he carried is Somewhere in France
Leading a cavalry troop to-day,
Ready, if Fortune but give him the chance,
Ready as ever to show them the way,
Riding as straight to his new desire
As ever he rode to the line of old,
Facing his fences of blood and fire
With a brow of flint and a heart of gold.

Do the hoofs of his horses wake a dream
Of a trampling crowd at the covert-side,
Of a lead on the grass and a glinting stream
And Top-o'-the-Morning shortening stride?
Does the triumph leap to his shining eyes
As the wind of the vale on his cheek blows cold,
And the buffeting big brown shoulders rise
To his light heel's touch and his light hand's hold?

When the swords are sheathed and the strife is done,
And the cry of hounds is a call to men;
When the straight-necked Wiltshire foxes run
And the first flight rides on the grass again;
May Top-o'-the-Morning, sleek of hide,
Shod, and tidy of mane and tail,
Light, and fit for a man to ride,
Lead them once more in the White Horse Vale!

W. H. O.

Polygamy in Workington.

"Supper was served by some of the wives of some of the members."—*Workington News.*

TRAGEDY OF A DUTIFUL WIFE.



"I SAY, THAT MRS. DASHWOOD SPIFFINGTON SEEMS A JOLLY WOMAN—WHAT?" "ISN'T SHE A LITTLE—ER——"

"NOT A BIT OF IT. A WOMAN OUGHT TO BE CHEERY, ESPECIALLY IN THESE TIMES." "I SEE, DEAR."



"WHAT ON EARTH——?"

"I'M MAKING A NEW HAT, DEAR. I SAW MRS. DASHWOOD SPIFFINGTON WEARING ONE VERY LIKE THIS."



"GREAT HEAVENS! WHAT ARE YOU CUTTING YOUR NEW DRESS TO BITS FOR?"

"IT'S ALL RIGHT, DEAR. MRS. DASHWOOD SPIFFINGTON HAS ONE QUITE AS SHORT AS THIS."



"GOOD LORD! WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO YOUR FACE?"

"MRS. DASHWOOD SPIFFINGTON ALWAYS MAKES UP A LITTLE WHEN SHE'S GOING OUT. OH—I FORGOT TO TELL YOU—I HAVEN'T ORDERED ANY DINNER, AS I THOUGHT WE MIGHT GO AND DINE AT A RESTAURANT."



"AREN'T YOU MAKING YOURSELF RATHER CONSPICUOUS?"

"BUT I THOUGHT YOU LIKED CHEERY PEOPLE LIKE MRS. DASHWOOD SPIFFINGTON."



"I'M AWFULLY SORRY, DEAR. I OUGHT TO HAVE PRACTISED SMOKING. I EXPECT MRS. DASHWOOD SPIFFINGTON——"

"D—— MRS. DASHWOOD SPIFFINGTON!"

"VERY WELL, DEAR."



THE PINCH OF WAR.

Lady of the House (War Profiteer's wife, forlornly). "THEY'VE JUST TAKEN OUR THIRD FOOTMAN; AND IF ANY MORE OF OUR MEN HAVE TO GO WE SHALL CLOSE THE HOUSE AND LIVE AT THE RITZ UNTIL THE WAR IS OVER—*(brightly)*—HOWEVER, WE MUST ALL SACRIFICE SOMETHING."

OVER-WEIGHT.

Scene: A London Terminus.

Porter (with an air of finality). It weighs 'undred-and-four pounds. You can't take it, mum.

Lady Traveller. Oh, I must take it.

[*Porter is obliged by an irritation of the head to remove his cap, but does not speak.*

Lady Traveller. It 's all right. I know the manager of the line, and he would pass it for me.

Her Friend. Isn't your friend manager of the Great Southern?

Lady Traveller (sharply). He has a great deal to do with all these railways now. *(To Porter, hopefully, but not very confidently)* That will be all right.

Porter. Very sorry, mum. It can't be done.

Lady Traveller. My friend the manager would be very much annoyed at my being stopped like this. Only four pounds, too. Why, it 's nothing.

[*Porter removes his cap again on account of further irritation.*

Lady Traveller (to her Friend). I don't know what I 'm to do. *(To Porter)* What am I to do?

Porter (deliberately). You must open it and take somethink out.

Lady Traveller. I can't open it here.

Porter (ignoring this). Somethink weighing a bit over four pounds.

Lady Traveller. But I can't do it here.

Porter (ignoring this). Pair o' boots or somethink.

Lady Traveller (to her Friend). He seems to think my boots weigh four pounds.

Her Friend. Haven't you got two pairs?

Lady Traveller (sourly). Yes, but two pairs of my boots wouldn't weigh four pounds.

Porter (who has been quietly undoing the straps). Is it locked, mum?

Lady Traveller (producing key and almost in tears). It 's too bad.

[*She dives into box and extracts two pairs of boots wrapped in newspapers.*

Porter (taking them and weighing them judiciously in his hands). That 's all right, mum.

[*He pushes box on to weighing machine which registers under* 100 *lbs.*

Lady Traveller. They 're very thick boots, of course. Whatever am I to do with them now?

Her Friend. We shall have to carry them. [*Takes one parcel.*

Lady Traveller. Jane shall hear of this. I told her never to use newspaper for packing.

Her Friend (suddenly). There 's Major Merriman.

Lady Traveller. So it is. Don't let him see us with these dreadful parcels. *(Angrily)* Why don't you turn round? He 'll see you.

Major Merriman. How do you do?

Lady Traveller (in great surprise). Oh, how do you do, Major Merriman? We 've been having such an amusing experience, etc., etc.

What made Lord Devonport Dizzy.

"The following resolution was unanimously passed, and ordered to be sent to the Prime Minister and the Food Controller (Lord Beaconsfield)."—*The Western Gazette.*

"Lamp-posts and trees and other pedestrians were found with unpleasant and sometimes violent frequency."

Beckenham Journal.

That 's the worst of a fog; landmarks will keep on walking about.

A propos of the TSAR'S manifesto:—

"The *Reich* says: 'The order puts the dot on all the "i's."'"—*Provincial Paper.*

It is a far, far better thing to dot your "i's" than cross your "i's."



THE DAWN OF DOUBT.

GRETCHEN. "I WONDER IF THIS GENTLEMAN REALLY IS MY GOOD ANGEL AFTER ALL!"



Benevolent Gentleman. "YOU MUST BE CAREFUL, MY MAN, OR YOU WILL GET CLERGYMAN'S SORE THROAT."

NURSERY RHYMES OF LONDON TOWN.

(SECOND SERIES.)

XV.—THE TOWER.

THEY put a Lady in the Tower,
Heigh-o, fiddlededee!
They put a Lady in the Tower
And told her she was in their power
And left her there for half-an-hour,
Heigh-o, fiddlededee!

They put a Padlock on the Chain,
Heigh-o, fiddlededee!
They put a Padlock on the Chain,
But they left the Key in the South of Spain,
So the Lady took it off again,
Heigh-o, fiddlededee!

They put a Bulldog at the Door,
Heigh-o, fiddlededee!
They put a Bulldog at the Door,
He was so old he could only snore,
And he 'd lost his Tooth the day before,
Heigh-o, fiddlededee!

They put a Beefeater at the Gate,
Heigh-o, fiddlededee!
They put a Beefeater at the Gate,
But as his age was eighty-eight
His Grandmother said he couldn't wait,
Heigh-o, fiddlededee!

They put a Prince to watch the Stair,
Heigh-o, fiddlededee!
They put a Prince to watch the Stair,
But he had a Golden Ring to spare,
So he married the Lady then and there,
Heigh-o, fiddlededee!

And ever since that grievous hour,
Heigh-o, fiddlededee!
Ever since that grievous hour
When the lovely Lady was in their power
They 've never put nobody in the Tower,
Heigh-o, fiddlededee!

Flattery from the Front.

"I got your parcel quite undamaged, and it came at a time when we were short of grub. I could have eaten a dead monkey, so your cake came in very useful."

"Major-General (Temporary General) Sir Hugh de la Poer Bough, K.C.B., whose name appears in the New Year list of honours as being promoted to the rank of lieutenant-general, is a second cousin of Major-General Hugh Sutlej Kough."—*Liverpool Echo.*

It is rumoured that he is also connected with that famous fighting family the GOUGHS.

A POSTSCRIPT.

(*Suggested by a later list of L. & N.W.R. stations which have been closed.*)

A FURTHER list of closured stations
Elicits further protestations.
Blank desolation, grim and stark,
Broods sadly o'er Carpenders Park,
And Friezland, as perhaps is meet,
Is suffering badly from cold feet.
The population of Rhosneigr
Is raging like a wounded tiger;
And those who used to book at Llong
Are using language, loud and strong,
While residents around Chalk Farm
Are filled with anguish and alarm.

N.B. In our anterior lay
One letter somehow went astray;
We therefore now apologise;
'Tis Aspley, and not Apsley, Guise.

From an article on "Greece and Belgium":—

"King Tino has a black record of blood and treachery to answer, and to compare his case with that of King Leopold is the blackest outrage of all."—*Star.*

Personally we think that it were blacker still to compare his case with that of KING ALBERT.

THE LITTLE RIFT.

MY wife and I are in perfect agreement about everything. We are like the Allied Ministers who meet at Paris; we always "arrive at a complete understanding" in all matters of policy. When strict economy was enjoined upon us I moved my desk into the dining-room to save a fire. She made a summer hat out of a bit of my old Panama, encased in the remnants of an evening gown. All was well.

I should be giving you a wrong impression altogether if I were to suggest that there was the slightest difference of opinion between us. I most solemnly declare that I am as good a patriot as she is. Still, as time goes on, I do feel a certain uneasiness, a suggestion of a new domestic element that needs watching.

We are both in it, but the initiative rests with her. She asks me to take two Belgian refugees and the housemaid and the dog and the laundry-hamper along with me in the two-seater to the station, to save petrol. Well, I am willing. She fills the herbaceous border with alternating potatoes and carnations. Well, I am more than willing. She bottles peas and beans. And I say to you that I am proud and happy that she should think of these things.

Above all she gets at the very root of the food problem. I should say that here she has advantages over some, as I belong to the class of husband known as Easily Fed. She has got hold of a whole sheaf of leaflets from the War Office or somewhere—"When is a pie not a pie?" "Leave out the egg;" "How to make something out of something else," etc., etc.; and we feed on these chiefly. She knows I don't like rabbits, and yet I am well aware that rabbits are repeatedly insinuated in such forms as not to leave a single clue. I cannot tell you how I admire and approve. Still it makes me thoughtful sometimes.

No doubt you will believe that we are being drawn together by sharing these hardships. Well, yes. In a way. And yet I don't feel easy about it. We are quite in sympathy, but there is a difference in our point of view. Mine, I affirm, is the nobler. I economize, although I loathe it; while she, I am convinced, is beginning to like it. I don't mean to say that she does it on purpose, but that phrase may give you an idea what I mean. I sometimes wonder wistfully if the hand that put that ugly new steel contraption at the back of the fire to save the coal is really the hand that I wooed and won ten years ago. I see in her the steady growth of an implacable conscience. In moments of depression I have a horrid feeling that she always wanted to do this sort of thing and never got a real chance till now.

We were extraordinarily happy before the War. We were not at all hard up and we had no compunctions about spending money. But now—— I wonder how long the War will last? What I am afraid of is the formation of habits. I am already guarding against it by talking about all the things that we are going to do after the War. She quite agrees with me about them, but she isn't enthusiastic. I put my claims pretty high. The garden is to be reconstructed, and I am adding a wing to the house. We are going to travel first, and I am not sure that we shan't have a new cook. And we are to have an Airedale and an Axminster, and a Stilton and a new Panama.

As a matter of fact that is all bluff on my part. I only want to have something in hand to bargain with. If I can ever get back to the *status quo ante* I will not ask for annexations.

Well, that is how it is. Most eagerly do I fall in with her latest suggestion that I should let her clean my flannel suit with benzine (I don't like the smell of it) instead of getting a new one. Only I live in a growing fear that the day when peace is signed in Europe will be the signal for an outbreak of a new form of warfare in our happy home.



"HI! BILL! DON'T COME DOWN THIS LADDER. I'VE TOOK IT AWAY."

WHAT DID MR. ASQUITH DO?

A FAMOUS story tells how a heckler once broke up a Liberal meeting by asking with raucous iteration, "What did Mr. GLADSTONE say in 1878?" or whatever year it was. Nobody knew, and neither did the inquirer himself, but uproar followed and his end was achieved. Now had the question run, "What did Mr. GLADSTONE do?" how different a result! For Mr. GLADSTONE, apart from any trifles of statesmanship or legislation, did two priceless things, as I will show.

Although, writes the Returned Traveller who in our last number was so unhappy about the deterioration that has come upon taxi-drivers, I left England only in October last, I find it a changed place; but no change, not even the iniquitous prices demanded by London's restaurateurs, or the increased darkness, or the queer division of *hors d'œuvres* into half-courses and whole-courses (providing an answer at last to the pathetic query, "What is a sardine?" "A whole course, of course")—no change is so striking as the fact that when a paper now refers to the PRIME MINISTER or the PREMIER, it means no longer HERBERT HENRY but DAVID. In a world of flux and mutability I had come to think of Mr. ASQUITH as a rock, a pyramid, a pole-star. But, alas! even he was subject to alteration.

Thinking earnestly upon his career I have realised how sad it is that he has bequeathed us no ASQUITH legend. Always reserved and intent, he discouraged Press gossip to such a degree as actually to have turned the key on the Tenth Muse. Everybody else might lunch at the hospitable board in Downing Street, but interviewers had no chance. In vain did the Quexes of this frivolous city hope for even a crumb—there was nothing for them. Mr. ASQUITH came into office, held it, and left it without a single concession to Demos's love of personalia. He did not even wear comic collars or white hats or a single eyeglass or any other grotesquely significant thing; and how much poorer are we in consequence and how much poorer will posterity be!

Contrast the case of Mr. GLADSTONE, from whom anyone could draw a post-card and most people a chip of some recently-felled tree, and who is in my mind wonderful and supreme by reason of two inventions which, though no one would ever guess them to be the result of a Prime Minister's cogitations, deserve the widest fame. Of these one was the product of his unaided genius; the other the result of collaboration with his wife.

Let us begin with the individual triumph.

Everyone who has ever stayed under anyone else's roof, from a dine-and-sleep at Windsor Castle to a week in lovely Lucerne, has been confronted, when packing-up time arrived, with the problem of the sponge. No matter how muscular the fingers that wring this article, no matter how thick and costly the rubbered receptacle that holds it, there is always the chance of dampness communicating itself to other things in the bag. Isn't there?

How so to squeeze the sponge as to drive out the last drop of moisture was the problem before the massive intellect of the Grand Old Man. Need I say that he solved it? His method, as he himself in his unselfish way, told one of the diarists, possibly Sir M. E. GRANT-DUFF, possibly Mr. G. W. E. RUSSELL—I forget whom—was to wrap up the sponge in a bath-towel and jump on it. Here, for the historical painter, is a theme indeed—something worth all the ordinary dull occasions which provoke his talented if somewhat staid brush: the great Liberal statesman, the promoter of Home Rule, the author of *The Impregnable Rock of Holy Scripture*, leaping upon the bath-towel that held his sponge. But no historical painter could do justice to such a scene. It needs the movies.

Those of us then who dry our sponges in this way—and I am a fervent devotee—owe the inventor a meed of praise. And equally those of us who put into our hot water bottles at night hot tea instead of hot water (as I never have done and never mean to do), so that, waking in the small hours, we may yet not be without refreshment, owe a meed of praise to the same inspired innovator, for, if the chroniclers are correct, it was Mrs. GLADSTONE's habit to retire to rest with a bottle thus nutritiously filled, which would be ready for her great man on his return from the House weary and athirst.

Here we see the difference between Liberal Premiers. For what has Mr. ASQUITH done towards the solution of domestic problems? Who can name a thing? Has he devised a collar stud that cannot be lost? Has he hit upon a way instantly to stop a shaving cut from bleeding? Has he contrived a taxi window that will open when shut or shut when open? No. In all these years he has spared no time for any inventions.

No wonder then that he was found wanting and forced to resign.



Mistress (from upper window). "WHATEVER ARE YOU DOING OUT-OF-DOORS AT THIS TIME OF NIGHT, JANE?"

Romantic Maid. "ONLY THROWING A FEW CRUMBS TO THE OWLS, MA'AM."

A Scot among the Cynics.

"The railway fares are being raised, we are told, to stop pleasure travelling, but it can hardly be imagined that a munition worker going home to spend his week-end with his family is bent on pleasure."
Glasgow Evening News.

"Beautiful set of civic cat; very large stole and muff; accept £12."—*The Lady.*

As DICK WHITTINGTON'S mascot is the only civic cat known to history we think the relic should be secured for the Guildhall Museum.

"Simply as a citizen and as a non-party man, I want to say that Mr. Asquith has my affection and respect—and that is the highest guerdon that any statesman can have."
Extract from Letter in Yorkshire Paper.

We know now why Mr. ASQUITH refused a peerage. He did not want to vex his modest admirer.

"At Caxton Hall the conference was resumed of municipal authorities interested in the conversation of old fruit, sardine and salmon tins."—*Birmingham Daily Mail.*

We ourselves always listen with pleasure to their talk. It has at once a fruity and a fishy flavour.

WARS OF THE PAST.

(As recorded in the Press of the period.)

VI.

From "The Athens Advertiser and Piræus Post."

MACEDONIA'S ARMY.

THE FAMOUS PHALANX.

(By our Military Expert.)

THE Macedonian Army has recently undergone an entire reconstruction at the hands of KING PHILIP. It is now organised on a national and territorial basis and is divided into infantry and cavalry. The cavalry predominates and is therefore the stronger arm. The unit of cavalry is the squadron, of infantry the battalion. (It is of the utmost interest to note that there are two battalions in a regiment, each about fifteen hundred strong).

KING PHILIP, it will be remembered, received his military education in the school of EPAMINONDAS, who, as is well known, revolutionised the Higher Thought of every Higher Command by the discovery and application of a single tactical fact—namely, that the chances of A being able to give B a stronger push than B can give him are *in direct ratio to the numerical superiority of A over B.* It follows, then, that, faced with a sufficient superiority, B *must* retire, and *the initiative then rests with the side that possesses it.*

In pursuance of this tactical ideal EPAMINONDAS argued that the old method of winning battles, which was that A should exercise superior force against every point of B's line (or body), required that A should be bigger than B, buskin for buskin and brisket for brisket. But since it is sufficient, while "refusing" the rest of one's own body (or line), to bring an overwhelming force to bear on the point of a person's jaw, in order to discomfit him, so in a battle a numerically inferior A, by concentrating on a vital point of numerically superior B, can gain a local numerical superiority which will enable him to rout B utterly. (This is always supposing that B is not doing the same thing himself on the other wing, in which case each army would miss the other altogether—a condition of things into which the military art does not care to follow them).

Hence the phalanx or "preponderating mass formation." The Macedonian development of this depends (to reduce the matter to the simple algebraical formula to which all military problems are susceptible) on the fact that if x equals the greatest efficiency of an army, and the rooted square of stability to the nth rank equals the phalanx, then the rooted square of stability to the nth rank equals x minus the tangential curve of velocity of mobility. This should be plain even to the amateur student of tactics. Blending almost a military expert's appreciation of this cardinal doctrine with his natural selfishness as a leader of cavalry, PHILIP has given to this, the mobile arm, much of the striking power of the original phalanx. This is now placed in the centre, its business being mainly to force a salient in the enemy's line, the two resultant enclaves of which can then be shattered (at their re-entrants) by the cavalry squadrons, hurled forward on both phalanks. It should be noted, as a brilliant example of PHILIP'S staff work, that in the Macedonian Army, for the avoidance of confusion in the field, "phalanks" is now spelt "flanks."

To the intelligent student who has followed me thus far in these articles it should not be necessary to explain again the terms "enclave," "salient," and "re-entrant." "Tactical" is a term used when one is not using the term "strategical," and *vice versâ.*



Gentleman (in favour of national work for everyone). "AND WHY SHOULDN'T PEOPLE BE DOING TO-DAY WHAT THEY NEVER DREAMED OF DOING BEFORE THE WAR?"

New Assistant (his first operation). "EXACTLY, SIR. ALL THE SAME, IF ANYBODY HAD TOLD ME TWO DAYS AGO THAT I SHOULD NOW BE CUTTING THE HAIR OF A COMPLETE STRANGER, I'D NEVER HAVE BELIEVED 'IM."

"In the words of Bacon, it should be 'read, marked, learned and inwardly digested.'"
Financial Paper.

Our gay contemporary does not tell us whether it was before or after completing the works usually attributed to SHAKSPEARE that BACON compiled the Book of Common Prayer.

THE FLAPPER.

[Dr. ARTHUR SHADWELL, in the January *Nineteenth Century*, in his article on "Ordeal by Fire," after denouncing idlers and loafers and shirkers, falls foul "above all" of the young girls called flappers, "with high heels, skirts up to their knees and blouses open to the diaphragm, painted, powdered, self-conscious, ogling: 'Allus adal-lacked and dizened oot and a 'unting arter the men.'"]

GOOD Dr. ARTHUR SHADWELL, who lends lustre to a name
Which DRYDEN in his satires oft endeavoured to defame,
Has lately been discussing in a high-class magazine
The trials that confront us in the year Nineteen Seventeen.

He is not a smooth-tongued prophet; no, he takes a serious view;
We must make tremendous efforts if we're going to win through;
And though he's not unhopeful of the issue of the fray
He finds abundant causes for misgiving and dismay.

Our optimistic journals his exasperation fire,
And the idlers and the loafers stimulate his righteous ire;
But it is the flapper chiefly that in his gizzard sticks,
And he's down upon her failings like a waggon-load of bricks.

She's ubiquitous in theatres, in rail and 'bus and tram,
She wears her "blouses open down to the diaphragm,"
And, instead of realising what our men are fighting for,
She's an orgiastic nuisance who in fact *enjoys* the War.

It's a strenuous indictment of our petticoated youth
And contains a large substratum of unpalatable truth;
Our women have been splendid, but the Sun himself has specks,
And the flapper can't be reckoned as a credit to her sex.

Still it needs to be remembered, to extenuate her crimes,
That these flappers have not always had the very best of times;
And the life that now she's leading, with no Mentors to restrain,
Is decidedly unhinging to an undeveloped brain.

Then again we only see her when she's out for play or meals,
And distresses the fastidious by her gestures and her squeals,
But she is not always idle or a decorative drone,
And if she wastes her wages, well, she wastes what is her own.

Still to say that she's heroic, as some scribes of late have said,
Is unkind as well as foolish, for it only swells her head;
She oughtn't to be flattered, she requires to be repressed,
Or she'll grow into a portent and a peril and a pest.

Dr. SHADWELL to the PREMIER makes an eloquent appeal
In firm and drastic fashion with this element to deal;
And 'twould be a real feather in our gifted Cambrian's cap
If he taught the peccant flapper less flamboyantly to flap.

But, in *Punch's* way of thinking, 'tis for women, kind and wise,
These neglected scattered units to enrol and mobilize,
Their vagabond activities to curb and concentrate,
And turn the skittish hoyden to a servant of the State.

She's young; her eyes are dazzled by the glamour of the streets;
She has to learn that life is not all cinemas and sweets;
But given wholesome guidance she may rise to self-control
And earn the right of entry on the Nation's golden Roll.

THE ONLY STEGGLES.

Steggles is my groom, and my crowning mercy. But for his deafness I am sure he would long since have left the humble rank of gunner far beneath him, and the Staff might have gained a brilliant strategist. In addition to dulness of hearing, Steggles is endowed—I should indeed be ungrateful to use the word afflicted—with a vacuity of expression which puts rivals or antagonists off their guard, and doubles his value during the vicissitudes of active service. What would be handicaps to ordinary men Steggles turns to the advantage of himself, Sapphira my mare, and me.

When on the march the Battery arrives at the morass allotted to it for horse lines, I know that all will be well with the mud-bespattered Sapphira. Steggles leaps from the waggon whereon, in company with one of the cooks, he tours the pleasant land of France, and receives the mare. With his toes strangely pointed out, he leads her away from the scene of labour and language, disappearing amidst the hovels of the adjacent village. Often I never see him or obtain news of him till next morning, when he produces Sapphira polished like a silk hat and every scrap of metal about her sparkling. Occasionally I have tracked him to the shelter where he secretes and waits upon Sapphira, always to find that he has discovered and occupied the best stable in the village. The grooms of my brother-officers never learn that Steggles' vacuous expression is the disguise of an intellect subtle, discriminating and alert, so they never trouble to endeavour to forestall him. To find Sapphira is to find Steggles, as he always likes to spread his blanket where she could tread on him if she wanted anything during the night.

From time to time he chooses the occasion of a night's halt on the march to indulge in a bilious attack; but he has no other vice except an inveterate reluctance to leave off polishing my boots when I mount. No matter how Sapphira may prance and back and sidle, he follows her round and round with a remnant of a shirt, rubbing mud-spots off my boots in the stirrup. It is quite useless to bellow, "That will do, Steggles!"—his ideal is the unattainable perfection, and he persists. I have to escape by giving Sapphira the spur at the risk of knocking Steggles into the mud, or be late in turning out.

He never gives anything, even his own performances, unqualified praise; in fact it is extremely hard to win from him any encomium higher than "It's not too bad." Perhaps there is Scotch blood in his veins.

I very much want to recommend him for some decoration, but the organization likely to appreciate the most gallant of his deeds has not yet been formed—the S.P.G.P., or Society for the Preservation of Government Property.

Steggles was once riding behind me down a valley liberally dimpled with shell-holes, further dimples being in process of formation as we rode. I was returning from an O Pip, or Observation Post, and Steggles was carrying a pair of my boots with a rolled puttee stuffed into each. Suddenly I was aware that he had wheeled his horse about, and was trotting back towards the most dimply area of the valley. Out of regard for his family, I cantered after him. He broke into a gallop. When, after a thrilling ride, I caught him and had a little talk amongst the dimples, it appeared that he had dropped one of the puttees, and wished to return and look for it. This incident will, I think, demonstrate the exceptional character of the man, who did not appear to regard himself as a hero, or to pose as a desperate *farceur*, or to aspire to the post of Q.M.S., though, incredible as it may seem, the puttee in question was of the variety G.S.



Orderly Officer. "WHY DON'T YOU CHALLENGE ME?"
Latest called-up Recruit. "I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE COMING."
Orderly Officer. "WHAT DID THE CORPORAL SAY WHEN HE POSTED YOU?"
Recruit. "I WOULDN'T LIKE TO REPEAT IT TO AN OFFICER, SIR."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

To those who would learn what soldiering is like in the armies of democratic France I would heartily commend two books recently published by Messrs. ALLEN AND UNWIN, *Battles and Bivouacs*, by JACQUES ROUJON, and *The Diary of a French Private*, by GASTON RIOU. M. ROUJON, infantryman of the line, was in private life a journalist on *Le Figaro;* M. RIOU, Red Cross orderly, a liberal lay-theologian and writer of European reputation. The former's translitérator ("Munitions are distributed around," writes he undismayed; and has also discovered a territory known as "Oriental Prussia") obtrudes a little between author and reader. M. RIOU fares better; but both contrive to give a really vivid impression of the horrors and anxieties of the early days of the War before the tide turned at the Marne, of the flying rumours so far from the actual truth, of the fine spirit of *camaraderie* in common danger, of the intimate relations between officers and men, details, terrible or trivial, of campaigning, and, because our spirited brothers-in-arms are not ashamed to express their innermost feelings, of the deeper emotions at work under the surface gaieties. M. RIOU's narrative is mainly the record of his year's captivity in a Bavarian fort. On his way he faced the fanatical hatred and cruelty of the German civilians, of the women especially, with a cynical fortitude. The commandant of his prison, Baron von STENGEL, was, however, a gentleman and a brick, and did everything in his power to make the difficult life bearable. An episode pleasant to recall is the reception of the Russian prisoners (intended by their captors to cause dissensions) by their French comrades in misfortune. The whole record gives an impression of fine courage and resourcefulness.

Very probably you are already acquainted with that restful and admirable book, *Father Payne* (SMITH, ELDER), of which a new edition has just now been published. The point of this new edition is that, in its special Preface, the genesis and authorship of the book are assigned, for the first time on this side the Atlantic, to Mr. A. C. BENSON. And the point of the new preface is that it entirely gives away the original edition (also printed here), in which the secret was elaborately concealed. My wonder is, reading the book with this added knowledge, that anyone can have at any time failed to detect in it the gently persuasive hand of the Master of Magdalene, Cambridge. You remember, no doubt, how *Father Payne* (a courtesy title), having had a small estate left to him, proceeded to turn it into the home of a secular community for young men desirous of pursuing the literary gift, and how he financed, encouraged and generally supervised them. Leisure, an exquisite setting, and the society of enthusiastic and personally-selected youth—one might call the book perhaps a Tutor's Dream of the Millennium. Anyhow, *Father Payne*, as shown in this volume, which is practically a record of his table-talk

upon a great variety of themes, is exactly the gentle, shrewd and idealistic philosopher whom (knowing his parentage) one would expect. Bensonians (of the A. C. pattern) will certainly be glad to have what must surely have been their suspicions confirmed, and to admit *Father Payne* to the shelves of authenticity.

Miss DOROTHEA CONYERS has long ere this established herself as a specialist of repute in Irish sporting tales. You will need but one look at the picture wrapper of *The Financing of Fiona* (ALLEN) to see that a repetition of the same agreeable mixture awaits you within. *Fiona* was a charming young woman (Irish, of course) with a rich uncle and a poor, very unattractive cousin, who loved her for her expectations. As *Fiona* had no conception about money beyond the spending of it, the uncle made a will, whose object was that she should have plenty. The suitor, however, knowing of this, and being a naughty, rather improbable person, destroyed part of it, with the result that *Fiona* was apparently left only the ancestral home and no cash to keep it up. So she was forced to take in gentleman boarders for the hunting, and (for propriety's sake) to invent a mythical chaperon, who lived above stairs. And, after all, she needn't have done any such thing, because the rich uncle, in leaving her all the contents of the mansion, had foolishly forgotten to mention a secret drawer full of Canadian securities. As for the villain, I really hardly dare tell you the impossibly silly way in which he allowed himself to be caught out. But of course all this melodrama is not what matters. The important thing about Miss CONYERS' people is that (whatever their private worries) a-hunting they will go; and *Fiona*, financed by her paying guests, shows in this respect as capital sport as any of her predecessors. For the rest, I can hardly say with honesty that the story is equal to its author's best form.



The Mother (overhauling little Tommy's wardrobe). "OH, CHARLES, JUST SEE WHAT THAT DREADFUL CHILD HAS BEEN CARRYING ABOUT IN HIS POCKET! A REAL CARTRIDGE WITH A BULLET IN IT. HE MIGHT HAVE BEEN BLOWN TO BITS!"

The Father (with a glowing consciousness of assisting his country at a critical time). "JUST PUT IT IN A COOL PLACE FOR TO-NIGHT, MY DEAR, AND I WILL LEAVE IT AT THE WAR OFFICE TO-MORROW ON MY WAY TO BUSINESS."

What I like particularly about Mr. FREDERICK NIVEN is the friendly way in which he contrives to make his readers and himself into a family party. "We must," he writes at the beginning of a chapter in *Cinderella of Skookum Creek* (NASH), "get a move on with the story, in case you become more tired of Archer's compound fracture than he was himself." This is by no means the only occasion on which he shows his thoughtfulness for us, and I think it very kind and nice of him. At the same time I will ungraciously admit that the weak point of his story is that it does not move quite fast enough. Admirable artist in psychology and atmosphere, his plot, if you can call it a plot, is very slight. *Cyrus Archer*, the young American of the compound fracture (who had my sympathy from the start because he could never remember dates), goes out into the back of beyond for a spell before settling down to married life and a place in his father's business, and at Skookum Creek, where he grows tomatoes and studies Indians, he meets his *Cinderella*, with the result that his life has to be completely rearranged. A commonplace tale, but there is a rare and distinct flavour about the telling of it. Mr. NIVEN'S manner has indeed a very particular charm, over which one would take an even keener pleasure in lingering if only he himself lingered a little less over his story.

I hardly think that Madame ALBANESI has chosen quite the most appropriate name for the story that she calls *Hearts and Sweethearts* (HUTCHINSON). Personally, I fancy that *Suits and Lawsuits* would have come nearer the mark; because, though there is a certain proportion of love-making in the tale, there is considerably more about going to law. One difficulty with which I fancy the writer had to contend is due to the fact that her hero and heroine are (in a sense) the opposing protagonists in a case of disputed succession; *Jemima Frant* being engaged in the attempt to turn out *Sir John Norminster* from his estates and establish the claim to them of her dead sister's child. Naturally, therefore, till this is settled their opportunities for the tender passion are, to put it very gently, restricted. But of course—well, a novel with such a title is hardly likely to leave anybody of importance unmarried at the final page. Before this is turned, you have some pleasant comedy of London in war-time, and meet a number of agreeably sketched persons, whose conversation may amuse you, or, on the other hand, may cause you to wish them a little less discursive. Madame ALBANESI indeed impressed me as having occasionally turned her subordinate characters loose into a chapter, with instructions to fill it up anyhow, while she herself thought out the next move. But the law was always leisurely, so this characteristic might perhaps be expected in a story so much concerned with it.

Handel in War-Time.

"The anthem 'O Thou that tellest' (Messiah), will be rendered."—*Dublin Evening Mail.*

No pains are being spared to promote agriculture in Ireland.

"The river in many places has overflown its banks."
Henley Newspaper.

Even Father Thames cannot resist the modern mania for aviation.

Extract from a review of Dr. JOHN FITZPATRICK'S "*This Realm, This England*":—

"From a Scotsman, we deprecate the definition of 'This Realm' as 'England,' and would suggest to the learned doctor that he would have done nothing derogatory to himself, even in the eyes of Englishmen, if he had used the really correct and comprehensive name Britain."—*Scots Pictorial.*

SHAKSPEARE (ghost of), please note.

CHARIVARIA.

"TIME to deal finally with Tino," announced an evening paper last week, thereby doing a great deal to allay a disquieting impression that the matter was to be left to eternity.

* * *

"KING CONSTANTINE," says the *Berliner Tageblatt*, "has as much right to be heard as a common criminal." We agree, though few of his friends have put it quite so bluntly.

* * *

The *Lokalanzeiger* devotes three columns of a recent issue to the advantages of the British blockade as a compulsory refiner of the German figure. A still more desirable feature of it, which the *Lokalanzeiger* omits to draw attention to, is its efficacy in reducing the German swelled head.

* * *

We know of no finer example of the humility of true greatness than the KAISER'S decision to allow the War to continue.

* * *

A Berlin newspaper says that after the coronation of the EMPEROR KARL at Budapest one of the jewels was missed from the Crown. Fortunately for the relations between the two Empires, the German CROWN PRINCE is in a position to prove an *alibi*.

* * *

To facilitate the delivery of milk, a certain Dairymen's Association has suggested to the Food Controller that they should have recourse to a pool. In most districts, however, recourse will be had as usual to the pump.

* * *

Lord RHONNDA'S appeal to the public to keep tame rabbits has been enthusiastically taken up by all the smart people, and enterprising *maisons* are already offering driving coats, sleeping baskets and silk pyjamas for the little pets at prices ranging from two guineas upwards.

* * *

The tallest giraffe in the world has just died at the Zoo. The animal came from Kordofan, where, Mr. POCOCK tells us, all the really tall ones have been told.

* * *

It is reported that General VON BISSING is retiring from Belgium as his health shows no signs of improvement. The blood baths he has been taking have not afforded the expected relief.

* * *

It was stated at a London Tribunal that the War Office has just given a contract for 2,400 waste-paper baskets. If further evidence was required of our unshakable determination to carry the War to a successful conclusion, it is surely provided by this indication of the extent to which the public are helping the War Office with suggestions as to how to win it.

* * *

Attention has been called to the waste of time and money involved in the calling of grand juries where there are only one or two trifling cases to be tried, and it is suggested that they might be able to combine their juridical functions with some useful employment. A correspondent who signs himself "Lifer" points out to us that the grand jurymen he has met are just the men the nation needs for the Tribunals if the combing-out process is to be effectual.

* * *

A man who was to have appeared before the Law Society Tribunal excused himself on the ground that he was suffering from melancholia, and regret was expressed by the military representative that he should have been misinformed as to the nature of the entertainment.

* * *

The admission of a Stuttgart professor that trousers are a German invention has given the liveliest satisfaction to our Highland regiments, who have long had an intuitive feeling that the Hun was guilty of even blacker crimes than those of which we had been officially informed.

* * *

A "Longer Course for Cadets" is announced by a morning paper. The Food Controller is to be asked to make public his reasons for this obviously unfair discrimination between soldiers.

Men's wear, it is reported, will be twenty-five per cent. dearer this year than last, but a good example in economy is rumoured to have been set by a well-known actor manager, who now only wears a crease in one leg of his trousers.

* * *

A burglar who broke into a Manchester wine stores made off with a large sum of money, but none of the wine was taken. This once again proves that total abstinence is absolutely essential to business success.

* * *

Consternation has been caused among the pessimists (who have declared that this will be a long War) by the recent statement of M. LOUIS RABOURDIN, the French scientist, that in five thousand years the world will be uninhabited.

* * *

A solicitor has been arrested in Ireland under the Defence of the Realm Act for refusing to give away the confidential correspondence of his client. The suggestion that a lawyer should be required to give away anything has aroused a storm of indignant protest in both branches of the profession.



Lady (who has been damaged by motor-car). "I SEZ TO THE SHOVER, I SEZ, 'YOU MAY 'AVE AN ENGLISH NIME, BUT YOUR CONDUCK'S TOOTON.'"

"ARGENTINE MEAT SHIPMENTS.

The only shipment of mutton to the Continent during the week was 18,000 quarters of beef to France."
Sheffield Daily Telegraph.

Even the oxen in neutral countries are feeling a little sheepish

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"A large section of the city will find its water supply rather intermittent in consequence of a burst of the Rivington water main at Twig-lane, Huyton, near Prescot. The main has an internal diameter of forty-four miles."—*Liverpool Paper.*

What an awful bore!

"SEVENTEEN-YEAR LOCUSTS TO APPEAR NEXT SUMMER.

State Collee, Pa, Dec. 11.—The 17-yearg lgoogugagt is due to appear agagingg gnext summer, according to C. H. Hadley, Jr., an entomo-legegggbmn TTMMggggob rr . . j Eas logist at the Pennsylvania State College."
Erie Daily Times.

The news has had a decidedly discomposing effect already.

"A gamble with death in the Strand—seeing that the stake is precisely the same—should be quite as enthralling as a hairbreadth 'scape on the plains of Texas, even though the gambler wears a top-hat instead of sheepskin trousers."
Manchester Guardian.

The writer understates the case. The substitution of a top-hat for trousers would add a piquancy of its own to the situation.

FAITH AND DOUBT IN THE FATHERLAND.

News of triumph, very cheering,
Fills our marrows full of sap,
News of FALKENHAYN careering
Right across Roumania's map,
Tales of corn to swell our tummies, tales of golden oil to tap.

Everywhere we go victorious
Over earth and on the blue;
More and more superbly glorious
Ring the deeds we dare and do,
Till they sound almost too splendid to be absolutely true.

Here and there, indeed, a sceptic
Mutters language rather rude;
Here and there a wan dyspeptic,
Yielding to a peevish mood,
Wonders why a winning nation finds itself so short of food.

When carillons rock the steeple
And the bunting 's ordered out,
I have noticed several people
Ask themselves in honest doubt
Why the War-Lord's lifted finger fails to bring a peace about.

Yet, though England, crushed and quailing,
Kicks his dove-bird down the stair,
I shall trust, with faith unfailing,
In my KAISER'S conquering air
(Still I blame no man for thinking there must be a catch somewhere). O. S.

RECOGNITION.

"Francesca," I said, "have you seen it?"

"It? What?"

"The announcement."

"What announcement?"

"I have been gazetted," I said.

"Did it hurt much?" she said. "Or were you able to bear it without a murmur?"

"It 's in *The Times*," I said, "and you shall read it, whether you like it or not. It 's in the place where I 'm pointing my finger. There—do you see it?"

"If you 'd only take your finger away I might be able to. Thanks. My hat! isn't it exciting? 'To be 2nd Lieutenant (tempy.) 1st Battalion, Blankshire Regiment of Volunteers——' So it 's come at last, has it?"

"Yes," I said, "it 's come at last. They 've recognised us."

"Well," she said, "it was about time, wasn't it? Here you 've all been form-fouring and two deeping and route-marching for two years or so, and looking highly military in your grey-green uniforms, while the authorities stood by and persuaded themselves you didn't exist; and at last somebody comes along——"

"It was Lord FRENCH who came along——"

"Yes," she said, "Lord FRENCH comes along on a fine cold Sunday morning and says to himself, 'Here are several hundred thousand men who are panting to make themselves useful. Let 's recognise them,' and from that moment you actually begin to exist. And then they bring down your grey hairs with sorrow into the Gazette, and, instead of being a Platoon Commander, you become a 2nd Lieutenant."

"'Tempy,'" I said; "don't forget the 'tempy.'"

"I won't," she said. "What does it mean? It rounds very irritable."

"It does," I said; "but as a matter of fact it 's got nothing to do with my temper. It means temporary."

"Anyhow it 's a difficult word to pronounce in four syllables. I shall do it in two."

"No, Francesca, you shall not. As the holder of His Majesty's Commission I cannot allow you to go about the country saying tempy when you mean tem-po-ra-ry."

"But why do they put in the word at all?"

"It 's the War Office way of announcing that we 're not to expect our new-born joys to last for ever."

"To the end of the War is long enough for most people at the present rate."

"Do not let us peer too anxiously into the dim and distant future. Let us be satisfied with such a present as fate has assigned to us in making me a 2nd Lieutenant temporary, with all the privileges that the words imply."

"Right," she said. "I 'm going to wire to your brother Fred to come and stay here."

"Do you want him to come and rejoice with us over my new rank?"

"No," she said, "not exactly. I want to see how an elder brother, who is a 2nd Lieutenant temporary of Volunteers gets on with a younger brother who is a Colonel permanent in the real Army."

"I do not," I said, "like the word 'real.' There 's a disagreeable invidiousness about it, and your mouth, you being what you are, should be the last to use it."

"You 'll have to salute him, you know."

"Yes," I said, "I certainly shall when I 'm in uniform."

"And you 'll have to call him 'Sir.'"

"Nonsense."

"You will," she said, "or you 'll be court-martialled. And when he comes into a room in which you 're sitting, you 'll have to jump up and assume a rigid attitude until he 's kind enough to wave his hand. Oh, it will be a real pleasure to have Fred here now that you 've been thoroughly recognised. If you don't behave to him in a proper military manner you 'll be reported to Lord FRENCH, and then you 'll be more tempy than ever. Now that you 're recognised you must do the thing thoroughly."

"You 'll be sorry for this when I 'm guarding a railway line night and day."

"No," she said, "I shan't. I shall keep you going with sandwiches and thermos-flasks." R. C. L.

The Craze for Substitution.

Extract from note written by the Commandant of a V.A.D. hospital to the Sister-in-charge:—

"I have just heard that the Medical Officer will not be able to come this morning. I have ordered the sweep."

"THE COFFEE SPECIALIST
ROASTED FRESH DAILY."
North China Daily News.

Yet we dare say the poor fellow meant well.

"In the preliminary examination of patients the author introduces a test which is new to us; two or three breaths having been drawn through the nose, this organ is then punched by the anæsthetist, whilst the patient holds his breath as long as possible."
The Practitioner.

What the victim of this novel treatment says after recovering his breath is happily withheld from us.

From the Daily Orders of an Australian Battalion:—

"MOVES OF OFFICERS.

The following Officers have reported their arrival and departed respectfully."

Discipline in the Imperial contingents is evidently improving.



THE BANKRUPT BRAVOS.

SCENE: *Vienna, between the Sittings of the Conference.*

SULTAN. "IT'S TIME WE GOT SOME MORE MONEY OUT OF WILLIAM. HE SEEMS TO THINK HE'S DOING ALL THE FRIGHTFULNESS. HE FORGETS THAT I'M KNOWN AS THE 'TERRIBLE TURK.'"

FERDINAND. "YES; AND THEY CALL ME 'FERDIE THE FEARFUL.'"

[The latter title has recently been conferred upon the Tsar of Bulgaria by his subjects in recognition of his continued absence from Sofia since the bombing of his palace.]



G.O.C. "WELL, MY MAN, WHAT ARE YOU IN CIVILIAN LIFE?"
Dejected Private. "PROFESSOR OF GREEK HISTORY AT ONE OF THE UNIVERSITIES, SIR."

THE MINIATURE.

WHEN I left her, Celia had two photographs, a British warm and an accidental coffee-stain, by which to remember me. The coffee-stain was the purest accident. By her manner of receiving it, Celia gave me the impression that she thought I had done it on purpose, but it was not so. The coffee-cup slipped in me 'and mum, after which the law of gravity stepped in, thus robbing what would have been a polite deed of most of its gallantry. However, I explained all that at the time. The fact remains that, in whatever way you look at it, I had left my mark. Celia was not likely to forget me.

But she was determined to make sure. No doubt mine is an elusive personality; take the mind off it for one moment and it is gone. So I was to be perpetuated in a miniature.

"Can it be done without a sitting?" I asked doubtfully. I was going away on the morrow.

"Oh, yes. It can be done from the photographs easily. Of course I shall have to explain your complexion and so on."

"May I read the letter when you've explained it?"

"Certainly not," said Celia firmly.

"I only want to make sure that it's an explanation and not an apology."

"I shall probably put it down to a bicycle accident. Which is that?—— No, no," she added hastily, "*Kamerad!*"

I put down the revolver and went on with my packing. And a day or two later Celia began to write about the miniature.

* * * * *

The stars represent shells or months, or anything like that; *not* promotion. I came back with just the two—one on each sleeve.

We talked of many things, but not of the miniature. Somehow I had forgotten all about it. And then one day I remembered suddenly.

"The miniature," I said; "did you get it done?"

"Yes," said Celia quietly.

"Have you got it here?"

"Yes."

"Oh, I say, do let me see it."

Celia hesitated.

"I think we had better wait till you are a little stronger," she said very gently.

"Is it so very beautiful?"

"Well——"

"So beautiful that it almost hurts? Celia, dear, let me risk it," I pleaded.

She fetched it and gave it to me. I gazed at it a long time.

"Who is it?" I asked at last.

"I don't know, dear."

"Is it like anybody we know?"

"I think it's meant to be like *you*, darling," said Celia tenderly, trying to break it to me.

I gazed at it again.

"Would you get me a glass?" I asked her.

"A looking-glass, or with brandy and things in it?"

"Both . . . Thank you. Promise me I don't look like this."

"You don't," she said soothingly.

"Then why didn't you tell the artist so and ask him to rub it out and do it again?"

Celia sighed.

"He has. The last was his third rubbige."

Then another thing struck me.

"I thought you weren't going to have it in uniform?"

"I didn't at first. But we've been trying it in different costumes since to—to ease the face a little. It looked awful in mufti. Like a—a——"

"Go on," I said, nerving myself to it.

"Like an uneasy choir-boy. I think I shall send it back again and ask him to put it in a surplice."

"Yes, but why should my wife dangle a beneficed member of the Established Church of England round her neck? What proud prelate——"

"Choir-boy, darling. You're thinking of bishops."

As it happened my thoughts were not at all episcopal. On the contrary, I looked at the miniature again, and I looked at myself in the glass, and I said firmly that the thing must go back a fourth time.

"You can't wear it. People would come and ask you who it was and you couldn't tell them. You'd have to keep it locked up, and what 's the good of that?"

"I *can't* write again," said Celia. "Poor man! Think of the trouble he's had. Besides I 've got you back now. It was really just to remind me of you."

"Yes, but I shall frequently be out to tea. You'd better have it done properly now."

Celia was thoughtful. She began composing in her mind that fourth letter . . . . and frowning.

"I know," she cried suddenly. "*You* write this time!"

It was my turn to be thoughtful . . . .

"I don't see it. How do I come in? What is my *locus standi? Locus standi*," I explained in answer to her raised eyebrows, "an oath in common use among our Italian allies, meaning—— What do I write as?"

"As the owner of the face," said Celia in surprise.

"Yes, but I can't dilate on my own face."

"Why not?" said Celia, bubbling. "You know you'd love it."

I looked at the miniature and began to think of possible openings. One impossible one struck me at once.

"Anyway," I said, "I 'll get him to close my mouth."

* * * * * *

The stars represent something quite simple this time—my brain at work.

"Celia," I said, "I *will* write. And this time the miniature shall be criticised properly. To say, as you no doubt said, 'This is not like me,' I mean not like my husband—well, you know what I mean—just to condemn it is not enough. *I* shall do it differently. I shall take each feature separately and dwell upon it. But to do this modestly I must have a *locus*—I am sorry to have to borrow from our Italian allies again— a *locus standi* apart from that of owner of face. I must also be donor of miniature. Then I can comment impartially on the present which I am preparing for you."

"I thought you'd see that soon," smiled Celia. A. A. M.

FASHIONS IN BOOK-WEAR.

["*Rose of Glenconnel.* A first book by Mrs. Patrick MacGill, telling of the adventures in the Yukon and elsewhere of Rosalie Moran. With coloured jacket. Price 6*s.* net."
Advt. in "Times Literary Supplement."]

Extract from "Belle's Letters":—"Other smart books I noticed included Mrs. BARCLAY'S *Sweet Seventy-one*, looking radiantly young and lovely in a simple rose-pink frock embellished with rosebuds, and Mr. CHARLES GARVICE'S *Marriage Bells*, utterly charming in ivory satin trimmed with orange blossom. On another shelf I saw Mr. KIPLING'S *The Horse Marines*, looking well in a smartly-cut navy blue costume with white facings, and not far away was Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT'S *Straphanger*, in smoked terra-cotta, and the pocket edition of DICKENS in Mrs. Harris Tweed. Mr. Britling's new book, *Mr. Wells Sees it Through the Press*, was looking rather dowdy in a ready-made Norfolk jacket, but Mr. and Mrs. WILLIAMSON'S *The Petrol Peeress* was very chic in a delightfully-cut oil-silk wrap; and so was Sir GILBERT PARKER'S *This Book for Sale*, in a purple bolero. Academic sobriety characterised the gown worn by the POET LAUREATE'S *The Sighs of Bridges*, while Mr. A. C. BENSON'S *Round My College Dado* was conspicuous in a Magdalene blouse with pale-blue sash."



Recruiting Sergeant. "WHAT ARE YOU FOR?"
Recruit. "FOR THE DURATION OF THE WAR, OR LONGER IF IT DOESN'T END SOONER."

"This was followed by a banquet in which Bro. W. S. Williams took a prominent part."
Daily Chronicle (*Kingston, Jamaica*).

Still, was it quite kind to call attention to it?

LETTERS FROM MACEDONIA.

II.

MY DEAR JERRY,—No doubt you think from the light-hearted tone of my last letter that life here is a bed of roses. In reality we have our flies in the ointment—nay, our shirt-buttons in the soup. The chief of the flies is artillery, both our own and that of the people opposite; and the worst of the shirt-buttons is jam. It sounds strange, but it is true.

There was a time in the olden days when we welcomed gunner-officers, but those days are unhappily past since we met Major Jones. Learn then the perfidy of the Major and *ex uno disce omnes*.

I had a nice little 'ouse up in the front line, well hidden by trees. It wasn't a *house*, Jerry, I wish you to understand; it was merely a little 'ouse standing in its own grounds like, with a brace or so of chickens and a few mangel-wurzels a-climbin' round the place. You know what it 's like.

Well, Major Jones, who had been my guest several times in this little 'ouse of mine, came round a few days ago with a worried look and an orderly.

"I want you to come and look at my telephone," he said hurriedly.

"What is it? Is anything wrong?" I asked sympathetically.

"I fear the worst. Something terrible may happen in five minutes," he replied darkly.

I gripped his hand silently, and he returned the pressure with emotion. In silence we walked the two hundred yards which lay between my place and his observation-post, and I watched while his orderly got busy with the telephone.

"Is Number One gun ready?" demanded the Major.

It appeared that Number One was itching to be at it.

"Fire!" said the Major.

"Fire!" said the orderly.

A moment later there was a terrific explosion.

"Number One fired, Sir," observed the orderly.

"It is well you told us," I said sweetly, "otherwise I could never have believed it."

But the Major heeded me not. He was staring over my shoulder.

"Good shot, by Jove!" he yelled. "A perfect beauty! Holed out in one!"

I turned to see what had caused his sudden joy. But where was my little 'ouse? Had *it* suddenly turned into that nasty cloud of dust? Even as I looked my water-bucket reached the ground again.

"Awfully sorry, old man," said the Major, with a ghastly pretence of sympathy. "You see it was in our way."

I brushed aside his proffered hand (rather good that, Jerry. Let 's have it again. I say I brushed aside his proffered hand), and strode back dismally to what had once been my home from home.

* * * * *

Now I live in a little dug-out beneath the ground, chickenless and mangel-wurzelless, awaiting with resignation the day when the Sappers shall find that I am in *their* way and blow me up.

Another little game of the gunners is called "Artillery Duels."

In the good old days, when a man wanted a scrap with his neighbour, he put a double charge of powder into his blunderbuss, crammed in on top of it two horse-shoes, his latch-key, an old watch-chain, and a magnet, and then started on the trail. It was very effective, but of course some busy-body "improved" on it. Nowadays our gunners ring up the enemy's artillery.

"Hallo! Is that you, strafe you? What about an artillery duel, eh?"

"Oh, what fun!" says the enemy. "Do let 's." And then they start.

"A hearty give-and-take, that 's what I like," remarks a cheery gunner officer.

A moment later he rushes to the telephone.

"Is that you, enemy?" he asks. "I say, dash it all, old man, do be careful! That last one of yours was jolly near my favourite gun."

"By Jove, I 'm awfully sorry, old thing," calls back the enemy. "What about shortening the fuses a bit, eh?"

"Good idea! Waken up the foot-sloggers too. They need it sometimes."

Then for fifteen minutes large shells rebound from the bowed head and shoulders of the unfortunate infantryman.

Which reminds me of George.

George had a strafe-proof waistcoat procured by him from a French manufacturer. He showed it to us proudly, and also the advertisement, which stated that the waistcoat would easily stop a rifle-bullet, whilst a "45" would simply bounce off it. It was beautiful but alarming to see his confidence as he stood up in a shower of shells, praying for a chance of showing off the virtues of his acquisition.

* * * * *

We were very pleased to send to his hospital address to-day a postcard bearing the maker's explanation that a "45 revolver bullet, and *not* a 45 millimetre shell, was meant.

As regards the jam question, Jerry, the fault of the jam is that it is never jam, but always marmalade. I feel too sore on the question to write much, but I may just hint that we have heard that Brother Bulgar sometimes gets real strawberry. It is just possible, therefore, that you may hear of a raid soon. Yours ever, PETER.

THE CONVERT.

["One striking result of the War has been its humanising effect on woman."
Daily Paper.]

THE barbed shaft of Love hath pierced thy heart,
Fair Annabelle; distracting is thy lot;
Long hast thou thought thyself a deal too smart
To be ensnared in Cupid's toils—eh, what?

The ways of other maids, less intricate,
Filled thee with pity to the very core;
Kisses were unhygienic, out of date,
And man a most unutterable bore.

But now with young Lieutenant Smith, V.C.,
Thou roamest, gazing shyly in his face;
Nay, did I not surprise thee after tea
Defying Hygiene in a close embrace?

Shall I recall that old sartorial jest,
The mannish coat which never seemed to fit,
The bifurcated skirt and all the rest,
Not half so pretty as thy nursing kit?

Ah no! Thine happiness I will not vex,
For thou art Woman once again I find;
And Woman, though she cannot change her sex,
Has always had the right to change her mind.

The Primrose Path for Flappers.

"WANTED, Two experi. MAKERS-UP (Females); also a few Girls to learn; good wages paid."—*Evening Paper.*

Another Impending Apology.

From an obituary notice:—

"In civil life he was employed as an attendant on those inflicted with weak minds. He joined the regiment at —— Camp and was at once employed as Colonel ——'s servant."
Burma Paper.

"Mars is the name of a star so far off it would take a million years to walk there in an express train."

"A miracle is anything that someone does that can't be done."

"People who have always used tooth-brushes and who know the thing to do never use any but their own."

"The Pagans were a contented race until the Christians came among them."
Hawaii Educational Review.

If *The Review* can maintain this form the consciously comic journals of the American Empire will have to look to their laurels.



THE RECRUIT WHO TOOK TO IT KINDLY.



Super-Boy. "BUT, FATHER, IF WE HAVE ALREADY CONQUERED, WHY DOES THE WAR GO ON?"
Super-Man. "BE SILENT AND EAT YOUR HINDENBURG ROCK."

WAR'S SURPRISES.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF "TAY-PAY."

[*The Daily Chronicle* alludes to a recent article by Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR, M.P., as "a frigid survey of the situation."]

THE War has done many astonishing things;
It has doubled the traffic in trinkets and rings;
It has reconciled us to margarine
And made many fat men healthily lean.
It has answered the critics of Public Schools
And proved the redemption of family fools.
It has turned golf links to potato patches
And made us less lavish in using matches.
It has latterly paralysed the jaw
Of the hitherto insuppressible SHAW.
It has made old Tories acclaim LLOYD GEORGE,
Whose very name once stuck in their gorge.
It has turned a number of novelists
Into amateur armchair strategists.
It has raised the lowly and humbled the wise
And forced us in dozens of ways to revise
The hasty opinions we formed of our neighbours
In view of their lives and deaths and labours.
It has cured many freaks of their futile hobbies,
It has made us acquainted with female bobbies.
It has very largely emptied the ranks
Of the valetudinarian cranks,
By turning their minds to larger questions
Than their own insides or their poor digestions.
It has changed a First Lord into a Colonel,
Then into a scribe on a Sunday journal,
With the possible hope, when scribbling palls,
Of doing his bit at the Music Halls.
It has proved the means of BIRRELL'S confounding
And given Lord WIMBORNE a chance of re-bounding.
But—quite the most wonderful thing of all
The things that astonish, amaze or appal—
As though a jelly turned suddenly rigid,
It has made "TAY PAY" grow suddenly frigid!

When rivers flow backwards to their founts
And tailors refuse to send in accounts;
When some benevolent millionaire
Makes me his sole and untrammelled heir;
When President WILSON finds no more
Obscurity in "the roots of the War";
When Mr. PONSONBY stops belittling
His country and WELLS abandons *Britling*:
When the Ethiopian changes his hue
To a vivid pink or a Reckitty blue—
In fine, when the Earth has lost its solidity,
Then I shall believe in "TAY PAY'S" frigidity.

Duration of the War.

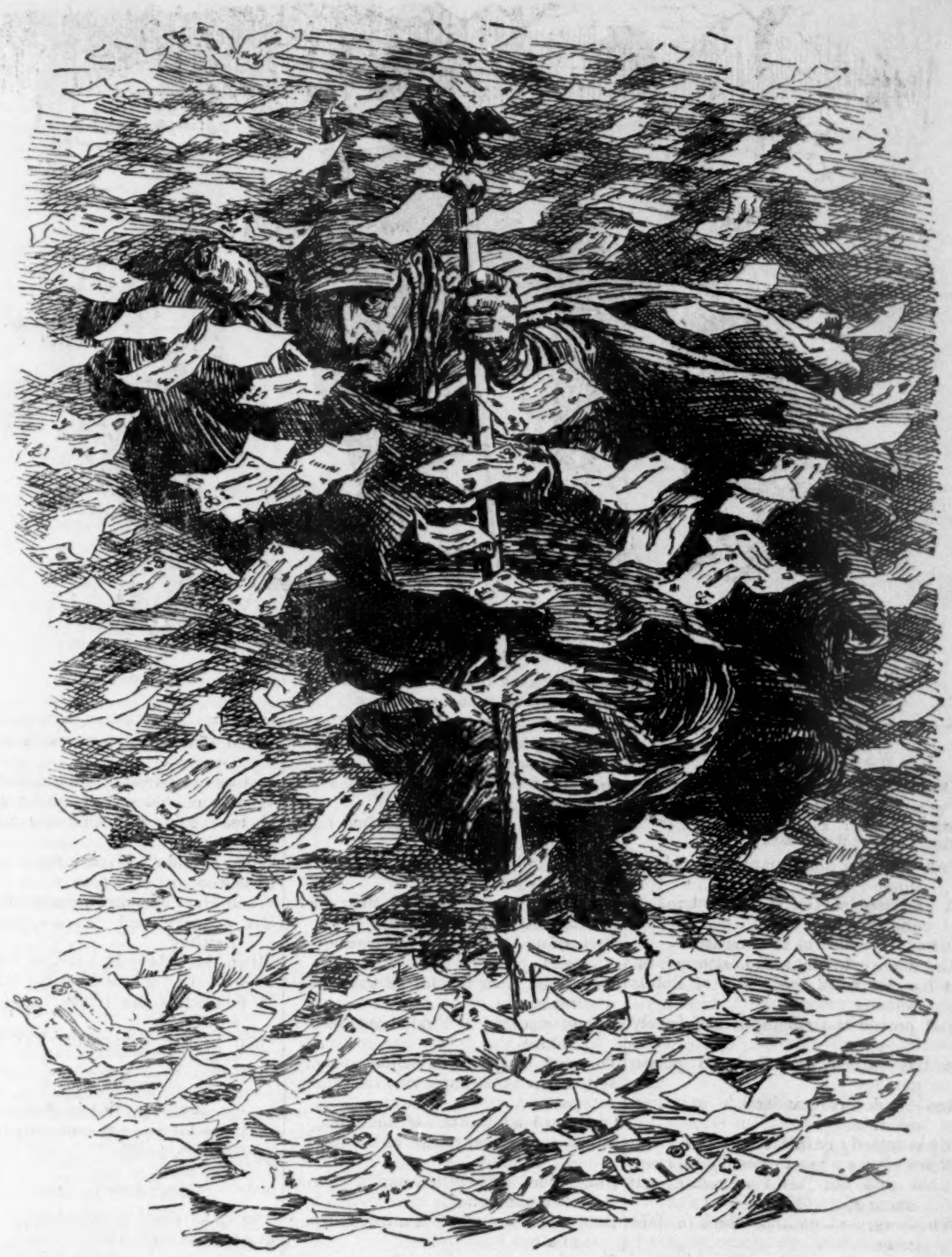
"If the bid does not come early in 19717 the evidences of Germany's clamorous needs are strangely false."—*Evening Paper.*

Are we downhearted? No!

Extract from Army Orders in the Field:—

"When Sections 3 and 4 have opened rapid fire, and the bullets have had time to reach the enemy, but not before, Sections 1 and 2 move up into line with No. 3 and 4."

Aren't the Staff wonderful? They think of everything.



SNOWING HIM UNDER.

A FORECAST OF THE NEW BRITISH WAR LOAN.



Possible Purchaser. "WHAT SORT OF DOG IS HE?"

Dog-Fancier. "'IM, LIDY? 'E'S A LITTLE PEDIGREE DAWG, 'E IS. AN' THIS IS 'IS MOTHER ON THE LEAD—QUITE ANOTHER TYPE O' DAWG, BUT ALSO A PEDIGREE."

PETHERTON AND THE PLURALIST.

"HELLO!" I said, "a note from Petherton. What can my charming neighbour want now?"

The letter ran as follows:—

SIR,—I find that George, the young man I employ as house-boy, has become friendly with one of your maids, and I shall be glad if you will co-operate with me so far as is possible in trying to prevent their meeting, as I do not think it desirable that there should be further communication between our households than is, unfortunately, necessary.

I should not have troubled to write to you had it not been that George strongly resented my interference with his private affairs when I remonstrated with him just now on the matter. Servants are so deplorably independent in these times, and men as useful as George are so difficult to obtain, that I do not care to open the subject with him again.

The maid of yours in question is the one who goes out on Wednesday evenings. As that is also George's evening out, perhaps you could arrange to let this particular maid go out on another evening instead.

Faithfully yours,
FREDERICK PETHERTON.

"What confounded sauce!" I said, and replied formally as follows:—

DEAR MR. PETHERTON,—It must, I am sure, be most alarming to you to find that servants of ours are hobnobbing and perhaps discussing our affairs. Unfortunately to make the alteration you suggest would throw the whole of our domestic staff out. I know the maid to whom you refer; she is our parlour-maid, and you are right in describing her as "this particular maid." She is most particular. It is true that men are hard to obtain for domestic employment, even ineligibles (and I am sure yours is that), but maids are, if anything, more difficult to find. My wife had no end of trouble in procuring this parlour-maid, and she is a treasure whom we do not wish to lose.

I have been aware for some time that she is engaged in the pleasurable occupation of what is known as keeping company with your factotum, but thought it wise not to interfere.

It is still in the air, as one might say, that you are engaged in experimental chemical work for the Government, and I should have thought, and hoped, that this would occupy your mind to the exclusion of such trivial affairs as servants' love-making.

Yours sincerely,
HENRY J. FORDYCE.

Petherton quickly countered with:—

SIR,—I am sorry that I should have appealed to you in vain. It is not a pleasure to write to you, and it is positively distasteful to have to read your absurd letters in reply. I passed George in the village this evening with his arm round your parlour-maid's waist. I was absolutely disgusted, and must emphatically protest against such familiarity even among the minor members of our households.

Faithfully yours,
FREDERICK PETHERTON.

Joyously I rushed to respond:—

DEAR PETHERTON,—Your letters, on the contrary, are a positive delight to me. One of the reasons why I should not like to interfere is the feeling that it might put an end to our correspondence.

Personally I cannot visualize the

spectacle of similar familiarity between any of the major members of our respective households.

I myself passed your man this evening as I was on my way to the Vicarage, and at the moment he was in mild dalliance with our housemaid. I say mild because they were only arm-in-arm. On my return about an hour later I passed George again, and it is true that this time he was with our parlour-maid, and had his arm round her waist as you describe.

There is no doubt that the young man has a penchant for my staff, but so far no Government secrets have reached my ears, and no details of your personal doings, past, present or future.

"Carry on" is the motto of the day, so why not let well alone? Were you never a young man?

Ever yours, HARRY FORDYCE.

Petherton was getting very worked-up, to judge from his reply:—

SIR,—I disapprove of your levity. This is a serious matter to me. On your own showing George's behaviour is scandalous, and although I should scarcely expect you to look at the matter in its proper light I should have thought that even you would have interfered now that matters have reached such a state. Your attitude is intolerable.

I am well able to protect the Government's secrets, and my movements could be of little interest even to you, but I do not think the society of your maids desirable for a young man like George. I strongly suspect that they are having a bad influence over him. He is becoming careless in his work.

I accidentally overheard him say, in conversation with the grocer's man, that he was—to use his own expression—walking out with a Miss Parsons. Is this either your parlour-maid or housemaid? or is it some third person?

Yours faithfully,
FREDERICK PETHERTON.

DEAR OLD CHAP (I replied),—Thank you for your cheering letter. I hope neither of us will say or do anything that would terminate this exchange of letters, which is keeping me from dwelling too much on the War.

Miss Parsons is our cook, as worthy a young woman as ever riveted an apple-dumpling or tossed a custard. She would make George an excellent wife. Don't worry about the parlour-maid or housemaid. They would, I am sure, be delighted to be at the wedding.

Yours, HARRY.

Petherton's reply was prompt, personal and to the point:—

SIR,—Confound you and your entire staff! You ought all to be interned. If George ever thinks of leaving me I trust it will not be to marry one of your household. In the name of decency I must insist on your taking strong action to end what is a positive scandal.

Faithfully yours,
FREDERICK PETHERTON.

It was Monday before I replied, then I wrote:—

DEAR FREDDY,—Let us mingle our tears. The worst is about to happen. If you were as good a churchgoer as one could wish, you would have been in your pew yesterday morning, when the banns were read out (for the first time of asking) "between George Goodman, bachelor, and Emily Parsons, spinster, both of this parish," though this would not have conveyed to you the appalling fact that your man is marrying my entire staff all at once. I doubt, however, if you will be able to find cause or just impediment, etc.

Yours, H.



"DIDN'T KNOW WOT 'APPINESS WAS TILL I GOT MARRIED."
"AND NOW YOU'VE 'AD TO LEAVE IT, EH?"
"WOTCHER MEAN, *LEAVE* IT? I'VE COME BACK TO IT."

The Temperance Movement in India.

"In the Punjab and Sind it has been possible to colonise uninhabited wastes, and flourishing communities, aggregating nearly two million inhabitants, are supported entirely by canal water."
Prof. STANLEY JEVONS, in "To-day."

"GIRL Wanted, just leaving school, for Ruling Department."—*Provincial Paper.*
Does this mean that we are to have a flapper in the Cabinet?

THE FOLLOW-UP METHOD.

WHEN you respond to an advertisement offering a booklet or a sample free, you are pestered by the proprietor of the commodity advertised with numerous communications importuning your custom, until in sheer self-defence you make a purchase. Now I had occasion to answer an announcement advertising for the services of a person with attainments approximating to my own, and I decided that, in the event of my application attracting no response, I would adopt the methods indicated above. For the benefit of others I give below a record of my procedure and the result.

My first letter detailed my qualifications, which were very exceptional; explained that my intelligence and industry were far above the average; that I was morbidly conscientious, and willing to sacrifice all my own interests for the needs of the firm; that the reason for leaving my last position was solely a matter of circumstances over which I had no control, and that at an interview, which I craved, I would explain everything to everybody's satisfaction and prove my perfect eligibility for the post. And so forth.

I waited a fortnight. There was no reply. I therefore despatched a follow-up letter. I explained my regret at receiving no response to letter No. 1, and suggested that perhaps it had been inadvertently overlooked, or had gone astray in transit. Alternatively I hinted that perhaps the firm regarded the list of my qualifications as incredibly pretentious, and I assured them that it in no way exaggerated my good points. I had indeed become, if possible, even more conscientious and industrious since I had last written, and having recovered from a cold in the head from which I was then suffering I was actually in better physical condition than before. I reminded the firm that in granting me a preliminary interview they incurred no liability whatsoever.

Another two weeks went by, and still no answer. So I despatched Follow-up Letter No. 2.

This briefly referred to my two previous communications, and asked whether it was not clear to them that, by securing my services while I was in possession of all my faculties and the full vigour and strength of my being, there were advantages they could not possibly acquire with me in, say, another thirty years, when I should probably be suffering from rheumatism, chronic dyspepsia, deafness, dim sight, loss of memory and certainly from approaching old age. I concluded by offering them three days' free trial (I always do best in the first three days); if I failed to give satisfaction by the end of that period they could return me without incurring any obligation whatsoever.

Again two weeks passed away, and there was still no answer. So I sent Follow-up Letter No. 3.

In this I announced a Special Offer, viz., a reduction of twenty pounds sterling (£20) on the salary originally asked if the firm engaged me within ten days from the date of the offer.

I gave them twelve days in which to respond, but still received no answer, so, after allowing a further two days' grace, I despatched Follow-up Letter No. 4, stating that as they had evidently been prevented from replying to my special offer I had decided to extend the period for acceptance by fourteen (14) days, reckoning from the date of the present communication. At the end of that period the salary demanded would be increased by ten pounds (£10) over and above that asked in my *first* application. Thus, by accepting the existing offer of twenty pounds (£20) reduction, they would really be securing me at thirty pounds (£30) less than my market price.

I waited patiently for a further fourteen days, and then sent Follow-up Letter No. 5.

This letter was quite brief. It made no attempt to disguise the fact that I was hurt at the firm's silence, and it hinted at enquiries from other employers of labour whose needs would have to be considered. It intimated also that I could not possibly hold myself at the firm's disposal indefinitely, and that unless a prompt reply was received I could not guarantee acceptance. By way of a crushing suggestion of niggardliness on their part I enclosed a stamped addressed envelope.

An answer came by return of post as follows:—

DEAR SIR,—In reply to your letter, we beg to say that the vacancy to which you refer was filled some ten (10) weeks ago.

Yours faithfully, etc.

Now I know where I am. Without this persistence, which is the essence of the following-up business, I should simply be where I am without knowing it.



Lady Cynthia (showing wounded Tommies the ancestral portraits). "AND THIS IS THE FIRST EARL IN FULL FIGHTING KIT."

Tommy. "HE'S GOT HIS IDENTIFICATION DISC ALL RIGHT, MA'AM."

Bacchus at the Front.

Extract from a speech by the KAISER as reported by *The Sun* (Vancouver, B.C.):—

"The campaign . . . had been conducted according to the brilliant plans of Field-Marshal von Hindenburg . . . The old god of bottles directed. We were his instruments and we are proud of it."

"Among some of the best-informed bankers in the City the view taken in this respect is one which it may be well for the public at large to have repeated for their own guidance. The new War Loan, they say, will either be the last before the Allies impose on the enemy their own terms of peace, or it will not."
The Times.

We had already formed the same opinion, but we are glad to have it confirmed on such high authority.

"Barrow magistrates decided that *Ideas* must not be sold after the closing hour."
Daily Sketch.

Unfortunately this will not prevent the bore from continuing to give you his gratis.

Demand—

"Elderly English Girl wanted as companion to young lady for afternoon."
Egyptian Gazette.

and supply—

"The age limit for Girl Guides was formerly 18 years, but it has now been raised to 81 years by general request."—*British Paper.*



Tommy. "SOMETHIN' TO DHRINK, IF YE PLAZE, MISS."
Tommy. "NEITHER, THANK-YE."
Tommy. "NO, NO. NONE OF THEM FOR ME, MISS."
Helper (with asperity). "WELL, WE'VE NOTHING ELSE EXCEPT WATER."
Tommy (earnestly). "AN' I DAREN'T TOUCH THAT. D'YE SEE, MISS, WHEN ME FATHER LAY DYIN'—GOD REST HIS SOWL!—HE SEE TO ME, 'I'VE GIVEN YE AN IRON CONSTITUTION, ANNYWAY, AN' LET YE SEE TO IT THAT YE NIVER TAKE ANNYTHING THAT 'UD BUST IT ON YE.'"
Helper. "CERTAINLY. WILL YOU HAVE TEA OR COFFEE?"
Helper. "COCOA, THEN, OR BOVRIL?"

THE QUEST OF KNOWLEDGE.

MR. BLAIR, the L.C.C. Education Officer, is dissatisfied, according to *The Daily Chronicle*, with the questions put at school examinations, on the ground that they do not test the thoughtfulness and ingenuity of the pupil. The "Why" as well as the "What" should be developed, and to illustrate the value of the method proposed Mr. BLAIR suggests various sample questions, *e.g.*:—

"How do you account for the density of the population in Staffordshire?

"Find out from your atlas the distance from London to Glasgow. How long would it take you to go there by train? What would the third-class fare be at a penny a mile?

"How can we discover the minimum conditions necessary for the germination of a bean?

"ARISTOTLE remarked that a bee will visit one type of flower only during one journey from the hive. Find out if this is true, and, if true, point out its significance from the point of view of the flower."

As Mr. BLAIR remarks, a quest is better than a question. We agree, and venture to start a few more quests:—

"Find out from *Who's Who* the literary productions of Miss MARIE CORELLI and Mr. HALL CAINE, and trace their effect on the density of the population of Warwickshire and the Isle of Man respectively.

"ARISTOTLE remarked that one swallow does not make a summer. Find out whether this is true, and, if true, explain its bearing on the thirst of the swallower.

"Find out on your map the distance from Madrid to Jaffa, and state what would be the cost of a cargo of Spanish onions and Jerusalem artichokes delivered in the London Docks.

"What is the minimum time necessary for the incubation of a Scarlet Pimpernel?

What are the statutory dimensions of a gigantic gooseberry? Have you ever seen one, and if not why not?"

Our Youthful Heroes.

"O.Q.M.S. E. A.——, brother of Mr. W. M. ——, Falmouth, spent his third birthday in the trenches on the 8th inst."
Royal Cornwall Gazette.

"One or two of the Councillors are on war service, and their places will be kept warm for them. . . . Councillors —— and J. R. —— have not once been able to sit since they donned khaki."—*Southern Times.*

We infer that the Councillors in question are training for the cavalry.

"The British fleet bombarded Skarvika and Semuntoltos, south of Orfano.
Marshall's 7, Martyn's 2. Wakefield (3), Stone (2), Cripps, and Turbyfield scored for the winners."—*Gloucestershire Echo.*

We like this idea of recording the names of the successful marksmen at once, without waiting for the formal despatches.

A DREAM SHIP.

Oh I wish I had a clipper ship with carvings on her counter,
With lanterns on her poop-rail of beaten copper wrought;
I would dress her like a lady in the whitest cloth and mount her
With a long-bow-chasing swivel and a gun at every port.

I would sign me on a master who had solved MERCATOR'S riddle,
A nigger cook with earrings who neither chewed nor drank,
Who wore a red bandanna and was handy on the fiddle,
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Then some fine Summer morning when the Falmouth cocks were crowing
I would set my capstan spinning to the chanting of all hands,
And the milkmaids on the uplands would lament to see me going
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Singing—

Fare ye well, O lady mine,
Fare ye well, my pretty one,
For the anchor's at the cat-head and the voyage is begun,
The wind is in the mainsail, we're slipping from the land
Hull-down with all sail making, close-hauled with the white-tops breaking,
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Full crowded under royals to the south'ard we would sweep;
We would hear the bull whales blowing and the mermaids sing in chorus,
And perhaps the white seal mummies hum their chubby calves to sleep.

We would see the hot towns paddling in the surf of Spanish waters,
And prowl beneath dim balconies and twang discreet guitars,
And sigh our adoration to Don Juan's lovely daughters
Till they lifted their mantillas and their dark eyes shone like stars.

We would cruise by fairy islands where the gaudy parrot screeches
And the turtle in his soup-tureen floats basking in the calms;
We would see the fire-flies winking in the bush above the beaches
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We would crown ourselves with garlands and tread a frolic measure
With the nut-brown island beauties in the firelight by the huts;
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plished what he set out to do, I was quite expectant of his recovery, and proportionately disappointed. Throughout also there are pen-pictures of Russian scenery, full of vivid colour; while the story itself, though inevitably in a somewhat minor key, is never sordid or pessimistic. Emphatically therefore a book for everyone to read who cares to know the best in the literature of our great Ally.

MARGARET DELAND'S well-proved pen gives us a spirited sketch of a modernist American woman in *The Rising Tide* (MURRAY). I don't quite know how this enigmatic sentence, which I have long puzzled over and frankly given up, came to escape both author and reader: "Once Mrs. Childs said to tell Fred her Uncle William would say it was perfect nonsense." I feel sure it is not good American. However, *Freddy Payton* is a young girl who tells the inconvenient truth to everybody about everything, and you may guess that such candour does not make for peace. *Mrs. Payton* elects to keep her idiot son in the house, and *Freddy* thinks an asylum is the proper place for him, and says so. The late *Mr. Payton* was a rake, and *Freddy* derides her mother's weeds on the ground that the widow is really in her heart waving flags for deliverance, but daren't admit it. *Freddy* offers cigarettes to the curate, which is apparently a much greater crime over there than here. *Freddy* finally, carried along by the rising tide, asks the man she loves to marry her, mistaking his friendship for something stronger, and learns that, as the old-fashioned people like her mother realise, men are essentially hunters and "won't bag the game if it perches on their fists." I wonder! But *Freddy* got a better man—the diffident elderly man who was waiting round the corner. In fact, *Freddy* is rather a sport, and if Mrs. DELAND intended her as a tract for the times, in the manner of Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD, her shot has miscarried—at least so far as I am concerned.



FORCE OF HABIT.

HOW AN ESCAPED PRISONER OF WAR BETRAYED HIMSELF.

Edmund Layton, thick in the arm and at times, be it confessed, thick in the head, was so thoroughly in love with *The Bright Eyes of Danger* (CHAMBERS), and the brighter eyes of *Charlotte Macdonell*, Jacobitess, that in the rousing days of the YOUNG PRETENDER he not only lightly risked his life when his lady was in need, but more than once went out of his way to make things quite unnecessarily hazardous for himself, when I or any other of his more canny Hanoverian friends was longing to give him warning. For instance, when that taking villain, *Philip Macdonell*, after beating him in the race for the French treasure buried in the sands of Spey beside the sunken ship (*vide* the frontispiece mystery chart), soon after fell comfortably into his hands, he had no more discretion than to take him out to fight a duel; whereon, as we others foresaw, the wily villain incontinently disappeared and the fun was all to begin again. Maybe we might forgive him that, for of such staple are good yarns spun, but why in heaven's name should bold *Edmund Layton* of Liddesdale go about to make himself and us miserable with feckless scruples that ruined the happy ending we had fairly earned? Either he was right to let CHARLES STUART escape that day in the mist, in return for former generosity, or he was wrong; and one would have expected him to make up his mind and there an end, and not fret himself into a pother and Mr. JOHN FOSTER'S story into a most inartistic anti-climax over such a subtlety. All the same a rattling good tale, full of hard knocks as well as bright eyes, and with more than a smack of STEVENSON.

I fancy that I ought perhaps already to know *The Wood-Carver of 'Lympus* (MELROSE), which, hailing originally from America, seems to have made many friends over here before reaching me in its present form. I am glad, more especially at the present season, to extend a grateful welcome to so kindly and charming a story. Miss MARY E. WALLER has written a singularly refreshing and happy book, full of passages that reveal a great sympathy for country life and the hearts of simple people. *Hugh Armstrong*, the central figure, is a youth in a New England mountain farm, condemned to perpetual inactivity through an accident. At the beginning of the story we see him, in the depths of misery, visited by a casual passenger from the stage coach, whose attention has been caught by his story as related by the driver. Thenceforward things mend for *Armstrong*. The stranger interests him in wood-carving; orders pour in, which help to bring comfort to the farm; books and letters arrive from unknown city dwellers. Thus the tale is a record of increasing happiness, but kept (an important thing) from cloying by the tragedy upon which it is built. If you will not be put off by American dialect or by the rather startling discovery that one of the kindliest characters is named *Franz*, you will, I believe, find a brief stay upon *'Lympus* most beneficial to your spirits.

How to deal with your Banker.

"The bankers of General Chang Tsolin, the Military Governor of Mukden, who suffered from financial troubles, were summarily executed by shooting on the charge of having disturbed the money market."—*Shanghai Mercury.*

"The DarDdaDneDlDleDs Commissioners sat again to-day at the House of Lords, when General Sir John Maxwell was examined."
Provincial Paper.

Please do not imagine that that is what the gallant officer called them.

"A LARGE BLACK DOG, no colour, strayed."—*The Times.*

"THE LUCKY BLACK CAT, in all colours, made to order."—*The Queen.*

This is the kind of thing that drives a chameleon mad.

CHARIVARIA.

"THEY know nothing about the War in Greenland," said M. DANGAARD IENSEN to a contemporary, and now the Intelligence Department is wondering whether it didn't perhaps choose the wrong colour after all for its tabs.

* * *

The Governor of Greenland, giving evidence in the Prize Court last week, was greatly interested to learn that there was a well-known hymn, entitled "From Greenland's Icy Mountains." He was, however, inclined to think that the unfortunate reference to the rigorous nature of the climate would be resented by the local Publicity Committee, to whose notice he would feel it his duty to bring the matter when they were next thawed out.

* * *

Lord DEVONPORT has established his own Press Bureau, and it is rumoured that the Press Bureau is about to appoint its own Food Controller.

* * *

The American Line has advanced its First-Class fares by three pounds. It is hoped that this will effectually discourage Mr. HENRY FORD from visiting Europe for some time to come.

* * *

The Times Literary Supplement has received 335 books of original verse in 1916. And still the authorities pretend that juvenile crime is confined to the East End.

* * *

A telegram despatched from London on January 22nd, 1906, which contained a polling result of the General Election then in progress, has just been received by a Witham resident, who told the messenger there was no reply.

* * *

"If agriculture is to flourish," says *The Daily Mail*, "it must be so conducted as to pay." It is just this sordid commercialism that distorts the Carmelite point of view.

* * *

The German Union for the Development of the German Language have sent a petition to the CHANCELLOR, asking that in any future Peace negotiations the German language should be used. Will German frightfulness never cease?

* * *

"Anybody in the Carmarthen district," says the local medical officer, "can keep a pig in the parlour if they keep it clean." The necessity of keeping the parlour clean for the sake of its guest will be easily understood by those who appreciate the fastidious taste of the pig.

* * *

A Hungarian paper complains that the Government treats the War as if it were merely a family affair. This contrasts unfavourably with the more broadly hospitable attitude of the Allies, who have made it abundantly clear that so far as they are concerned anyone is welcome to join in and help their side.



Anxious Mother. "NEVER MIND ABOUT YOUR BROTHER, MAUD. 'OLD THE UMBRELLER OVER THE SUGAR!"

The other day a Farnham bellringer, after cycling seventy miles, rang a peal of 5,940 changes. It is not known why.

* * *

"War diet," says Professor ROSIN in the *Lokal Anzeiger*, "improves the action of the heart." But what the Germans really want to know is, what improves a war diet?

* * *

Among the goods stolen from a Crouch Hill provision merchant's the other day were eight cheeses and ten hams. As the place was much littered it is thought that the cheeses put up a plucky fight.

* * *

It is pointed out by experienced agriculturists that it is useless to plant potatoes unless steps are taken to destroy the insect pests. A Peterborough farmer has written a poem in *The Daily Express* against these pests, but we fancy that if a permanent improvement is to be effected it will be necessary to adopt much sterner measures than this.

* * *

The recent vagaries of the Weather Controller are said to be due to one of the new railway regulations, by which you are required to "Show all seasons, please."

* * *

Even Nature seems upset by the War. According to *The Evening Standard* primroses are blooming in a Harrow garden, while only the other day a pair of white spats were to be seen in the Strand.

Another Glimpse of the Obvious.

From the "Standing Orders" of a Military Hospital:—

"Officers confined to their beds will have their meals in their rooms."

"A gale of great fury raged at Sheffield early on Tuesday morning. Much damage was done in the city and outlying districts, a number of beings being unroofed."
Yorkshire Paper.

Several others have been noticed to have a tile loose.

"The welcome, amounting to an oration, which heralded the Prime Minister, was the most remarkable feature of a very remarkable occasion."
Daily Dispatch.

Is this quite kind to the subsequent speakers?

"By his colleagues at Bar he has been regarded as a sound lawyer, well worthy of the high position which he had filled for little over two hundred years."—*Englishman* (*Calcutta*).

Lord HALSBURY must look to his laurels.

"Mr. Clement Wragge has prepared a special weather forecast for the year 9117. His opinion is that the year will prove distinctly good."
New Zealand Times.

We infer that, in Mr. WRAGGE's opinion, the War will be over by then.

The Minimum.

Extract from a letter just received from H.Q. in France:—

"C.O.'s will take care that all ranks know that they must never parade before an Officer—Brigade, Regimental or Company—unless properly dressed, wearing at least a belt."

"The few women on the platform were dressed quietly, as befitted the occasion, the smartest person present being Mr. McKenna."
Illustrated Sunday Herald.

Our contemporary might have told us what he wore.

THE GOLFER'S PROTEST.

Among the shocks that laid us flat
When William loosed his wanton hordes
There fell no bloodier blow than that
Which turned our niblicks into swords;
And O how bitter England's cup,
In what despair the order sunk her
That called her Cincinnati up
When busy ploughing in the bunker!

Even with those who stuck it out,
Bravely defying public shame,
Visions of trenches knocked about
Would often spoil their usual game;
Rumours of victory dearly bought,
Or else of bad strategic hitches,
Disturbed their concentrated thought
And put them off their mashie pitches.

Now comes a menace yet more rude
That puts us even further off;
It says the nation's need of food
Must come before the claims of golf;
We hear of parties going round,
Aided by local War-Committees,
To violate our sacred ground
By planting veg. along our "pretties."

If there be truth in that report,
Then have we reached the limit, viz.:—
The ruin of that manly sport
Which made our country what it is;
The ravages we soon restore
By conies wrought or hoofs of mutton,
But centuries must pass before
A turnip-patch is fit to putt on.

What! Shall we sacrifice the scenes
On which our higher natures thrive
Just to provide the vulgar means
To keep our lower selves alive?
Better to starve (or, better still,
Up hands and kiss the Hun peace-makers)
Than suffer Prothero to till
The British golfer's holy acres. O. S.

PERSONAL PARS FROM THE WESTERN FRONT.

(*With acknowledgments to some of our chatty contemporaries.*)

Happy C.-in-C.—I saw the Commander-in-Chief to-day passing through the little village of X in an open car. He was very quietly dressed in khaki, with touches of scarlet on the hat and by the collar. I waved my hand to him and he returned the salute. It is small acts like this which endear him to all. I noticed that the Field-Marshal was not carrying his baton. Doubtless he did not wish to spoil its pristine freshness with the mud of the roads.

Of Course.—A friend in the Guards tells me that the new food restrictions do not affect the men in the trenches very seriously. Our brave soldiers are so inured to hardships by now that they willingly forgo seven-course dinners.

Not Starving.—While on the subject of food, the picture published on page 6 of to-day's issue refutes the idea that the Hun is starving. It represents the Kaiser looking at some pigs. The Kaiser can be distinguished by a ×.

Fashions for Men.—Now that mid-winter is with us it is quite a common event to meet fur-clad denizens of the firing line. Some of the new season's coats are the last word in chic, one which I noticed yesterday, made of black goat, having pockets of seal coney with collar and cuffs of civet. The wearer's feet were encased in the latest style of gum boots, reaching to the thigh and fastening with a buckle. These are being worn loose round the ankle. A green steel helmet, draped in sandbag material, completed the costume. The field service cap was not being worn inside the helmet.

Number Nine.—The Army doctors, so it seems, do not fully understand the delicate constitution of a friend of mine in the Blues, and sent him back to duty after dosing him with medicine, though he is suffering from pain in the foot. The medicine generally takes the form of a "Number Nine," the pill that cures all ills; but last time he went on sick parade they were out of stock, and he was given two "Number Fours" and a "Number One" instead. Rough-and-ready pharmacy. What?

Spirited.—Met my old chum, Sir William ——, just back from the trenches. Dear old Billy, what cigars he used to smoke in the good old days! He tells me that when on a carrying fatigue the other night one of his men dropped the earthenware receptacle which contains Tommy's greatest consolation in this terrible war, and every drop of the precious liquid was spilt. Five minutes later a Jack Johnson landed beside him and put things right. *It gave him a rum jar.* Good, eh?

Where to Lunch.—I am just off to lunch with my old pal, the Hon. Adolphus Lawrie-Carr, of the Motor Transport Section of the A.S.C. I have never seen him look better than he does now, in hunting stock and field boots, crop and spurs. He always gives one a first-class meal.

The Next Push.—I had a most interesting conversation the other day with Alphonse, late of the Saveloy. He is on the G.H.Q. Staff in a position of high trust—something to do with the culinary arrangements, I believe—and is, of course, in the know. From what he told me confidentially I can assure all my countless readers that there will be fighting on the Western Front during 1917, and, in the words of Mr. Hilary Bullox, "If it is not prolonged until next year, the present year will certainly see the end of the War." More I cannot divulge.

Our Cautious Contemporaries.

"What can be said with truth is that business in the New-Loan for the first two days is easily AZ per cent. better for new money than for the same period on the occasion of the last loan."
Evening Standard.

"Ancient Order of Hibernians.
State President Fee has requisitioned a large supply of stationery; he announces that he will at once begin an active canvas of the State to revive old divisions and organize new ones."—*Texas Newspaper.*

Just as if he were at home in dear old Ireland.

"Athens, Wednesday.
The ex-Premiers who were consulted yesterday by the iKng, were unanimously of opinion that the Entente Note was not yesterday by the King were unanimously as its acceptance would imply that Greece contemplated an attack on General Sarrail's rear."
Continental Daily Mail.

Yet there are some people who complain that the situation in Greece is not entirely clear.



THE APPLE OF DISCORD.

AUSTRIA. "WHERE DID YOU GET THAT?" GERMANY. "SPOILS OF ROUMANIA."
AUSTRIA. "WELL, IF IT'S NOT BIG ENOUGH TO SPLIT YOU MIGHT LET US HAVE THE CORE." GERMANY. "'THERE AIN'T GOING TO BE NO CORE.'"

A WAY NOT TO PAY OLD DEBTS.

"HULLO, old thing!" said Herbert gloomily; "lots of congrats. Lucky devil, you," and he sighed unobtrusively.

I had forgotten that once upon a time Adela had refused to walk out with Herbert because of his puttees, which she said were so original that they distracted her attention from the way he proposed.

Remembering this now, I offered my cousin a sympathetic cigarette, which he, shaking himself free from care, accepted; after which he began to borrow ten pounds—an achievement which, I am proud to say, cost him nearly twenty minutes' hard labour.

Not so very long afterwards Adela and I had a honeymoon, followed by a picture-postcard from Herbert. He said he was sorry he hadn't been there to throw boots at us, but he was convalescing on the Cornish Riviera, the exact spot being marked with a cross; also one could not send money by post-card, but I was not to think he was forgetting about that fiver he had borrowed.

The first part of this document caused Adela to wonder vaguely if wounded officers ought to convalesce in chimney-pots, but the last words gave me some twinges of a more sincere alarm. Was Herbert's delusion a permanency, or merely a slip of the pen?

"Adela," I decided, "let's ask Herbert to dinner as soon as ever he leaves the roofs of the British Riviera."

Then one day, when I was writing letters in the Mess, he strolled in. "Hullo!" he said, "where's the C.O.? What? . . . Oh, thanks awfully, and . . . Oh, I say, good Lord! I owe you three quid, don't I?" and he driftedly out abstractedly.

"Three!" I echoed dizzily, as the door banged. I staggered home for the week-end.

I found Adela having an excited conversation with the telephone in the hall.

"Ooo!" she said, hanging up the receiver, "Herbert's a hero. He's just been telling me. And he's coming to dinner to-night."

"I also," I responded with emotion, "have a tale to unfold," and I unfolded it.

When at last Herbert, moving modestly under the burden of a newly acquired D.S.O., arrived at the flat, hospitality and an unaccustomed awe withheld me from referring to so sordid a matter as the inconsiderable decrease in my lately-invested capital. Herbert, however, deprecated heroics, and, as he was saying good-night, came of his own accord to the subject of debts. He was always a conscientious fellow.

"You know, old chap," he said with charming candour, as I saw him off from the doorstep, "you *must* remind me to pay up that two quid some time. I keep forgetting, and when I do remember, like now, I haven't any money to do it with. Cheero!" The door clicked and I swooned.



N.C.O. "HERE! JUST GRAB THE OOJAH AN' DASH ROUND TO THE TIDDLEY-OM-POM FOR SOME UMPTY-POO!"

Private (ex-professor of languages) learns later that he was expected to fetch a bucket of coke from the stores.

It was very difficult; I could not even make up my mind whether my best policy was to stalk Herbert with vigilance or to avoid him as persistently as discipline allowed. On the one hand he wasn't the cheque-book kind of man and he wouldn't pay me unless he saw me. Contrariwise, he wouldn't even if he did, and whenever he saw me my original loan of ten gold sovereigns might continue its rapid decline. Finally I decided to abstain from his society.

Shortly after this momentous decision the War Office sent him off to some remote part of the country, and for many months our financial relations remained unaltered—at any rate in my own estimation. He was still far away when Adela II arrived, so we did our best to hush her up; we thought that if we could smuggle her to, say, the age of ten and send her to school Herbert couldn't possibly come and congratulate us about her. That only shows how much we didn't know; for Herbert procured some leave three weeks later and was excitedly mounting our stairs within a few hours.

"P'r'aps," whispered Adela bravely as he was being announced, "he'll forget about money—p'r'aps he'll even put it up a bit."

I smiled cynically, and was justified ten minutes later, when Herbert's conscience, troubled and apologetic, reminded him about that guinea he owed me.

At the christening it fell to half-a-quid, and, according to Herbert's latest allegation, it is only his rotten memory for postal-orders that prevents him from sending me that dollar at once.

And so, precariously, the matter rested till to-day, when the final blow fell from the War Office. Herbert and I are to proceed to France together next Monday. On that day, if I am ingenious and agile enough not to meet him before, we ought to be about all square; after that, as far as I can see, there will be an inevitable moment when Herbert will turn to me with, "I say, old fellow, you can't let me have that ten bob you touched me for the other day, can you? Hate to ask you, but I haven't got a sou . . ." But I won't—no, I won't. I will let my imaginary debt mount up, I will let it increase even at the rate at which Herbert's has decreased, but I will not pay it. Herbert, of course, will always be kind to me about it, for he is a generous creature, and every time we go into action he will probably wring my hand and beg me not to worry about it any more.

"Old man," he will be saying on the twenty-ninth occasion, "if I get done in, promise you won't bother about that thousand pounds you owe me—remember you're to think of it as paid."

I shall remember all right.

"In a corn and meal merchant's shop, where two or three cats are kept for business purposes, the cats may be seen feeding at will from the open sacks."—*Spectator.*

This lapse on pussy's part goes rather against the grain.



Barber. "MUCH OFF, SIR?" *War Economist.* "DURATION OF WAR."

POLITICAL NOTES.

BY OUR OWN PAIR OF LYNX.

THERE is unfortunately no truth in the rumour that, in order to provide billets for 5,000 new typists, and incidentally to win the War, the Government has commandeered the Houses of Parliament.

* * *

The problem of the housing of the traveller-classes when all the hotels of London have been taken over by the Government is now occupying both the waking and sleeping hours (such as they are) of the War Cabinet, and a special department of the Intelligence Department has been created to deal with it on the roof of No. 10, Downing Street. It has not yet been decided whether all visitors to London should be sent back as soon as they arrive, or whether Sir JOSEPH LYONS should reap the sole benefit of their sojourn.

* * *

Although the proprietors of the Hotel des Ambassadeurs, Ealing, and the Grand Hotel Riche, Mile End, have offered the Government their premises, on the most advantageous terms to themselves, no arrangement has yet been effected.

A deputation of officials recently visited the Zoo and made a number of measurements, but no decision has yet been reached as to whether or no it will be taken over for Government work.

* * *

There is absolutely no truth in the statement, circulated by some wholly frivolous or malicious person, that any of the theatres or music-halls are to be closed during the War in order to make space for workers.

* * *

It is rumoured that Mr. EDWARD MARSH may very shortly take up his duties as Minister of Poetry and the Fine Arts. Mr. MARSH has not yet decided whether he will appoint Mr. ASQUITH or Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL as his private secretary.

* * *

Meanwhile a full list of the private secretaries of the new private secretaries of the members of the new Government may at any moment be disclosed to a long-suffering public.

* * *

The latest Captain of Commerce to be diverted from his own business for the benefit of his country is the head of the great curl industry. He will have one on his sleeve, being given commissioned rank in the Navy, and his special duty will be the control of the waves of the Channel.

* * *

At the invitation of the PREMIER, whose summons came to him just as he was entering his car bound for Pall Mall, Mr. HARRY TATE has agreed to accept the portfolio of the Ministry of Road Traffic. Mr. TATE'S long experience as a motorist and familiarity with all the difficulties of motoring qualify him peculiarly for this post. One of his first tasks will be to inquire fully into the charges against the taxi varlet.

* * *

In spite of all rumours to the contrary, Lord NORTHCLIFFE will remain outside the new Government, but his interest in it is, at present, friendly. It is very well understood, however, that everyone must behave; for his Lordship, in one of his rare intervals of expansion, has been heard to remark that there are as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it.

"The Bishop of Winchester proposes to cultivate the park round his Palace at Fulham."
Bristol Times and Mirror.

The Bishop of LONDON will, no doubt, return the compliment at Farnham.

WARS OF THE PAST.

(As recorded in the Press of the period.)

VII.

From "Tempora" (Rome).

Admittedly, the peril is extreme. Crustumerium has fallen, and also Ostia. However, Janiculum, the key to the whole outer system of the City's defences, still stands, and there is accordingly no immediate cause for dismay. But we are strongly of the opinion—so rapid has been LARS PORSENA'S advance hitherto—that the bridge over the Tiber should be at once destroyed as a precautionary measure while there is yet time. We have every confidence in the continued capacity for resistance of the strong garrison at Janiculum, but it is necessary to be prepared for every eventuality; and if the fortress *should* fall without the bridge being demolished the latter would inevitably be seized by the enemy, and the Tiber, our last line of defence, would be lost to us.

For the rest, the spirit of the people is excellent. It has become almost a truism to say that nowadays none is for a party, but all are for the State. Rich and poor have learned to help and respect each other. Indeed, in these brave days Romans, in Rome's quarrel, have poured out blood and treasure unsparingly for the common cause. We are like a nation of brothers.

Placard of "Hesperus" (Special Phosphorus Edition):—

FALL
OF
JANICULUM.

From "Hesperus" (Noon Edition).

SWIFT ADVANCE OF THE ENEMY.
WAR COUNCIL MEETS.
HORATIUS TO HOLD BRIDGE-HEAD.
CAN THE BRIDGE BE DESTROYED IN TIME?

The Secretary to the Senate announces:

"The War Council met at the River Gate immediately on receipt of the news of the fall of Janiculum. It was decided to accept the offer of Port-Captain HORATIUS (S.P.Q.R.'s Own), SPURIUS LARTIUS (Ramnian Regt.), and HERMINIUS ("Titian Toughs"), who gallantly volunteered to hold the bridge-head in order to give time for the bridge itself to be destroyed. All hope of saving the town should not therefore be abandoned.

From our Special Correspondent.

I have just returned from the River Gate, where I was, I believe, the first to applaud one of the Patres Conscripti (commanding the Axe-and-Crowbar Volunteers), who set a fine example by actually starting on the demolition of the bridge himself. Already you could see the Tuscan hordes in the swarthy dust that shrouded the Western horizon. I was myself in a position to pick out ASTUR, who was girt with the brand which (I am informed by a high authority) none but he can wield. There is no need to describe to you the firmament-rending yell that rose when the presence of the false and shameful SEXTUS was officially notified. One saw women who hissed and even expectorated in his direction, and more than one child, I noticed, shook its small fist at him with splendid spirit. . . .

I am told that HORATIUS spoke out pretty plainly to the Senate, expressing the opinion that three men could easily hold the bridge-head. The gallant officer, interviewed while he was in the act of tightening his harness, declined to say much, merely expressing the opinion that everyone has got to die some time and that there was, after all, some satisfaction in being killed in a fight against odds. I confess I was favourably impressed by the very nonchalance of his attitude.

Stop Press News.

LARTIUS BEAT AUNUS. HERMINIUS BEAT SEIUS. HORATIUS BEAT PICUS.

From "Hesperus" (Fourth Edition).

BRIDGE-HEAD STILL HELD.
DEATH OF ASTUR.
UNFORTUNATE MISHAP TO A LICTOR.

The Secretary to the Senate announces:

"Latest advices show that HORATIUS has despatched ASTUR, and, though slightly wounded in this encounter, has been able to keep his place in the line. The bridge-head is still being held and there is now a pause in the fighting. The total enemy casualties up to the present are estimated at: *Killed*, 7; *Wounded*, 0; *Missing*, 0. Our own casualties are: *Killed*, 0; *Wounded*, 1; *Missing*, 0. A regrettable incident took place during the demolition of the bridge, a Lictor having sliced himself with one of his own axes and being compelled to relinquish his valuable labours."

(Stop-Press News.)

HORATIUS CUT OFF.

The bridge has been successfully destroyed shortly after the skilful withdrawal of LARTIUS and HERMINIUS in the face of the enemy. We greatly regret to add that HORATIUS is missing, having failed to make good his retreat with his comrades, and must be regarded as lost.—*(Official.)*

From "Hesperus" (Special Home Edition).

HORATIUS SAFE.

HOW HE SWAM THE RIVER.

(By our Special Correspondent.)

HORATIUS, the only one of the "dauntless three" (as they have been already named) about whose safety doubts were entertained, has swum the river and is safe. I saw him, when the bridge fell, standing alone, but obviously with all his wits about him, despite the ninety thousand foes before and the broad flood behind. When he turned round he might have seen, I believe, from where he was standing (just where, on other occasions, I have stood myself) the white porch of his home. His lips parted as if in prayer. The next moment, pausing only to sheathe his ensanguined sword, he took a graceful dive into the river.

Some moments of terrible tension ensued. When at last his head appeared above the surges, a cry of indescribable rapture went up, and I am happy to place on record the fact that I distinctly detected a note of generous cheering from the Tuscan ranks.

But all was not yet over. The current ran fiercely, swollen high by months of rain. Often I thought him sinking—and indeed nearly sent in a message to that effect—but still again he rose. Never, I think, did any swimmer in like circumstances perform such a remarkable feat of natation. But at length he felt the bottom, was helped ashore by myself and the Senate, and was carried shoulder-high through the River Gate. I understand that some special recognition is to be made of his splendid feat.

From "Rome Chat."

Our frontispiece this week is a family group of brave Captain HORATIUS, together with the tender mother who (formerly) dandled him to rest, and his wife, who, it will be noticed, is nursing his youngest baby. We are glad to hear that, in conformity with the principle of settling our gallant soldiers on the land, a goodly tract is to be given to this popular hero. The story of how he held the bridge-head will certainly afford a stirring tale for the home-circle for a long time to come.



"LUMME! THIS IS A BIT OF ALL RIGHT, I DON'T THINK. ME A-VOLUNTEERIN' FOR INFANTRY, GOIN' RIGHT THROUGH ME TRAININ', AN' NAH THEY MAKES A BLOOMIN' LANCER OF ME!"

'EAD-WORK.

Bob Winter is our local carrier. His old grey mare Molly—or a predecessor very like her, driven by Bob's father before him—has jogged into town on market days as long as anyone in the village can remember. The weather-beaten, oft-patched tilt of Bob's cart must have heard in its day generations of village gossip, and a mere inspection of the cargo on the flap which lets down at the back will provide quite an amount of interesting information, such as "whose new housemaid's tin trunk be a-goin' to station already, lookee, and who be a-getten a new tyre to ees bicycle—see."

Now, however, there is a likelihood that Bob may be called up; and the fate of the carrying business hangs in the balance.

"Never mind, Bob," I said (I had overtaken him and old Molly sauntering up the steep hill above the village); "if it comes to that, you know, the women-folk will have to take turns at the carrying while you are away. I believe I should make rather a good carrier."

Bob shook his head and looked evasive.

"No, Miss," he said, "'twuddn' do, 'twuddn' do at all."

"Come," I said, "you don't mean to say Molly would be too much for me?"

"No, Miss, 'tain't Molly, but—well, 'tain't no job for a lady, ain't the carryin'; leastways, not to my way o' thinkin'."

"Oh, but I should get the people at the shops to help me with the heavy things."

Bob cleared his throat loudly and looked more uncomfortable still. Then at last he decided to take the plunge.

"'Tain't the liftin' that do be troublin' I, Miss," he said confidentially, "'tis the 'ead-work. I don't believe there be a wumman livin' could do it. There be a tur'ble lot of 'ead-work in the carryin' business. Why, I do think—think—think mornen till night, till what wi' one thing an' what wi' another thing I 'm sure there 's times when I don't know if I be on my 'ead or my 'eels. Why, I've seen the time when I've a-comed in and I've a-set down and I've a-said to Missis, 'No, Missis, I don't want no tea; I don't want nothen only to set quiet, for I be just about tired out with that there thinkin'.'

"There be such a sight o' things you do have to remember, lookee. What wi' the grocer, an' what wi' the draper, an' folks's parcels to leave an' folks's parcels to call for, an' picken up here an' setten down there—well, a woman's brain ain't strong enough for it, leastways not to my way o' thinkin' . . . .

"Well, now, if I ain't a-gone an' forgot to call at old Mrs. Pettigrew's for her subscription for to get made up at the chemist's! There, now, Miss, don't that just show how you do 'ave to kip on thinkin' all the time, else you be just about sure to forget somethin' or another? Oh yes, there be a smartish lot of 'ead-work in the carryin' business, an' no mistake!"

An Enviable Post.

From a list of the new Government:—

"Chancellor of the Ducky of Lancaster: Sir Frederick Cawley."—*Star (Johannesburg)*.

"MAN, to drive horse and make himself generally useful in nursery."
Provincial Press.

No doubt a rocking-horse.

From a New Zealand diocesan magazine:—

"Owing to the continued illness of the Vicar, which we trust is reaching its last stage, the services of the Church have been conducted by the following," etc.

The Vicar, we understand, thinks this might have been more tactfully worded.



Long-suffering Wife (to amateur politician). "OH, ALL RIGHT. DON'T KEEP 'OLLERIN' AT ME ABOUT THE WAR AND THE GOVER'MENT! WHO DO YOU THINK YOU 'RE TALKING TO—LORD DEVUMPORK?"

THE PURIFIED PRUSSIAN.

[Writing in *Die Woche* a well-known Baroness, a leader of Berlin society, discusses the transformation and purification of Berlin conviviality by the War. Social functions accompanied by eating have altogether ceased and given way to more refined gatherings—æsthetic afternoon teas and elegant evening parties—at which the conversation reaches heights of brilliancy unheard of in the old carnivorous days. Unhappily snobbery still prevails, "every class pretending to be richer and better than they are—small officials, officers, landowners, all pretending to be millionaires, and doing their pretension shabbily."]

ONE of the leading Prussian social stars
  Opines that War, although it makes for leanness,
Not only banishes discordant jars
  And purifies Berlin of all uncleanness,
But places her, beatified by Mars,
  Upon a pinnacle of mental keenness,
Changing the cult of trencher and of bowl
To feasts of reason and o'erflows of soul.

The gross carnivorous orgies of the past
  Have gone, and in their place is something finer;
Emotions of a transcendental cast
  Preoccupy the luncher and the diner;
The Hun, in short, by being forced to fast,
  Has grown ethereal, more alert, diviner;
And, purged of all incentive to frivolity,
His speech has almost lost its guttural quality.

His talk, of old to stodginess inclined,
  Now sparkles with consistent coruscation,
Attaining heights of mirth and wit combined
  Unknown to any previous generation,
But always exquisitely pure, refined
  And spiritual, as befits the nation
In which the nicer touch was never missing
Down from great FREDERICK to blameless BISSING.

'Tis easy, though the writer does not tell,
  To guess the themes which prompt the brightest sallies;
Louvain; the *Lusitania;* Nurse CAVELL—
  With these Hun wit most delicately dallies;
The wreck of Reims; the Prussic acid shell;
  The desolation of Armenia's valleys;
The toll of Belgian infants slain ere birth—
All these excite Berlin's ecstatic mirth.

And yet a slight *amari aliquid*
  Is mingled with this lady's honeyed phrases;
Berlin society is not yet rid
  Of one of its less admirable phases;
There is, in other words, one fly amid
  The precious ointment of the writer's praises;
In every class are those who ape the airs
Of the superior nobs and millionaires.

But still, when all reserves are duly made
  For negligible faults in tact or breeding,
The picture by this noble scribe displayed
  Of high-browed Hundom makes impressive reading;
For homage to convivial needs is paid
  Without the faintest risk of over-feeding,
And, braced by frugal fare, the Prussian brain
Soars to a perfectly celestial plane.





"I AM THE MAN."

["What is wanted is a moral deed, to free the world . . . from the pressure which weighs upon all. For such a deed it is necessary to find a ruler who has a conscience . . . I have the courage."—*Extract of letter from the* GERMAN KAISER *to his Chancellor, dated October 31st, 1916, and recently published in "The North German Gazette."*]





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THE ADVANTAGE OF A SCIENTIFIC EDUCATION.

Drawing Mistress (to member of class that has been told to draw some object of natural history). "NOW, JAMES, THAT IS NAUGHTY. WHY HAVEN'T YOU DONE A NATURAL HISTORY SUBJECT?"

James. "BUT I HAVE. I'VE DRAWN THE RED CORPUSCLES IN THE BLOOD OF A FROG."

A FLEETING DETACHMENT.

Private Albert Snape, A.S.C. (M.T.), stepped off the footboard of X. 33, a mediæval Vanguard, and splashed his way round to the driver. "I'm fair sick o' this 'ere Flanders, I am," he complained, expectorating dolorously into the sea of mud; "'spose it 'ull be up to the blinkin' axles before February?" He stirred the mixture with a cautious foot.

"Not 'arf, ole sport," replied the driver, carefully unsticking a cigarette from his underlip. "But yer ought to 'ave bin out larst winter, then yer did 'ave to sit above yerself to keep yer tootsies dry."

"Wot—wuss than this?" exclaimed the disconsolate one.

"Wuss!" was the withering retort. "Wy, when I tells yer that some o' them Naval 'Umming-birds, t'other side o' Popinjay, fitted out an ole Blue 'Ammersmith with a pair o' propellers . . . Wuss!" He exhaled scornfully and gave a turn to the lubricator.

"Any chance o' getting down Vermelly way? They say it ain't 'arf bad there." Albert brightened up at the thought.

"'Tain't likely," was the sharp and unsympathetic reply. "'Oo do yer think 's goin' ter do this little job if they takes our lot away? Wy, this 'ere road is just like 'Igh 'Olborn to me; I knows all the 'umps and 'ollows blindfold."

Albert returned to the stern sheets and considered the most feasible method of desertion.

Half-an-hour later, when the daylight had gone, X. 33, generously overflowing with a detachment of the 20th Mudlarkers, was, in company with many other vehicles, making her inharmonious way along the "Wipers" road. Judging from the plunginess of her progress and the fluent language of the man of oil, it was evident that some of the "'umps and 'ollows" had passed from the driver's memory. Not that such a slight matter could damp the spirits of the passengers. Rather it served to entertain them.

"We *'ave* gone an' fallen out of the dress-circle this time," a voice exclaimed after an extra steep dive into a badly-filled shell crater.

Albert, wet and unsociable, hung gloomily on to the back rail.

"Carn't see wot they got to be so blinkin' 'appy abart," he muttered savagely; "I don't believe it 's 'arf bad in them trenches." He ruminated bitterly on the thought that his job was probably the worst one on the whole front, and made a resolve to put the matter right.

When the final stopping-place had been reached and the 20th Mudlarkers, after the usual indescribable mêlée, had been put upon the path that would ultimately lead them (if they were fortunate enough to avoid all guides,

philosophers and friends) to their trench, the man of oil was profanely grieved to discover that Albert Snape had abandoned X. 33 for the unknown.

As a matter of fact Albert had slipped away and followed the Mudlarkers, with a hazy idea that a rifle would fortuitously present itself. That an extra unit could possibly be noticed never occurred to him. He had a vague intention of joining a cavalry regiment. Very soon he lost the Mudlarkers, and then, by an easy sequence of events, himself.

"Wha goes there?" whispered a hoarse voice almost in his ear. It gave him quite an unpleasant start, but, suppressing his first inspiration, which was to say the Life Guards, he answered, "I 'm a Mudlarker!"

"This iss the Seaforths in supporrt," remarked the sentry; "ye 'll bae to go back, an' it 's the firrst turnin' tae the left, an' keep as strecht as ye can." The Highlander stepped back into the deeper shadows and the self-recruited Mudlarker continued his career.

He traversed what seemed to him an interminable number of trenches without encountering anyone. There was a reason for this lack of companionship, but it did not at first appeal to his imagination. Suddenly he was startled by the vicious "phut, phut, phut" of unpleasantly close shooting, and bullets began to splash and grease along the bottom of the trench, accompanied by the stutter of a machine gun.

Miraculously untouched, he slid over the parados and lay, sweating with fright, in the watery furrow of a turnip field.

The trench was one that was seldom used, being thoroughly exposed to enfilading fire. At stated periods through the night a machine gun was turned on, a proceeding which, beyond gratifying the Huns, had no sort of effect. Albert, in blissful ignorance of all such customs, floundered about amongst the turnips until he came across a Jack Johnson crater. From this he emerged even wetter than before. A little later he became mixed up with some barbed wire. The more he tried to get away the more inextricably he became involved with it. A star shell burst overhead, and a German sniper, seizing the chance of a lifetime, put in four rounds rapid fire.

Albert lost the lobe of an ear and had his breeches shot through, but he managed to escape from the wire and find another furrow. Mere dampness no longer inconvenienced him, there were so many other things to think about. He crawled stealthily on his hands and knees and found the barbed wire again. At length he heard the welcome sound of voices. He crawled faster until he became aware that the voices were not speaking English, This discovery turned him to stone. For an hour—perhaps two hours—he remained as still as a hare in its form.

Suddenly, blurred and crouching figures appeared out of the night. They moved quickly and silently. One of them nearly trod upon his hand, but he was too dazed to think of committing himself to either speech or action.

"Give it 'em!" cried a voice a few seconds later, and the roar of the exploding bombs signified that it had been given.

Instantly pandemonium broke loose. Machine gun and rapid rifle fire burst forth from the German front trenches, and streams of bullets swept over the intervening ground like a gigantic hailstorm; then some field batteries began to burst H.E. shrapnel above the disturbed area, while star shells and magnesium flares threw an uneven light over the whole scene.

A breathless body cast itself down beside the now completely mesmerised Albert: "We ain't 'arf upset the blinkin' beehive. Lumme! it 's——"

The prone figure suddenly became silent, gave a convulsive kick or two and rolled over towards the man who still lived.

It was sufficient. Something seemed to draw very tense in Albert's brain and his body reeled into action.

Blindly and without coherent thought he ran shouting across the field, stumbling and falling over the slippery and uneven surface, but always picking himself up and flinging his body onward into the unknown.

A subaltern, who was examining a luminous watch, received him at the charge as he fell into an English first-line trench. They struggled wildly together in the mud to the accompaniment of startling language on the part of the subaltern.

Then Albert, having reached his limit of endurance, had the supreme tact to faint.

A little later, in a well-found dug-out, the patient was refreshing himself with copious draughts of brandy.

"Who are you, and what the devil are you doing here?" asked the still indignant officer.

Albert did not hesitate longer than it takes to swallow.

"Lorst me way, I 'ave, Sir. I 'm with X 33, attached to Mechanical Transport, an' if I ain't back pretty quick my mate 'ull fair 'ave a bloomin' fit."

* * * * *

As was predicted by the sagacious man of oil, the mud upon the —— road is slowly climbing towards the axles, but in spite of this and sundry other drawbacks it would be hard to find a more contented spirit than that of Private Albert Snape, A.S.C. (M.T.).

LIONS AT PLAY.

BY A SUBALTERN.

THE Colonel rustles his newspaper, smites it into shape with a mighty fist, rips it across in a futile endeavour to fold it accurately, and, casting it furiously aside in a crumpled mass, says, after the manner of all true War Lords, "Umph." Whereupon the Ante-Room as one man takes cover.

The Colonel then turns cumbrously in his chair, permitting his eye to rove round the room in search of the unwary prey. He smiles cynically at the intense concentration of the Auction parties; winces at the renewed and unnatural efforts of those who make music; glares unamiably at the feverish book-worms, and suddenly breaks into little chuckles of satisfaction. The Ante-Room peers cautiously round to discover the identity of the unfortunate victim, and chuckles in its turn. The Adjutant, checked in his stealthy retreat, hastens back, arranges the table and chessboard, pokes the fire with unnecessary energy, and sits down. At once the Ante-Room abandons its cover.

The Colonel begins by grasping the box, turning it upside down, and spilling the contents over the sides of the table. The Adjutant immediately apologises for his clumsiness. The Colonel then liberally spreads out the pieces, selects two pawns, and offers the Adjutant the choice of two fists. The Adjutant chooses. Each fist opens to disclose a white pawn. The Colonel's expansive smile over his little joke quickly turns to a frown at the Adjutant's exaggerated laughter. He suspects the Adjutant. He seizes two more pieces, offers his opponent another choice, but, to the latter's huge delight and his own discomfiture, eventually discovers that both are black. He accordingly makes use of his casting vote and selects white.

The Colonel plays a smashing game. When it is his turn to move he never pauses to make up his mind. His mind is already made up. All he has to do, immediately the Adjutant has finished touching up his position, is to move the piece his eye has been piercing throughout the long period of his opponent's cautious deliberation. When the Colonel moves a piece he may be said to get there. All obstructions are ruthlessly swept aside with a callous indifference to Hague Conventions.

Should a knight haply descend from the clouds and settle on the correct square it arrives more by luck than judgment. Tradition alleges that whenever the Colonel is called upon to move his king in the earlier stages of the game all lights are turned off from the neighbouring town in accordance with the Defence of the Realm Regulations. However true this may be—the responsibility rests on the Padre's capable shoulders—when his king is moved in the later stages the Colonel pushes it along by half-squares in a haphazard and preoccupied manner. He invariably fills his pipe when the end is in sight, but leaves it unlighted so that he may cover his ultimate defeat by a general demolition of matches.

On this occasion the Adjutant skilfully snipes the Colonel's queen in the sixth move. The Colonel immediately retrieves the piece from the box, asks where it was before, examines it with the essence of loathing and revolt, removes it out of his sight, and refuses to take it back, although he had mistaken it for another piece. In retaliation he proceeds to concentrate all his effectives on his opponent's queen, and, after sacrificing the flower of his forces, drives the attack home and gains his objective with the greatest enthusiasm. He remarks that the capture was costly, but that honour is satisfied, and would the waiter kindly approach within earshot?

While the Adjutant is working up his offensive on the Colonel's right flank, the Colonel himself is making independent sallies on the left, unless, of course, he is compelled to march his king out of a congested district into more open country. On the rare occasions when he is at a loss for a moment what to do he makes it a practice to move a pawn one square in order to gain time. By this method, unexpectedly but none the less jubilantly, he recovers his queen—only to see it laid low again by enfilading fire from a perfectly obvious redoubt.

After twenty minutes of battle the Colonel's area becomes positively draughty, and the sole survivors of his dashing but sanguinary counter-attack, the king and two pawns, have assumed the bored and callous air of a remnant that has fought too long and is called upon to fight again. The Colonel has just unceremoniously pushed his sovereign to the rear with a flick of his nervous irritated little finger. His opponent can obviously bring him to his knees in two moves. Instead of which the Adjutant brazenly commences with massed bands and colours flying to execute a masterly tactical advance with the whole of his command—cavalry, infantry, church and tanks, in order to achieve the destruction of the two bantam bodyguards.

This is not playing the game, and the Colonel fumes inwardly and frets outwardly. In the intervals of pressing down the unlit tobacco in his pipe with an oscillating thumb, he alternately pokes his king out of the corner and pulls it back again; while his transparent impulse is to scrap the board, wreck the ante-room and run amok. The Adjutant continues his innocent amusement until at last the pleasure wanes. The two heroic pawns are carried decently off, and he apologetically whispers his suspicions of a checkmate to his commanding officer.

The Colonel brushes aside the Mess President's tinder-lighter, shatters the mute triumph of the serried black ranks of the hostile forces with one superb elevation of the eyebrows, smashes three matches in quick succession, and proves that all the time his mind has been preoccupied with weightier matters by saying after the manner of all true War Lords, "Umph."



Tube Conductor. "PASS FURTHER DOWN THE CAR, PLEASE! PASS FURTHER DOWN THE CAR, PLEASE!! (*In desperation*) ANY LADY OR GENTLEMAN PRESENT KNOW THE GERMAN FOR 'PASS FURTHER DOWN THE CAR'?"

Sweetness and Light.

O MATTHEW ARNOLD! you were right:
We need more Sweetness and more Light;
For till we break the brutal foe
Our sugar 's short, our lights are low.

A LUCID EXPLANATION.

It was my task to collect from their relatives particulars as to the whereabouts of the wounded of our neighbourhood, for the purposes of our local report. It wanted five minutes to twelve, the sacred dinner-hour of the British artisan; and one name remained upon my list, against which was a pencilled note, "Reported returning home." Did that mean that he was disabled? And should I manage to gather the necessary information before the clock struck?

I knocked at the door, which was opened by a woman wearing a canvas apron with a very tight string, her head surmounted by hair-curlers and a cloth cap.

"Yes, thanking you kindly," she replied in answer to my question, "me son *'as* been wounded. 'Eard of it from the War Office. This war's a shocking business."

I expressed my sympathy and asked for particulars.

"Yer see, he was at Gallipoli."

"At Gallipoli? Then it must have been some time ago? I understood——"

"It was this way. Me son, 'e ses to me, 'Mother,' 'e says, 'don't you worry, but I 've had a toe took off.' 'E never was one to put up a great shout 'bout hisself, nor nothink of that. They took 'im down to their base 'ospital. Leeharver 's the name. Perhaps you know it?"

I cast my mind over the Ægean Islands, from which Mudros sprang up very large, and everything else sank into oblivion. "I 'm afraid I don't," I owned apologetically.

"Thought perhaps you might. L-E, first word, H-A-V-R-E second—Leeharver."

"Oh-h, to be sure, Le Havre. I mean—yes, now you mention it, I think I have heard of it. And is your son still there?"

"Me son, 'e ses the vermin there was something shocking, and they spent all their spare time 'unting theirselves."

"What! *not* in the hospital? Oh, I see; you mean in the trenches."

"And 'im," she continued, not noticing my remark, 'and 'im that partic'lar 'bout 'is linen; couldn't use a 'andkerchief not unless it was spotless; must 'av a clean one every Sunday as reg'lar as the week come round. It do seem 'ard, don't it? They 've pinched his sweater too. S'pose I shall 'av to get 'im another, s'pose I shall; but it 's a job to know how to get along these times. And now margarine 's up this week, that 's the latest."

"But your son," I ventured tentatively—"is his foot still bad?"

"Oh, 'is *foot* 's right enough. It 's 'is teeth that 's the worry. 'E ses to me, 'Mother,' he ses, 'afore I can do any good I must 'ave me teeth seen to.' Oh, this fighting 's cruel work!"

Could he have been wounded in the jaw? The thought was horrible, but I remarked with affected cheerfulness, "Well, come, anyhow he is able to write."

"Oh, 'e can *write* right enough—got the prize at school for 'rithmatic, 'e did."

"Yes, but I mean if he is able to write he can't be so very bad."

"Oh, 'e didn't *write* that. That was August come a twelvemonth. The very first thing they done to him was to take out pretty near 'alf 'is teeth. The military authorities do pull you about something shocking."



"ELLO, WOT 'S THE MATTER WITH 'IM?"
"SHELL SHOCK, I RECKON."

"And where did he go after Hav—after Leehar—I mean after the hospital?" I was getting rather bewildered.

"Oh, 'e went to the War right enough; but 'is digestion 's that bad. They said 'e 'd feel a lot better once 'is teeth was out, but 'e ses, 'Mother,' 'e ses, 'you want a mouth full of teeth to eat this bullet beef what they give us.' Next thing was they set him to drive them machines."

"What machines would those be?" I asked, groping for a little light.

"Why, them motors as they use out there. 'E got meddling with one of 'em, and it was the nearest thing 'e didn't 'ave 'is 'and in a jelly; the machine didn't act proper, or somethink o' that."

"And do you mean that his hand was injured?"

"Not as I 've 'eard on," came the prompt reply.

"Well, but I thought you said your son *had* been wounded."

"Ah, yes, that was 'is toe, yer see; sent 'im down to the base 'ospital, Leeharver."

"Yes, you told me that; but I heard he might be coming home. I was afraid perhaps he was disabled."

"That 's right. 'E 's coming 'ome right enough. Ought to be 'ere in 'bout five minutes. 'Ope 'is dinner 'asn't spiled time I 've stood 'ere talking to you."

"Well, what *is* the matter with him then?" I asked desperately.

"Dunno there 's anything partic'lar wrong with 'im, 'E 's going to get married to-morrer, if that 's what you mean. 'Ope it won't be the beginning of fresh troubles for 'im. But you never know what 's coming next."

I agreed that you never did.

LETTERS FROM MACEDONIA.

III.

JERRY, MY LAD,—We have lost a dear friend, and with him, alas, the piping days of peace. No, he is not dead, or even moribund, but his friendship for us lives no longer. His name is Feodor, and he is a Bulgar comitadjus, or whatever is the singular of "comitadji," and he lived until lately in No. 2 Dug-out, Hyde Park, just over the way.

It is a moot point which delighted us the more, Feodor's charming manner or his exquisite trousers. These two characteristics were the more pleasing because of their perfect contrast; for whereas his manner was refined and retiring, his trousers were distinctly aggressive in their flaunting shameless redness.

Feodor's appearances were at first spasmodic. This was only natural, seeing that he had not yet instilled into us his own attractive habit of *laisser aller* and *laisser faire*, and that his red trousers offered such a beautiful mark.

He would appear suddenly, smile seraphically towards us, and then disappear before our snipers could get on to him. At first of course we tried to pot him, but gradually our ferocity gave way to amazement and then to tolerance. At last came a day when Feodor climbed on to his parapet and made us a pretty little speech. We cheered him loudly, although we didn't understand much of it. Next day we brought down an interpreter

and asked Feodor for an encore. His second performance was even more spirited than the first, and after a graceful vote of thanks to our benefactor we asked the interpreter to oblige.

It appeared that from his boyhood Feodor had been apprenticed to an assistant piano-tuner in Varna. Rosy days of rapid promotion followed, and the boy, completely wrapped up in his profession, soon became a deputy assistant piano-tuner. Then followed the old, old story of vaulting ambition.

The youth, his head turned by material success, sought to consolidate his social position by a marriage above his station, and dared to aspire to the hand of a full piano-tuner's daughter.

The old man tried gentle dissuasion at first, but the obstinate pertinacity of the stripling made him gradually lose patience. He was a hale and hearty veteran, and when the situation came to a climax his method of dealing with it was stern and thorough.

Seizing the hapless Feodor during an evening call he interned him in the vitals of a tuneless Baby Grand, and for three hours played on him CHOPIN'S polonaise in A flat major, with the loud pedal down. On his release Feodor had lost his reason and rushed to the nearest police-station to ask to be sent to the Front immediately. His object, he explained, was to end the War. The Bulgar authorities thought the plan worth trying and sent him off as a comitadjus; and to these circumstances we were indebted for his society.

Every day we saw more and more of Feodor, and we grew to love him. As to sniping him now—the idea never entered our heads. Accordingly, while a deafening strafe proceeded daily on both sides of us, we remained in a state of idyllic peace and hatelessness.

Then arrived the cruel day when the Brass Hats came round, and a large and important General asked us—

"But are you being offensive enough to the enemy in front?"

"Offensive to Feodor, Sir? Impossible!"

"You *must* be offensive," he rejoined. "I don't think there is sufficient hate in this part of the line."

It was this unfortunate moment that Feodor chose to step on to his parapet and call out cheerfully to the Great Man—

"Good morning, Johnee!"

For one tense moment I thought the General would burst. By an effort he pulled himself together, however, and shouted to my troops in a voice of thunder—

"At That Person in front—fifteen rounds rapid. Fire!"

We had to do it, of course, and, although I think most of our sights were a little high, accidents *will* happen. Feodor emitted one unearthly shriek, and his time back towards home would, if it had been taken, make a world's championship record.

I don't think he was physically hurt; but his poor trousers were badly punctured! . . .

Our friend, Jerry, may not be lost, but he is certainly gone behind.

Yours always, PETER.



Lady (*who has been photographed for passport*). "THIS PHOTOGRAPH OF ME IS REALLY DREADFUL. WHY, I LOOK LIKE A GORILLA!"

Photographer. "I'M VERY SORRY, LADY; BUT, YOU SEE, THE GOVERNMENT WON'T ALLOW US TO TOUCH UP ANY PASSPORT PHOTOS."

"From the Pentland Firth to Norway, the eyes of the British Fleet are those of Nunquam."—*Yorkshire Post.*

We suppose old *Dormio* is asleep as usual.

"The clergy will be pleased to hear of parishioners who are sick."—*Parish Magazine.*

No doubt they mean it kindly, but it sounds rather callous.

"Holders of 15s. 6d. War Savings Certificates and scrip vouchers of the War Loan are acceptable over the Post Office counter at their face value."—*Daily News.*

"'My face is my fortune, Sir,' she said."

"Will anyone give 15/- and a kind home to a nice little brown miniature poodle dog, 3 years, ideal pet and companion?"
The Bazaar.

Sixpence more and the little pet could buy a War Savings Certificate.

THE FATE OF UMBRELLAS.

No. I.

From Arthur Vivian, Bury Street, St. James's, to Mrs. Morton, Dockington Hall, Bucks.

DEAR MRS. MORTON,—Just a line to thank you very sincerely for my delightful visit. It was like old times to see you all gathered together in hospitable Dockington and to find that the War, terrible as it is, has not altogether abolished pleasant human intercourse in England, in spite of what the Dean said. But then Deans are privileged persons.

I am sorry to say, by the way, that in the hurry of departure this morning I took away the wrong umbrella and left my own. I am sending back the changeling with all proper apologies. Would you mind sending me mine? It has a crook handle (cane) and a plain silver band with my initials engraved on it. Please give my love to Harry and the children.

Yours always sincerely, ARTHUR VIVIAN.

No. II.

From the Dean of Marchester to Mrs. Morton.

DEAR MRS. MORTON,—I desire to thank you for three most agreeable days spent in congenial company. You have indeed mastered the secret of making your guests feel at home, and Dockington even in war-time is still Dockington. Pray give my warm regards to Mr. Morton and remember me suitably to the dear children. I wish they wouldn't keep on growing up as they do; childhood is so delightful.

I find to my great regret that by some inexplicable mistake I took away with me an umbrella that is not mine. I am sending it back to you, and shall be deeply beholden to you if you will pack up and send to me the one I left. It is an old one, recognisable by its cane handle (crook) and an indiarubber ring round the shaft. Pray accept my apologies for the trouble I am giving you.

Yours very sincerely, CHARLES MELDEW.

No. III.

From Brigadier-General Barton to his Sister, Mrs. Morton.

DEAR MARY,—You gave me a capital time. There's a slight difference between Dockington and the trenches. I'm not as a rule a great performer with clergymen, but I liked your Dean. By the way, when I dashed off your man put somebody else's umbrella in with me, instead of my own, which is a natty specimen. The one I've got is an old gamp with a stout indiarubber ring to it. I haven't time to send it back. Every moment is taken up, as I cross to France to-night. Besides, how can you pack such a thing as an umbrella? It's much too long. Keep mine till we meet again. Best love to Harry and the kids.

Ever yours, TOM.

No. IV.

From Arthur Vivian to Mrs. Morton.

DEAR MRS. MORTON,—I wired you this morning asking you to do nothing about my umbrella. The fact is I have found it at my rooms, and I am forced to the conclusion that I never took it with me to Dockington at all. I am awfully sorry to have given you all this trouble. It shall be a lesson to me never to take my umbrella anywhere, or rather never to think I've taken it, when, as a matter of fact, I haven't.

Yours always sincerely, ARTHUR VIVIAN.

No. V.

Telegram from Mrs. Morton to Arthur Vivian.

Too late. Sent off somebody's umbrella to you yesterday. Please return it to me.

No. VI.

From Mrs. Morton to her Sister, Lady Compton.

. . . We had a few friends at Dockington last week, not a real party, but just a few old shoes—Tom, Arthur Vivian and the Dean of Marchester and Mrs. Dean. Since they went away I've had the most awful time with their umbrellas. They all took away with them the wrong ones, and then wrote to me to send them their right ones. Arthur Vivian never brought one, and whose he took away I can't say. In fact I've been exposed to an avalanche of returning umbrellas, and Parkins has spent all his time in doing up the absurd things and posting them. He has just celebrated his seventieth birthday, and these umbrellas have ruined what's left of his temper. Umbrellas still keep pouring in, and nobody ever seems by any chance to get the right one. It's the most discouraging thing I've ever been involved in. As far as I can make out the Dean's umbrella is now in the trenches with Tom. If ever I have a party at Dockington again I shall write, "No umbrellas by request," on the invitations.

THE INN O' THE SWORD.

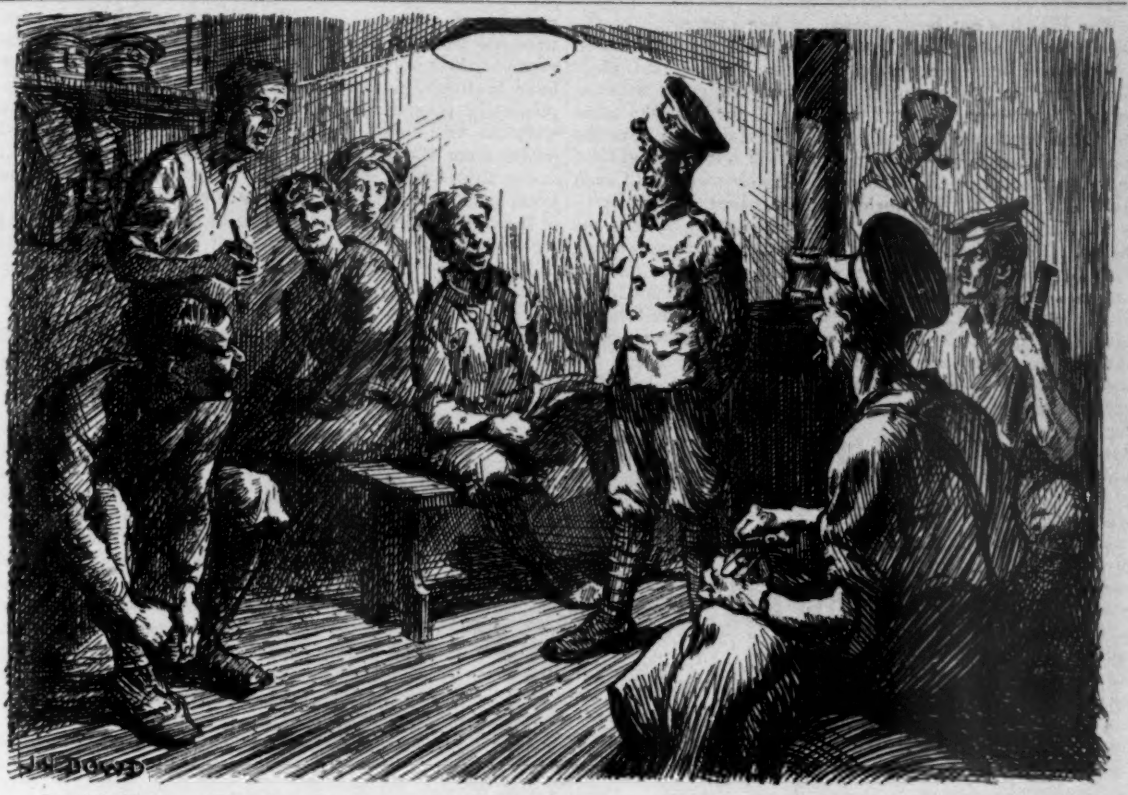
A SONG OF YOUTH AND WAR.

ROVING along the King's highway
I met wi' a Romany black.
"Good day," says I; says he, "Good day,
And what may you have in your pack?"
"Why, a shirt," says I, "and a song or two
To make the road go faster."
He laughed: "Ye 'll find or the day be through
There 's more nor that, young master.
Oh, roving 's good and youth is sweet
And love is its own reward;
But there 's that shall stay your careless feet
When ye come to the Sign o' the Sword."

"Riddle me, riddlemaree," quoth I,
"Is a game that 's ill to win,
And the day is o'er fair such tasks to try"—
Said he, "Ye shall know at the inn."
With that he suited his path to mine
And we travelled merrily,
Till I was ware of the promised sign
And the door of an hostelry.
And the Romany sang, "To the very life
Ye shall pay for bed and board;
Will ye turn aside to the House of Strife?
Will ye lodge at the Inn o' the Sword?"

Then I looked at the inn 'twixt joy and fear,
And the Romany looked at me.
Said I, "We ha' come to a parting here
And I know not who you be."
But he only laughed as I smote on the door:
"Go, take ye the fighting chance;
Mayhap I once was a troubadour
In the knightly days of France.
Oh, the feast is set for those who dare
And the reddest o' wine outpoured;
And some sleep sound after peril and care
At the Hostelry of the Sword."

For our "National Lent"—the War Loan.



Pet of the Platoon. "I DIDN'T HALF TELL OFF OUR SERGEANT JUST NOW. I CALLED HIM A KNOCK-KNEED, PIGEON-TOED, SWIVEL-EYED MONKEY, AND SAID HE OUGHT TO GO TO A NIGHT-SCHOOL!"

Ecstatic Chorus. "AND WHAT DID HE SAY?"

Bill (after a pause). "WELL, AS A MATTER OF FAC', I DON'T THINK HE QUITE HEARD ME."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

WHEN the eminent in other branches of art take to literature, criticism must naturally be tempered with respect. This is much how I feel after reading Sir WILLIAM RICHMOND'S *The Silver Chain* (PALMER AND HAYWARD). Probably, however, I should have enjoyed it more had not the publishers indulged in a wrapper-paragraph of such unbounded eulogy. If anybody is to call this novel "a work of great artistic achievement," and praise its "philosophy, psychology, delightful sense of humour, subtle analysis" and all the rest, I should prefer it to be someone less interested in the wares thus pushed. For my part I should be content to call *The Silver Chain* by no means an uninteresting story, the work of a distinguished man, obviously an amateur in the craft of letters, who nevertheless has pleased himself (and will give pleasure to others) by working into it many pen-pictures of scenes in Egypt and Rome and Sicily, full of the glowing colour that we should expect from their artist-author. But the tale itself, the unrewarded love of the middle-aged "Philosopher" for the not specially attractive heroine *Mary*, and the subordinate very Byronic romance of *Herbert* and *Annunziata*, quite frankly recalls those early manuscripts that most novelists must have burnt before they were quit of boyhood, or preserved to smile over. Still, in these winter days, when only Prime Ministers go to Rome (and then not to bask) and Luxor is equidistant with the moon, you may well find respite in a book so full of sunshine and memories of happy places; but I am bound to repeat my warning that your fellow-travellers will perhaps not be quite such stimulating society as the publishers would have you expect.

Sir THEODORE COOK has already done sound work in dealing with German methods, and in *The Mark of the Beast* (MURRAY) he pursues his labours a step further. So careful is he to give incontestable proofs for the charges he brings against the Huns that even the most anæmic neutrals must find a difficulty in reading this volume without recognising the truth. Especially he emphasizes the dangers of peace-making with an enemy whose whole policy and programme have been based on lies. And if he insists many times and again upon this point he has his excuse in the fact that some of us are so extraordinarily forgetful and forgiving that we cannot be reminded too often of what the future has in store for us if we do not now remember the past. With such an absolutely flawless case in his hands I find myself wishing sometimes that Sir THEODORE had been less prodigal of the denunciatory language which he hurls at Teutonic heads. Not for a moment would I suggest that the Hun does not deserve vituperation, but I am inclined to think that a less violent manner of attack is more effective. In his own way, however, Sir THEODORE is inimitable, and I can pay no higher praise to his book than to say that I know of no War-literature so admirably calculated to make BETHMANN-HOLLWEG ("more double than his name") really sorry for himself.

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No. III.

From Brigadier-General Barton to his Sister, Mrs. Morton.

DEAR MARY,—You gave me a capital time. There 's a slight difference between Dockington and the trenches. I 'm not as a rule a great performer with clergymen, but I liked your Dean. By the way, when I dashed off your man put somebody else's umbrella in with me, instead of my own, which is a natty specimen. The one I 've got is an old gamp with a stout indiarubber ring to it. I haven't time to send it back. Every moment is taken up, as I cross to France to-night. Besides, how can you pack such a thing as an umbrella? It 's much too long. Keep mine till we meet again. Best love to Harry and the kids.

Ever yours, TOM.

No. IV.

From Arthur Vivian to Mrs. Morton.

DEAR MRS. MORTON,—I wired you this morning asking you to do nothing about my umbrella. The fact is I have found it at my rooms, and I am forced to the conclusion that I never took it with me to Dockington at all. I am awfully sorry to have given you all this trouble. It shall be a lesson to me never to take my umbrella anywhere, or rather never to think I 've taken it, when, as a matter of fact, I haven't.

Yours always sincerely, ARTHUR VIVIAN.

No. V.

Telegram from Mrs. Morton to Arthur Vivian.

Too late. Sent off somebody's umbrella to you yesterday. Please return it to me.

No. VI.

From Mrs. Morton to her Sister, Lady Compton.

. . . We had a few friends at Dockington last week, not a real party, but just a few old shoes—Tom, Arthur Vivian and the Dean of Marchester and Mrs. Dean. Since they went away I 've had the most awful time with their umbrellas. They all took away with them the wrong ones, and then wrote to me to send them their right ones. Arthur Vivian never brought one, and whose he took away I can't say. In fact I 've been exposed to an avalanche of returning umbrellas, and Parkins has spent all his time in doing up the absurd things and posting them. He has just celebrated his seventieth birthday, and these umbrellas have ruined what 's left of his temper. Umbrellas still keep pouring in, and nobody ever seems by any chance to get the right one. It 's the most discouraging thing I 've ever been involved in. As far as I can make out the Dean's umbrella is now in the trenches with Tom. If ever I have a party at Dockington again I shall write, "No umbrellas by request," on the invitations.

THE INN O' THE SWORD.

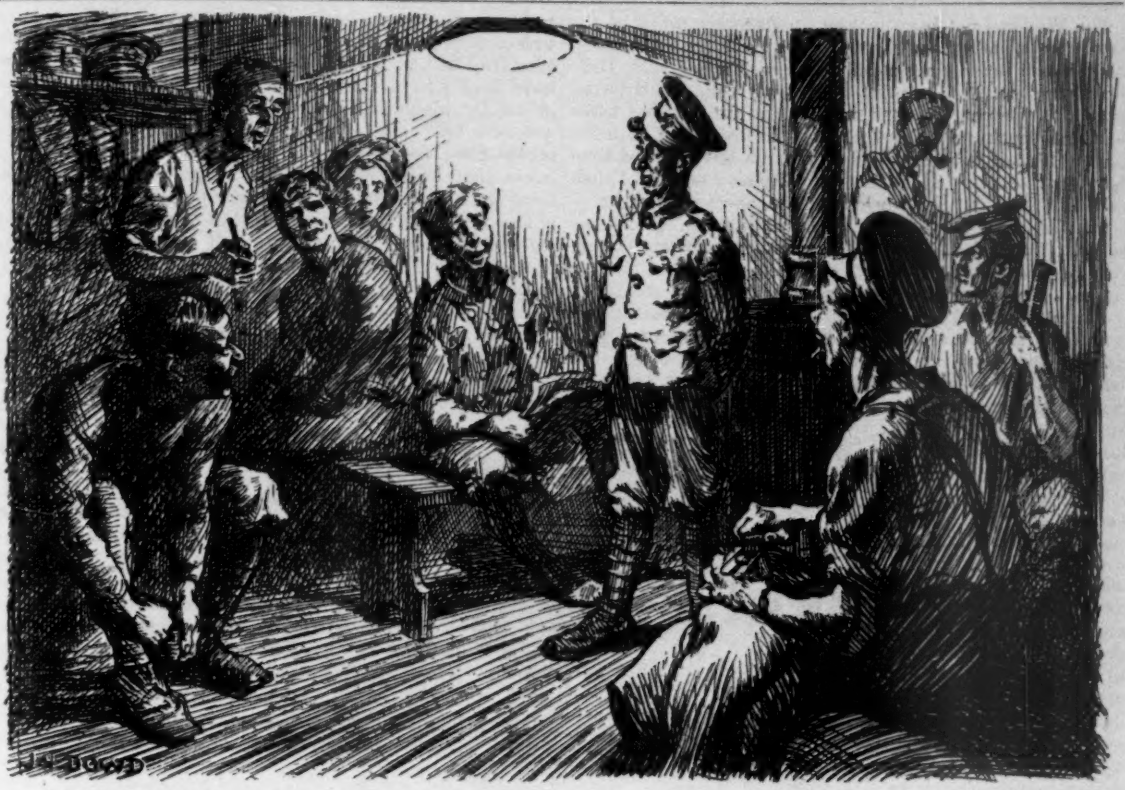
A SONG OF YOUTH AND WAR.

Roving along the King's highway
I met wi' a Romany black.
"Good day," says I; says he, "Good day,
And what may you have in your pack?"
"Why, a shirt," says I, "and a song or two
To make the road go faster."
He laughed: "Ye 'll find or the day be through
There 's more nor that, young master.
Oh, roving 's good and youth is sweet
And love is its own reward;
But there 's that shall stay your careless feet
When ye come to the Sign o' the Sword."

"Riddle me, riddlemaree," quoth I,
"Is a game that 's ill to win,
And the day is o'er fair such tasks to try"—
Said he, "Ye shall know at the inn."
With that he suited his path to mine
And we travelled merrily,
Till I was ware of the promised sign
And the door of an hostelry.
And the Romany sang, "To the very life
Ye shall pay for bed and board;
Will ye turn aside to the House of Strife?
Will ye lodge at the Inn o' the Sword?"

Then I looked at the inn 'twixt joy and fear,
And the Romany looked at me.
Said I, "We ha' come to a parting here
And I know not who you be."
But he only laughed as I smote on the door:
"Go, take ye the fighting chance;
Mayhap I once was a troubadour
In the knightly days of France.
Oh, the feast is set for those who dare
And the reddest o' wine outpoured;
And some sleep sound after peril and care
At the Hostelry of the Sword."

For our "National Lent"—the War Loan.



Pet of the Platoon. "I DIDN'T HALF TELL OFF OUR SERGEANT JUST NOW. I CALLED HIM A KNOCK-KNEED, PIGEON-TOED, SWIVEL-EYED MONKEY, AND SAID HE OUGHT TO GO TO A NIGHT-SCHOOL!"

Ecstatic Chorus. "AND WHAT DID HE SAY?"

Bill (after a pause). "WELL, AS A MATTER OF FAC', I DON'T THINK HE QUITE HEARD ME."

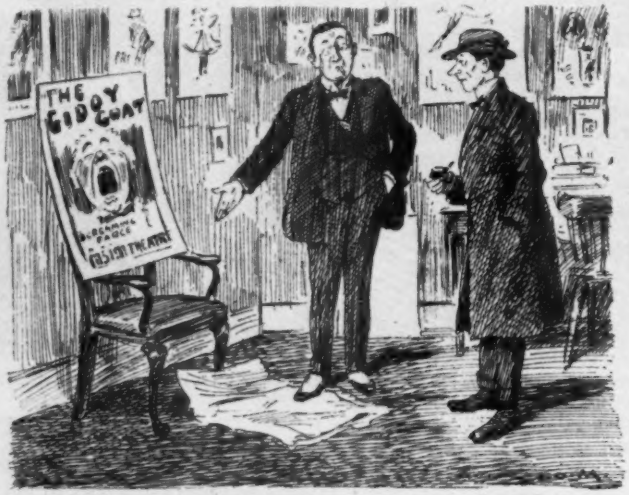
OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

WHEN the eminent in other branches of art take to literature, criticism must naturally be tempered with respect. This is much how I feel after reading Sir WILLIAM RICHMOND'S *The Silver Chain* (PALMER AND HAYWARD). Probably, however, I should have enjoyed it more had not the publishers indulged in a wrapper-paragraph of such unbounded eulogy. If anybody is to call this novel "a work of great artistic achievement," and praise its "philosophy, psychology, delightful sense of humour, subtle analysis" and all the rest, I should prefer it to be someone less interested in the wares thus pushed. For my part I should be content to call *The Silver Chain* by no means an uninteresting story, the work of a distinguished man, obviously an amateur in the craft of letters, who nevertheless has pleased himself (and will give pleasure to others) by working into it many pen-pictures of scenes in Egypt and Rome and Sicily, full of the glowing colour that we should expect from their artist-author. But the tale itself, the unrewarded love of the middle-aged "Philosopher" for the not specially attractive heroine *Mary*, and the subordinate very Byronic romance of *Herbert* and *Annunziata*, quite frankly recalls those early manuscripts that most novelists must have burnt before they were quit of boyhood, or preserved to smile over. Still, in these winter days, when only Prime Ministers go to Rome (and then not to bask) and Luxor is equidistant with the moon, you may well find respite in a book so full of sunshine and memories of happy places; but I am bound to repeat my warning that your fellow-travellers will perhaps not be quite such stimulating society as the publishers would have you expect.

Sir THEODORE COOK has already done sound work in dealing with German methods, and in *The Mark of the Beast* (MURRAY) he pursues his labours a step further. So careful is he to give incontestable proofs for the charges he brings against the Huns that even the most anæmic neutrals must find a difficulty in reading this volume without recognising the truth. Especially he emphasizes the dangers of peace-making with an enemy whose whole policy and programme have been based on lies. And if he insists many times and again upon this point he has his excuse in the fact that some of us are so extraordinarily forgetful and forgiving that we cannot be reminded too often of what the future has in store for us if we do not now remember the past. With such an absolutely flawless case in his hands I find myself wishing sometimes that Sir THEODORE had been less prodigal of the denunciatory language which he hurls at Teutonic heads. Not for a moment would I suggest that the Hun does not deserve vituperation, but I am inclined to think that a less violent manner of attack is more effective. In his own way, however, Sir THEODORE is inimitable, and I can pay no higher praise to his book than to say that I know of no War-literature so admirably calculated to make BETHMANN-HOLLWEG ("more double than his name") really sorry for himself.

The War has not been lacking in fine memorials of the dead. To what extent the Germans have commemorated the fallen I have no notion; but in France and Italy the papers constantly print tender and eloquent tributes, usually to the young. And in England we have the same thing too, touchingly, proudly and generously done. For the most part such tributes are mere records, but now and then they reconstruct; and the most remarkable example of such reconstruction—to the world at large, absolute creation—is the memoir of *Charles Lister* (UNWIN), which his father, Lord RIBBLESDALE, and some devoted friends have, with perfect biographical tact, prepared. But for CHARLES LISTER'S untimely death, leading his men against the Turks in July, 1915, most of the letters in this book would never have been printed at all; for whatever his career might have become—and he was a man apart and bound for distinction—and however great a record were his, the early years could not be thus liberally illumined. But since death decreed that these early years—he was not quite twenty-eight when he was wounded for the third time and succumbed—should constitute all his career, we have this notable and beautiful book. If one had to put but a single epithet to it I should choose "radiant." At Eton, at Balliol, at the Embassies in Rome and Constantinople, and in the Army, CHARLES LISTER shed radiance. All his many friends testify to this. As for his letters, they are clear and gay and human; and they have also a sagacity that many older and more determined observers of life might envy; while that one to Lady DESBOROUGH upon the death of his great friend, JULIAN GRENFELL, is literature. Every page is interesting, but some are far more than that; and at the end one has almost too moving a concept of an ardent idealistic English gentleman met too late.



Theatrical Manager. "THIS WON'T DO, YOU KNOW. IT'S NOT A LAUGH—IT'S A YAWN!"

Poster Artist. "WELL, THAT'S BECAUSE YOU WERE IN SUCH A HURRY FOR THE SKETCH THAT YOU WOULDN'T GIVE ME TIME TO LET THE IMPRESSION OF THE PIECE WEAR OFF."

At first sight, perhaps, *Nothing Matters* (CASSELL) may sound to you a somewhat, shall I say, transatlantic title for a book published in these days, when we are all learning how enormously everything matters. But this emotion will only last till you have read Sir HERBERT BEERBOHM TREE'S disarming little preface. Personally, it left me regretting only one thing in the volume (or, to be more accurate, outside it), which was the design of its very unornamental wrapper—a lapse, surely, from taste, for which it would probably be quite unfair to blame the writer of what lies within. This is almost all of it excellent fooling, and includes a brace of longish short-stories (rather in the fantastic style of brother MAX); some fugitive pieces that you may recall as they flitted through the fields of journalism; with, for stiffening, a reprint of the author's admirable lecture upon "The Importance of Humour in Tragedy." This is a title that you may well take as a motto for the whole book. It will have, I think, a warm welcome from Sir HERBERT'S many friends and admirers, even should it turn out to be the case that some of his plots have been (in his own quaintly attractive phrase) "prophetically plagiarised" by other writers. Certainly this welcome will not be lessened by the knowledge that all profits from the sale of the volume are to go to support a cause that, to all who love the Stage, will be far indeed from not mattering—the fund to supplement the incomes of the wives and families of actors at the Front. You may regard it therefore as the lightest of comedies played, like so many others, in the cause of charity, and put down your money with an approving conscience.

Let no one whose heart has been touched beyond mere vicarious pride in the achievement of our brothers-in-arms at the gate of Paris allow himself to miss the detailed narrative of HENRI DUGARD in *The Battle of Verdun* (HUTCHINSON). A good translation by F. APPLEBY HOLT, rather exceptional in these days of hurried conveyancing, does not detract from the vigour and movement of the story. We, who only saw the long agony through the medium of the always inadequate and discreet technicalities of the *communiqués*, could form no real impression of the kind of fighting or of the results of each phase of it. The author has collected the accounts or reports, so that the strokes and counter-strokes (for there was nothing passive in this siege) of the epic combats round Douamont, Fort Vaux, the Woevre, Malancourt, Avocourt and the Mort Homme are intelligibly reconstructed. Comment in the form of personal anecdotes of individual heroism is added. Perhaps the most illuminating touch is in the letter of poor Feldwebel KARL GARTNER, which was to have been despatched to his mother by a friend going on leave, so as to escape the Censor's eye. It began in a mood of robustious confidence and ended (or rather was interrupted by GARTNER'S capture) on the most despairing note. And this was seven months before the most brilliant counter-attack in the history of the War slammed the door once for all in the face of the enemy.

"The scheme of utilising vacant spaces in London is being taken up enthusiastically in the provinces."—*Evening Standard.*

At the same time the scheme of utilising vacant spaces in the provinces is being welcomed with similar enthusiasm in London.

"Vigorous complaints against the proposal to establish an overhead electric system of tramways in Edinburgh were made this afternoon. Lord Strathclyde declared that the overhead wires proposal had electrified the citizens."—*Scottish Paper.*

There must be something seriously wrong with the insulation.

CHARIVARIA.

THE birth-rate in Berlin, it appears, is considerably lower this year than last. We can quite understand this reluctance to being born a German just now.

* * *

The official German films of the Battle of the Somme prove beyond doubt that if it had not been for the Allies the Germans would have won this battle.

* * *

The German military authorities have declined to introduce bathless days. Ablution, it appears, is one of the personal habits that the Teuton does not pursue to a vicious excess.

* * *

Some congestion of traffic is being experienced by the Midland Railway owing to the publicity given by the FOOD-CONTROLLER to the Company's one-and-ninepenny luncheon basket. Many people are finding it more economical to purchase a return ticket to the Midlands and lunch in the train than to go, as formerly, to one of the regular tea-shops.

* * *

An egg four-and-a-half inches long and eight inches round has been laid by a hen at Southover, Lewes. It is understood that a proposal by the FOOD-CONTROLLER that this standard should be adopted as the compulsory minimum for the duration of the War is meeting with some opposition from Mr. PROTHERO.

* * *

"We must all be prepared to make sacrifices," says the *Berliner Tageblatt*. We understand that, acting upon this advice, several high command officers have volunteered to sacrifice the CROWN PRINCE.

* * *

The Dublin Corporation has decided to pay full salaries from the date of their leaving work to those employees who until recently have been held under arrest for participation in the Sinn Fein rebellion. The idea of making them a grant for Kit and Field allowances has not yet come under consideration.

* * *

German travellers, says a news item, are forbidden to take flowers with them into Austria. It is intended that the funeral shall be a quiet one.

* * *

Mr. DANIELS describes the shells made by American factories for the U.S. Navy as "colossally inferior" to those submitted by a British firm. The explanation is of course that the former are primarily designed to enforce universal peace.

* * *

A Leicestershire farmer who applied for alien enemies to assist in farm-work was supplied with three Hungarians—a jeweller, a hairdresser and a tailor. His complaint is, we understand, that while he wanted his land to be well-dressed he didn't want it overdone.

* * *

A widely-known nocturnal pleasure resort makes the announcement that it is still open for business, the action of the Court having only deprived it of the right to sell intoxicating liquors. We fear it will be a case of *Hamlet* without the familiar spirit.

* * *

"We are not war-weary but war-hardened," said Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL in a recent address. Germany, we are happy to state, is war-weary and will soon be Maximilian-Hardened.

* * *

The question as to whether war serves any useful purpose has been settled once for all. "The War has provided many incidents for this revue," says a stage paper of a new production.

* * *

A pig-sty has been erected in his rose-garden by a doctor in East Essex. The general idea is not new, though it is more usual to plant a rose-garden round your pig-sty, as a corrective.

* * *

It is pointed out by an evening paper that the official prohibition of "fishing, washing and bathing" in the St. James's Park pond is superfluous, as the pond was dried up two years ago. In view of the exceptional severity of the weather the authorities will shortly replace the offending notice by another merely prohibiting skating.

* * *

Lord ROBERT CECIL has expressed his willingness to consider proposals for the reform of the British Consular service. The suggestion, however, that not more than seventy-five per cent. of our Consular representatives should be natives of Germany and the countries of her Allies seems a little too drastic.

* * *

"Without proficiency with the gloves a man cannot make a really ideal soldier," said Lieut.-Col. SINCLAIR THOMSON to the Inns of Court O.T.C. On the other hand we still have a number of distinguished soldiers who before the War attached paramount importance to their cuffs, collars and ties.

* * *

The use of luminous paint is being widely advocated with the view of mitigating the dangers arising from the darkened streets. It is pointed out that the use of luminous language has already proved of extreme value in critical situations.

* * *

"You must shorten sail," said the Chairman of the Henley Tribunal to an employer who was said to have an indoor staff of thirteen servants. As a beginning he proposes to take a reef in the butler.

* * *

It appears that a reduction in the sale of chocolate will adversely affect the cinema. "All my young lady patrons," says a manager, "require chocolate in the cinema." It is feared that they will have to go back to the old-fashioned plan of chewing the corner of the programme.

* * *

At Hull, the other day, a tram-car dashed into a grocer's shop. No blame attaches, we understand, to the driver, who sounded his gong three times.



NATURE'S TACTLESS MIMICRY.

CURIOUS ATTITUDE ASSUMED BY TREES IN A DISTRICT OCCUPIED BY THE GERMANS.

TO THE GERMAN MILITARY PICTURE DEPARTMENT.

[The enemy, in his turn, is exhibiting a film of the fighting on the Somme. At the close a statement is thrown upon the screen to the effect that the Germans have "reached the appointed goal."]

On footer fields two goals are situated,
One, as a rule, at either end:
This for attack (in front) is indicated,
And this (to rearward) you defend;
In your remark projected on the screen
You don't say which you mean.

If you refer to ours in that ambiguous
And filmy phrase, why then you lie;
And if to yours—we hope to be contiguous
To our objective by-and-by,
But for the present, though the end is sure,
Your statement 's premature.

In fact—to follow up the sporting image
In which you "reach the appointed goal"—
With many a loose and many a tight-packed scrimmage
Forward and back the fight will roll,
Ere with a shattering rush we cross your line
(This represents the Rhine).

Meanwhile, when you observe your team is tiring,
And wish the call of Time were blown,
To Mr. WILSON, where he stands umpiring
Gratuitously on his own,
You 'll look (as drowning men will clutch a straw)
To make the thing a draw.

Pity you 've broken all the rules, for this 'll
Spoil WOODROW'S programme when at last,
Not having checked those breaches with his whistle,
He wants to blow the final blast;
Time will be called, I fancy, when the score
Suits us, and not before. O. S.

HEART-TO-HEART TALKS.

(*The KING OF THE HELLENES and the KAISER: On the Telephone.*)

The King. HALLOA! Are you there? Halloa, halloa! Are you there, I say?

The Kaiser. All right, all right. Who 's talking?

The King. KING CONSTANTINE. I want a word with the KAISER.

The Kaiser. Ha, TINO, it 's you, is it? Fire away.

The King. Is that you, WILLIE?

The Kaiser. Yes; what do you want? I haven't too much time.

The King. I say, the most awful thing has happened. The Allies have sent me an Ultimatum.

The Kaiser. A what?

The King. An Ultimatum.

The Kaiser. I say, old man, you really must speak louder and more plainly. I can't hear a word you say.

The King. The Allies have sent me an ULTIMATUM!! Did you hear that time?

The Kaiser. Yes, most of it.

The King. Well.

The Kaiser. Well.

The King. What do you think about it?

The Kaiser. Not very much. Lots of other people have had ultimatums and haven't been one pfennig the worse for them.

The King. Oh, but this is the very last thing in ultimatums. It 's a regular ultimatissimum.

The Kaiser. What do they want you to do?

The King. All sorts of disagreeable things. For instance, I am to move my troops to the Peloponnese, so as to get them out of harm's way.

The Kaiser. Well, move them. What are troops for except to be moved about? You can always move them back again, you know. I keep on moving troops forward and backward all the time. It 's a mere nothing when you once get accustomed to it. Just you try it and see. Anything more?

The King. Yes; I 'm to release from prison the followers of the pestilential VENIZELOS.

The Kaiser. That 's unpleasant, of course, for a patent Greek War-Lord; but I should do it if I were you, and then you can let me know how it feels.

The King. Look here, William, I don't know what 's the matter with you, but I wish you wouldn't try to be so funny. You seem to think the whole affair 's a sort of German joke. So it is, by Zeus—that 's to say it 's no joke at all.

The Kaiser. Manners, TINO, manners.

The King. I 'm sick and tired of all this talk.

The Kaiser. If you go on like that I shall not talk to you any more.

The King. Don't say that; I could not bear such a loss. But, seriously, are you going to help as you promised?

The Kaiser. I cannot help you now. You must play for time.

The King. I 've exhausted all the possibilities of playing for time. It wouldn't be the least good. They really mean it this time, and they 've given me a strictly limited period for compliance.

The Kaiser. Well, I suppose you know best, but I should have thought you could have spun out negotiations for a bit—given them a little promise here and a little promise there on the chance of something turning up.

The King. The long and the short of it is that you promised to help us, but it was only a little promise here or there, and you don't mean to keep it. I shall accept the ultimatum.

The Kaiser. The what? The telephone 's buzzing again.

The King. The ULTIMATUM!!

The Kaiser. Oh, the ultimatum. Yes, by all means accept it. And, by the way, I 'm publishing a volume of my War-speeches, and will make a point of sending you an early copy. You might get it reviewed in the Athens papers.

The King. Gr-r-r.

Our Helpful Government.

"Don't grow potatoes where they will not grow. OFFICIAL ADVICE."—*Daily Express.*

Journalistic Modesty.

"The sale of yesterday's Christmas Number of the *Daily Gazette* already exceeds that of last year's Christmas Number by more than 50 per cent. The sell is still going on actively."
Daily Gazette (*Karachi*).

"Yes, I think we have it at last—I mean the stranglehold round the enemy's neck. I seem to hear the death rattle in his guttural throat."—*Sunday Pictorial.*

And to see the glazing of his ocular eyes.

"Had you shut your eyes the opening night at the Opera you might have fancied yourself back at Covent Garden, London, for the types of well-turned-out men out-Englished the English, from top hat to varnished boot."—*American Paper.*

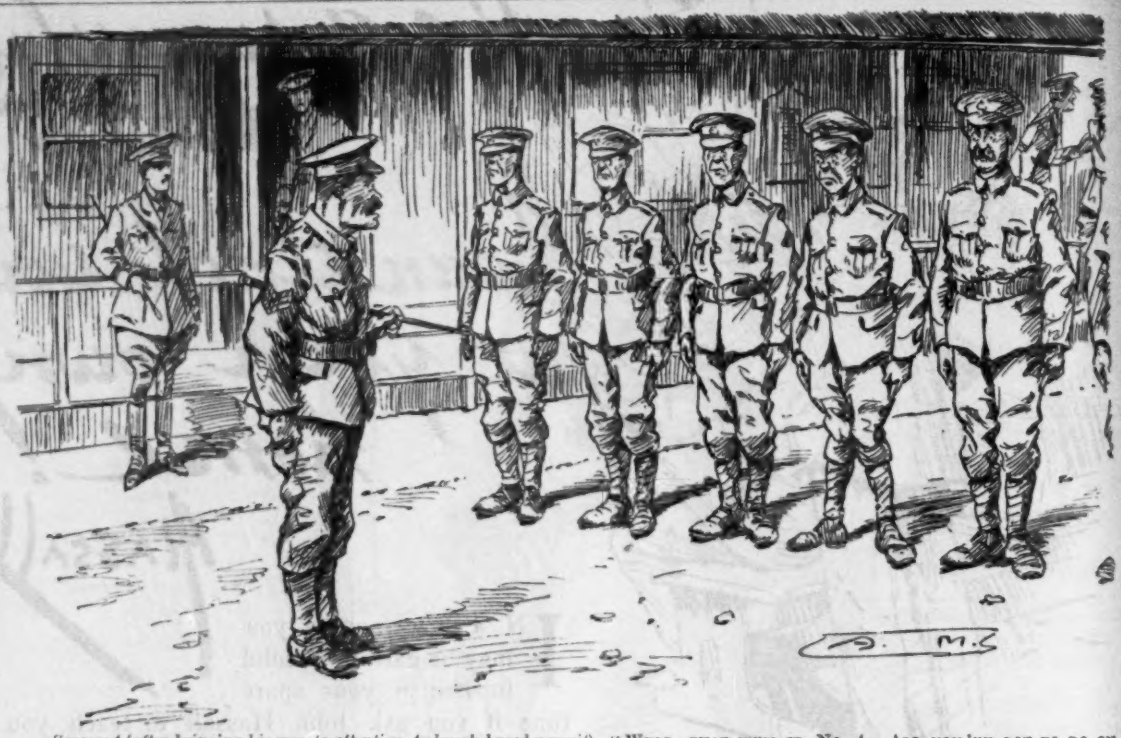
That 's the worst of varnished boots; they will creak so.



UNMADE IN GERMANY.

BETHMANN-HOLLWEG. "AND TO THINK THAT I, WHO DEFENDED THE VIOLATION OF BELGIUM, SHOULD HAVE MY HONESTY DOUBTED. SURELY I AM FRIGHTFUL ENOUGH."

[The KAISER'S Chancellor has been attacked in a German pamphlet which ridicules his "silly ideas of humanity," and says that "nobody need be surprised at the rumour which is going through Germany that he has been bought by England."]



Sergeant (after bringing his men to attention, to knock-kneed recruit). "WELL, THAT WINS IT, NO. 4. ALL YOU 'VE GOT TO DO ON THE COMMAND 'STAN' AT EASE' IS TO MOVE YER BLINKIN' 'ANDS."

THE WATCH DOGS.

LV.

MY DEAR CHARLES,—Notwithstanding the reckless speed of the leave train and the surfeit of luxuries and lack of company on the leave boat, our gallant warriors continue to volunteer in thousands for that desperate enterprise known as "Proceeding on leave to the U.K." There is however a certain artfulness in the business, if only artfulness for artfulness' sake.

In the old days the ingenuity of man was concentrated upon extending by any means short of the criminal the duration of the leave. When Robert first went on leave he was young and innocent. He had four days given him; he left his unit on the first of them and was back with it on the last of them. The second time he improved on this and left France very early on the morning of his first day and arrived in France again very late on the last night of it. Then his friend John regarded *his* leave as beginning and ending in England, which, if the leave boat happens to be in mid-Channel at midnight, is not a distinction without a difference. Robert's next leave was for seven days, and he spent nine of them in the U.K. His explanation was logically unassailable, but logic is wasted on military authorities; after that, leave got fixed at ten days net, ten days of the inelastic sort.

Give a man an inch and he'll take an ell; give him an ell and he is no man if he doesn't improve even on that. Moreover, how is one to fill in the dismal vacuum subsequent on the return from one leave otherwise than by the discussion of subtle schemes for the betterment of the next leave? The duration of it having assumed a cast-iron rigidity, it only remained to improve the manner of travelling to and fro. John ferreted about and became aware of the existence of a civilian train to the port and of a Staff boat to the other port. He worked up a friendship with a Fonctionnaire de Chemin de Fer, and took the civilian train; he made a very natural, if very regrettable, mistake on the quay, and crossed in the Staff boat. He was able to repeat the friendship and the mistake on the return journey, and had therefore every reason to be proud of his efforts. Nevertheless he firmly decided to say nothing about it to anybody lest the idea should get overworked. But he told Robert in confidence, and Robert told a lot of other people, also in confidence, and the idea did get overworked and is now (*vide* General Routine Orders, *passim*) unworkable.

There was still scope however for Robert's ingenuity next time. There are other ways of getting to ports than by train. Why hold aloof from Motor Transport Drivers of the A.S.C. or be above making a personal friend or two among them? And if Orders limit the use of cars to officers of very senior rank, why be too proud to take a Colonel about with you? If when you get to the quay the leave boat wants you, but you don't want it, and if you want the Staff boat and it doesn't want you, it's no use arguing about it. You sulk unostentatiously in the background until both boats are full, and then you state a piteous case of urgent family affairs to the right officer, to find yourself eventually crossing with the comfort-loving civilians in their special boat. Robert was entirely satisfied with the way he wangled it, but, meaning to wangle it again in a few months' time, he decided to tell no one about it, not even John. But he did tell John as soon as he saw him, and John told the world. Thus, a further series of G. R. O.'s got written, published, and very carefully brought to the attention of all ranks.

The earth having become full of free booklets containing watertight rules and regulations for keeping officers to the straight and narrow path to the



"WONDER 'OW THE NAVY'S GETTIN' ON."
"DUNNO. AIN'T SEEN 'EM ABOUT LATELY."

U.K., and the roads, railways, quays and gangways being policed with stalwarts whom it is impossible to circumvent and unwise to push into the sea, the only remaining resource is to apply to the Officer in Charge. I am told, at first hand, that there is as much variety in the reasons urged in support of applications as there is in the manner of the applicants. They attempt to melt him with piteous tales of their future in England, to shame him with gruesome pictures of their recent past in France, to hustle him with emergencies or special duties, or to bully him with dark references to unseen powers. I had a list of them from an M.L.O. himself, who was highly suspicious even of me, until he understood that I only wanted one thing in the world, and that was someone interesting to talk to while I waited for the leave boat to sail. Instance after instance he gave me of the low cunning of my species, to all of which, as I ventured to guess, he had proved himself equal. In the circumstances, as he said, this might suggest some hardness of heart on his part, but I readily agreed, was even the first to state, that there was no one in the wide world more anxious to assist our irrepressibles when bent on their hard-earned holiday. But he just couldn't do it. I put it for him that he was but the powerless and insignificant agent of an authority greater than himself.

To that he said "Yes, and No," always, I think, a safe answer. True, he had his duty to perform, and right well he performed it, we agreed. But he had also his powers, his responsibilities—might he say, his scope? Yet, I gathered, there were things which, not being entirely master of himself and his affairs, he could not do. Take my own case, for example. I suggested (very cautiously) that it would require a very much greater authority than himself to give relief to an ordinary person like myself, with no stronger reason to travel by the civilian boat than that my whole financial future and domestic happiness depended upon my doing so. He said nothing to that; I gave him but a very little chance. I said that I knew quite well that he would help me if he could. We were unanimous as to the kindness of his heart. It was because I quite realized that he couldn't that I didn't ask him or think of asking him. Very soon after that we parted, I to sail for England—but not by the leave boat.

Alas! for the weakness of human nature. I am no stronger nor more able to be secretive than Robert, John and the rest of the brethren. I bragged; and now I'm told there is a printed order posted outside that M.L.O.'s office, making it a crime punishable with death for any officer proceeding on leave to converse or attempt to enter into conversation with the M.L.O.

The only other thing I have to mention to you, Charles, upon this subject, is the application of a very earnest young lieutenant, who, I'm sure, would always obey all rules and regulations, both in letter and spirit, with scrupulous regard. His application is worth setting out in full:—"I have the honour to apply for leave to the United Kingdom to get married from January 9th to January 18th inclusive."

Yours ever,
HENRY.

THREE AUGUSTS.

A WAR-TIME DRAMA.

ACT I.

A room in Mary Gray's flat in the West End, August, 1914.

There is a door R., *leading into the hall. There is also a door* L., *but it only leads into a cupboard that* Mary *really needs.*

Marmaduke Beltravers, *a well-dressed man of thirty-five, is standing by a small table pressing his suit (his matrimonial suit, of course), but without success. His bold black eyes are flashing.* Mary's *lovely face (by an ingenious manipulation of the limelight) is quivering.*

Marmaduke Beltravers (hoarsely). I have laid at your feet my hand, my heart and my flourishing business, and thus—thus I am supplanted by that puling saint, George Jeffreys. A-ha!

[*Gnaws his moustache.*

Enter George Jeffreys, *an English gentleman.*

George Jeffreys (furiously). You here? You hound! You blackguard! You . . .

Mary (realising that this is going to be no place for a lady). The butcher—I know his ring. [*Exit by door* R.

G. J. (pointing fiercely to cupboard). Go!

M. B. (going). Bah! You triumph now, but my day will dawn yettah. (*Starts.*) What was that?

Newsboy (outside). War with Germany! War with Germany!

G. J. War? Then I am a pauper.

[*He does not say how, but presumably he knows best.*

M. B. (ceasing to go). My day has dawned *now.*

G. J. How so?

M. B. Your conscience calls you, does it not, to enlist? (George *nods.*) I have no conscience. While you fight I shall continue to press my suit.

G. J. (despairingly to himself). Alas! what chance will that sweet girl have against his dark saturnine beauty and his wealth? (*Aloud, hopefully, as a thought strikes him*) But stay—war with Germany—perhaps you are a pauper also?

M. B. Not I, indeed. I am a maker of munitions. A-ha!

[*Twirls his moustache.*

G. J. (losing his temper). Cur!

[*Exit, to enlist, into cupboard. Before he has time to realise his mistake the curtain falls.*

ACT II.

Hyde Park, August, 1915.

A dozen energetic supers, by being extremely glad to see one another very many times, are creating the illusion of a gay and fashionable throng. Enter Marmaduke Beltravers *with* Mary. *She is distraite.*

M. B. (in full hearing of fashionable throng). Darling, I have waited patiently for you. Say that you will marry me now.

Mary. Marmaduke, you are rich, you are beautiful and you are kind to me in your rather wicked way. But, alas! I cannot forget the noble figure of George—my George. [*She sobs.*

Enter George Jeffreys, *in the uniform of a private.*

G. J. Mary!

M. B. (intervening jauntily). Well, my man?

G. J. (his vocabulary strengthened by Army life). You dash blank blighter! You ruddy plague-spot!

Mary (gazing at him with horror). Oh, George, those—clothes—don't—fit! [*Sobs heartbrokenly.*

M. B. (striking while the iron is hot). Mary, you shall choose between us, here and now.

G. J. (yearningly). Mary, with you to cheer me on I will win the V.C. I swear it. My beloved, come with me; there will be a separation allowance.

Mary (shuddering). Not in those trousers. I—can't.

[*She swoons in* Marmaduke's *arms.* George *raises his fist to strike* Marmaduke. *Enter* Sergeant Tompkins.

Sergt. T. 'Ere, none o' that. Private Jeffreys, 'SHUN! Right—TURN! About—TURN! Left—TURN! Quick—MARCH!

[*Exit* George *to win V.C.*

CURTAIN.

ACT III.

Marmaduke's *Mansion in Park Lane, August,* 1916.

[*Enter* Mary Beltravers (*née* Gray), *unhappy.*

Mary. My little dog—my only friend—I cannot find him. (*She rummages absently among the papers on her husband's desk. Suddenly she snatches up a document, reads it through and clutches at her throat.*) My husband—a German ser-py! (*She turns savagely on* Marmaduke, *who has just entered.*) So this—this is the source of our wealth! Your munitions arm our enemies. You play the German game.

M. B. (simply). I do. I have a birth qualification.

Mary (wildly). But I'll thwart you; I'll denounce you (*seizes telephone*). You shall rue the day you married a true daughter of England.

M. B. (with sinister significance). Remember, Mary, "to love, honour and OBEY." Put down that instrument.

[*With a gesture of despair she lets the receiver fall, thus driving the girl at the exchange nearly frantic. Suddenly the door is thrown open. Enter* Captain George Jeffreys *with* Sergeant-Major Tompkins *and squad of soldiers.*

G. J. Marmaduke Beltravers, *né* Heinrich Hoggenheimer, the game is up. (Marmaduke *dashes to the window. The dozen supers outside raise a howl of execration mingled with cries of "Lynch the spy!")* You see, there is no way of escape.

M. B. (drawing revolver). You shall not long enjoy your triumph. I have but one cartridge, but perchance it will be enough for you.

[*Pulls trigger, but finds action rather stiff.*

G. J. Look out, Mary! These things are rather tricky in inexperienced hands.

[Marmaduke *succeeds in pulling trigger. There is a violent explosion and a large hole appears in* George's *breeches.*

G. J. (calmly to the baffled Marmaduke). Bad luck! That's my cork one. I lost the original when I got this.

[*Touches V.C. pinned on his breast.*

M. B. (annoyed). Curse, and curse again!

[*Gnawing his moustache he falls in with squad.*

Sergt.-Major T. Prisoner and escort, 'SHUN! Stand at—EASE. 'SHUN. Move to the right in fours. Form—FOURS. RIGHT. By the left, quick—MARCH.

[*Exeunt, leaving* Mary *in* George's *arms. The howls of execration redouble. Then there is a tense silence, broken by the sound of a volley.*

George. Mary, my own! At last!

Mary. My hero.

CURTAIN.

SEASONABLE NOVELTIES.

THE enterprise of the London and North-Western Railway officials, in designing a button to obviate delays at the gate caused by the new show-your-season order, has (we understand) spurred other lines to a similar ingenuity. Below are some of the latest novelties in ticket-substitutes.

THE POM-POM.—May be worn in any variety of hat. Very suitable for short travellers. A simple inclination of the head permits verification by the inspector. Made in two shades—dark green, covering any distance up to twenty-five miles of town, or red (as worn by anarchists and the staff of the L. & S.W.R.), covering a journey up to fifty miles.

UMBRELLA AND STICK TOPS, unscrewable, faced with plate-glass, permitting the insertion of a ticket, and its easy verification on being thrust under the nose of an official. Special quality



REAL PROBLEMS AT THE FRONT.

First C.O. "I TELL YOU WHAT. FIND ME A MAN WHO CAN COOK CUTLETS DECENTLY, AND YOU SHALL HAVE OUR SECOND-BEST PIERROT."

fitted with small electric bulb for evening wear.

For those who desire a really striking and chic novelty, that up-to-date line, the Great Eccentric, is reported to have engaged a staff of expert tattoo artists, who will puncture the date and designation of the pass upon the left cheek of the holder. Being not only elegant in design but practically irremovable, these markings will form a permanent and increasingly interesting memento of the Great War. Price according to distance and lettering.

Tactless.

"THANKSGIVING SERVICE on Sunday, February 18th, Canon ——'s last day as Vicar of ——."—*Midland Paper.*

Another Glimpse of the Obvious.

"There is very general agreement in banking circles in the City as to the satisfactory character of the response which has already been made to the new War Loan, but good though it has been, the total must still be small compared with the need, and must fall infinitely short of the figure aimed at, which, of course, is unlimited."—*Sunday Times.*

THE SMILE OF VICTORY.

[According to Reuter's Washington Correspondent, women suffragists have of late regularly picketed the White House. When President WILSON appears "they deploy so that he cannot fail to see their banners. The President smiles broadly and passes on."]

THOUGH LODGE in the Senate makes critical speeches
And ROOSEVELT belligerent heresy preaches,
Though Suffragist pickets keep guard at its portals—
Undismayed and unshaken the PRESIDENT chortles.

He "smiles" at them "broadly" and then hurries off
To type a new Note, or perhaps to play golf;
And, while studying closely his putts, to explore
The obscurity shrouding the roots of the War.

To cope with emergency once in a way
Is nothing to facing it every day;
And that's where the PRESIDENT's greatness is seen,
He's consistently cheerful and calm and serene.

O happy idealist! Others may weep
At the crimes and the horrors that murder their sleep;
You've two perfect specifics your cares to beguile—
An oracular phrase, an implacable smile.

"A fourth headmaster wanted to know 'who would liev at Yorb when he could live at Bournemouth?'"—*Morning Paper.*

The answer is "Because there's a 'b' in both.

"Terrible as this war has been, Mr. Hodge sees that if it had not come Great Britain's imagination. As the hypnotised goat is fate would have been miserable beyond swallowed by the boat-constrictor, so Great Britain would have been absorbed by Germany."
Evening Paper.

With a little rearrangement we can gather the general drift of the paragraph. But "boat-constrictor" puzzles us. Is it a new kind of submarine?



OUR LAND-WORKERS.

Mabel (discussing a turn for the village Red Cross Concert). "WHAT ABOUT GETTING OURSELVES UP AS GIRLS?"
Ethel. "YES—BUT HAVE WE THE CLOTHES FOR IT?"

THE INFANTRYMAN.

THE gunner rides on horseback, he lives in luxury,
The sapper has his dug-out as cushy as can be,
The flying man 's a sportsman, but his home 's a long way back,
In painted tent or straw-spread barn or cosy little shack;
Gunner and sapper and flying man (and each to his job, say I)
Have tickled the Hun with mine or gun or bombed him from on high,
But the quiet work, and the dirty work, since ever the War began
Is the work that never shows at all, the work of the infantryman.

The guns can pound the villages and smash the trenches in,
And the Hun is fain for home again when the T.M.B.'s begin,
And the Vickers gun is a useful one to sweep a parapet,
But the real work is the work that 's done with bomb and bayonet.
Load him down from heel to crown with tools and grub and kit,
He 's always there where the fighting is—he 's there unless he 's hit;
Over the mud and the blasted earth he goes where the living can;
He 's in at the death while he yet has breath, the British infantryman!

Trudge and slip on the shell-hole's lip, and fall in the clinging mire—
Steady in front, go steady! Close up there! Mind the wire!
Double behind where the pathways wind! Jump clear of the ditch, jump clear!
Lost touch at the back? Oh, halt in front! and duck when the shells come near!
Carrying parties all night long, all day in a muddy trench,
With your feet in the wet and your head in the rain and the sodden khaki's stench!
Then over the top in the morning, and onward all you can—
This is the work that wins the War, the work of the infantryman.

Where is the Censor?

"A woman has been fined £10 for chipping lyddite out of a shell which had been over-filled by means of a screwdriver."
Evening Paper.

We protest against our newspapers being allowed to inform the enemy in this way of our methods of filling shells.



A DEAD FROST.

PRESIDENT PYGMALION WILSON. "THE DURNED THING WON'T COME TO LIFE!"



"I SAY, SOMEONE'S STOLEN MY CAR!"
"DEAR ME! IT WAS A NEW ONE, WASN'T IT?"
"YES. BUT I DON'T MIND THE CAR; THERE WAS A TIN OF PETROL IN THE BACK."

OUR NEW ARMY OF WOMEN.

From Adjutant to O.C. A Company.

Your return of trained Bombers not yet to hand. Please expedite.

(Did you see O.C. B Company's hat at church parade last Sunday? Isn't it positively the outside edge?)

ELIZABETH TUDOR JONES,
Mrs. and Adjutant.

Second-Lieut. Darling to Adjutant.

I should be obliged if I could have leave from next Tuesday, as otherwise I shall not be able to attend the sales, and my Sam Browne is quite the dowdiest in the whole battalion.

JOAN DARLING,
Second-Lieut.

O.C. Signallers to Quartermaster.

Lance-Corporal Flapper of this section has been charged for bottle, scent, one. In view of the fact that this N.C.O. has not been supplied with bottle since joining this unit I take it that such will be a free issue.

EMMA PIPP,
Lieut.

O.C. A Company to Quartermaster.

Please note fact that the boots, khaki suède uppers, pair, one, issued yesterday to 21537 Private B. Prig, are not supplied with regulation Louis-Quinze heels. The boots are therefore herewith returned.

BOADICEA BLUNT.
Capt. O.C. A Coy.

From O.C. B Company to O.C. D Company.

Herewith A. F. 26511, with cheque for pay of 2773, Private O. Jones, B Company, attached D Company, for your attention and necessary action, please.

(Have you heard the absolutely latest? The Major is engaged, and she has asked O.C. C Company and the Quartermaster to be bridesmaids! Not that *I* wanted to take it on. But think of poor dear O.C. C! *Won't* she look too-too? MILDRED NORTON,
Capt. O.C. B Coy.

From Adjutant to Lieut. S. O. Marshall.

Please note that you are detailed as a member of a Board of Survey, which assembles at these Headquarters on January 31st for the purpose of inquiring into the circumstances whereby box, powder, face, one, on charge of this unit, became used up suddenly. The Quartermaster will arrange for the necessary witnesses to attend, and the proceedings will be forwarded to the Adjutant in triplicate.

Our Military Experts.

"The invasion of Switzerland . . . if accomplished rapidly and with luck, would involve a threat to the French left and to the communications with Italy."
Pall Mall Gazette.

Our own Military Expert is of opinion that the invasion of Holland would in very much the same way threaten the British right and our communications with Scotland.

"The use of barkless dogs, songless cats and whispering parrots is advocated in Philadelphia, following on recent announcements from the battlefields of Europe that 'brayless' mules have been perfected for trench and other battle-front labours by a simple operation on the nostrils and the nerves affecting the vocal cords."—*Daily Paper.*

Why not speechless Presidents?

NURSERY RHYMES OF LONDON TOWN.

(SECOND SERIES.)

XVI.

MARYLEBONE.

Mary Lebone
She gets no meat,
She never has anything
Nice to eat;
A supper fit
For a dog alone
Is all the fare
Of poor Mary Lebone.
She squats by the corner
Of Baker Street
And snuffs the air
So spicy and sweet
When the Bakers are baking
Their puddings and pies,
Their buns and their biscuits
And Banburies—
A tart for Jocelyn
A cake for Joan,
And nothing at all
For poor Mary Lebone!

XVII.

SCOTLAND YARD.

"How long 's the Yard in Scotlar d?
Tell me that now, Mother."
"Six-and-thirty inches, Daughter,
Just like any other."
"O isn't it thirty-five, Mother?"
"No more than thirty-seven."
"Then the bonny lad that sold me plaid
Will never get to heaven."

EDWARD.

Edward has red hair, a robust appearance, and a free-and-easy way with him. His free-and-easy way shows itself chiefly in his habit of smiling upon and waving his hand to all those whom he encounters on his daily walks. He is talkative at times, but his vocabulary is limited. In my opinion it is limited to one word, though his mother can distinguish several words, or says so. She must have a very much keener ear than I have—or a less rigid regard for the truth.

You will have guessed that Edward is under military age. To be exact, it is thirteen months since he first saw the light in this troubled world. Not that the world is a troubled one to Edward; on the contrary.

Edward takes his daily walks in his perambulator upon the sea-front of his native town. His free-and-easy way has secured him a large circle of acquaintance there. Elderly gentlemen stop and speak to him, which he likes, so long as they do not pat his cheek, a habit far too prevalent among elderly gentlemen. Mothers of other babies are loud in his praises, though in their hearts they are probably comparing him unfavourably with their own offspring. Altogether Edward has a cheery life.

Upon a certain day Edward fell in with a very little man—so little, indeed, that most people would have called him a dwarf. He was walking in the same direction as Edward, and overtaking him, and Edward waved his hand and smiled and waved again.

For a while the little man ignored these overtures. But at length he felt obliged to return them, and remarked to Kate, who propels the perambulator, "Seems friendly like;" to which Kate replied, "Oh, he always waves to everyone."

Now the majority of people would have been rather repelled by that remark. For myself I may say that, though Edward always smiles when we meet, I do not greatly value it because I know he smiles in the same way upon everyone else.

But it was not so with the little man. To be classed with "everyone," to be placed by Edward on an equality with the strong and graceful, sent a warm glow to his heart.

So Edward, in his free-and-easy fashion, had, like the boy-scouts, done one good deed that day.



Passenger. "I HEAR THEY 'RE THINKING OF ELECTRIFYING THIS PART OF THE LINE."
Porter. "AY; THEY 'RE ALLUS UP TO SOME DAFT GAME. THEY 'LL BE ELECTRIFYING *US* NEXT."

"The system of women and girls acting as field labourers, ploughing and shepherding, etc., in itself produces a rough state of society."—*Country Life.*

However this roughness is to be corrected, as we see by the following:—

"ARRANGEMENTS FOR TO-DAY.

Class in Elementary Polish begins, King's College, 6."—*The Times.*

Splendid! These colleges think of everything.

OUR CORRESPONDENCE COLLEGE.

So much good has notoriously been done during the great conflict by letters to the Press that Mr. Punch, recognising the importance of having this branch of War-work taught to the young, has engaged a gentleman of ample leisure and few responsibilities, who hides behind the *nom de guerre* "Paterfamilias," to deliver a series of instructive lectures on the subject. By the time the student has absorbed a complete course he will be qualified to write to the papers on any topic, and to adopt every tone from the pleading and querulous to the indignant and hectoring. From this can follow nothing less than the complete rout of the Germans.

SYLLABUS OF LECTURES.

I.—A World in Darkness.

The world before newspapers—Unbearable thought—No Street and no Man in it—Unfortunate position of great Generals of history, ALEXANDER, HANNIBAL, CÆSAR, etc., in lacking support or criticism by military experts—Their fatal ignorance of public opinion—Serious handicaps in the past—LEONIDAS never seen at lunch by Mr. Gossip—ALCIBIADES never stimulated by attacks in Athens journals—No brainy onlooker at defeat of Armada.

II.—The Growth of the Press.

The birth of a happier era—The first English newspaper—Rapid development of the new arm—A nation made articulate—Unfortunate quietistic tendencies: ADDISON, STEELE, JOHNSON—Foreshadowings of the real thing—Arrival of the real thing—The Fourth Estate—The Tenth Muse—The Editor as Dictator—The Millennium.

III.—The Vigilant Correspondent.

The Council of Ten and the Lion's Mouth—Importance of attending to other people's affairs—True citizenship the improvement of one's neighbours—Neglect of one's own character a national virtue—Brief sketch of Paul Pry—Brief sketch of Meddlesome Matty—Keepers of the public conscience—Human alarm-clocks—Samples of reforms delayed by absence of letters to the Press—The circulation of the blood—The law of gravity—The movement of the solar system—Value of iteration and undauntability.

IV.—Range of Subject.

Every stick useful in beating dogs—Nothing too trivial to yoke with such words as "scandal" and "outrage"—Suspicion and mistrust the letter-writer's life-blood—Necessity for believing everyone in office negligent or corrupt—Reasons why it is better to write to the papers than to the individual—The sacredness of publicity—Importance also of victim seeing the indictment—Value of *Who's Who?*—Postal rates for newspapers.



THE FOOD CONTROLLER ADDS A NEW TERROR TO MATRIMONY.

V.—Signatures.

Real names and pseudonyms—Cases where real names are best—Cases where pseudonyms are best—Danger of giving both name and address—The Knobkerry—The Dog-Whip—The Art of Self-Defence—The Law Directory—Choice of pseudonyms—Latin *v.* English—An Advantage of "One Who Knows" over "Audi Alteram Partem"—"Scrutator" better than "Spectator ab extra"—"One who is doing his bit" better than "Junius"—Reasons for "War-Winner" being the best at present moment.

VI.—Model Letter with Remarks.

At the present moment no type of letter is more effective than the following:—

SIR,—Could anything be more deplorable than the spectacle, which every hour of the day and night affords, of young and vigorous men made up to look like grandfathers. I am told that the theatrical costumiers and perruquiers are worn to a shadow by the overwork which these contemptible shirkers have subjected them to, and I call on you to use your powerful influence to stop it. I am credibly informed that if a courageous investigator visiting those funkholes, the clubs of London, were to snatch at the bald scalps so much in evidence there, he would in nine cases out of ten find that they came away in his hand, revealing the chevelure of the youthful and fit but craven. At any rate the experiment should be tried. I shall, of course, be told that the Tribunals are active and vigilant and their net so tightly drawn that no one can get through; but we all know what bunglers the English authorities are, whether at the War Office or elsewhere. It is only in newspaper offices that true efficiency can be found. I enclose my card and am, Yours faithfully,

"WAR-WINNER."

Analysis of above—Reasons for thinking it perfect—Importance of compliment to editors—Estimate of its probable result.

Extremes.

"He spent 233 years in the 6th Dragoon Guards (Carbineers) and commanded that famous regiment in the Boer War."
Evening Telegraph (Dundee).

"Sergeant ——, who is 2 years of age, is married, and has two children."—*Same Paper, same date.*

"Mr. S. J. Rodrigo, Vidane Aratchy of Kotahena, who was bitten by a made bog on Sunday, left for Coonoor last evening by the Talaimannar train for treatment."
Ceylon Independent.

But why make bogs if they are so dangerous?

From a shoemaker's advertisement:
"ROUGH BOYS WELL LEATHERED."
High River Times (Alberta, Canada).

The good old slipper has not outlived its usefulness.

"To all anonymous correspondents who have recently written to me I have the honour to reply that they are all blackguards."
Advt. in Ceylon Paper.

Though we ourselves should have waived this honour we are in full sympathy with the writer.



"OH! DO WEAR YOUR KHAKI TIE, DAD, OR ELSE NO ONE WILL KNOW YOU 'RE A SOLDIER."

TRAVEL WITHOUT TRAINS.

(*Suggested by some recent remarks in "The Observer" on eccentric place names.*)

Now that the rise in railway fares
(At which no patriot cavils)
Has chained us elders to our chairs
And circumscribed our travels,
I love to play the festive game
Of astral gravitation
To any neighbourhood whose name
Is fraught with fascination.

I've never sampled in the flesh
The varied charms of Bootle,
But mentally I find them fresh
And redolent of footle;
And, though my steps to that resort
I never up till now bent,
Imagination can transport
My spirit into Chowbent.

Always alert upon the track
Of rich and strange emotion,
To Pudsey and to Wibsey Slack
I pay my fond devotion;
My heart is in the Highlands oft,
Though age its glow enfeebles,
And soars triumphantly aloft
At the mere sound of Peebles.

The nightingale in leafy June,
I own, divinely warbles,
But equal magic fills the tune-
ful name of Scotia's Gorbals;
And if you ever should desire
A subject to wax funny on,
What theme more fitly can inspire
The Muse than Ballybunnion?

Some places on my astral rounds
I'm strong upon tabooing,
On anti-alcoholic grounds
Grogport and Rum eschewing;
But no such painful stigma robs
Proud Potto of its lustre,
Or rules out Crank and Sneeth and Stobs,
A memorable cluster.

The pictures rising in my brain
Are strange; sometimes I muddle 'em,
Confounding Plock with Plodder Lane,
Titley with Tillietudlem;
In short, it's not a game of skill,
Else I should scarce essay it;
But it is harmless, costs me *nil*,
And nobody need play it.

The plan is simple; choose a spot,
Then focus with decision
Your thoughts upon it till you've got
A clear-cut mental vision;
And though from fact it widely errs,
Remember in conclusion
Only the man of prose prefers
Eyewitness to illusion.

From the Back of the Front.

Extract from a soldier's letter:—

"DEAR MOTHER,—I am thoroughly run down, and have grown so thin that when I get a pain in my middle I cannot tell whether it is a backache or a stomachache."

"The choristers and I.C.U. enlivened each station along the route by rending sacred songs and solos as The Kano Express drew in."
Lagos Weekly Record.

"That's torn it," said the conductor.

"Britons never shall be slaves if they will only remember the solemn warning of the author of the words—'To thine own self be true, and then thou canst be false to any man.'"—*Letter in Scotch Paper.*

One recognises the note of liberty, but we fear the writer must have got hold of a German edition of "Unser Shakspeare."

THE HARDSHIPS OF BILLETS.

As Jim and me lies in hospital gettin' better from our wounds we talks over what we 've been through in this War.

There was the time when we was billeted with Mrs. Dawkins, just before we went to the Front, which dwells in our memories. When the billetin' orficer introduced us into her kitchen Mrs. Dawkins went down on the bricks and prayed she might do her duty by the two noble defenders of her country—she meant me and Jim—who the Lord had pleased to deliver into her care. Then she begun unlacin' Jim's boots. In a minute Mr. Dawkins come in; he said we was hearty welcome, and was just goin' to shake 'ands with us when Mrs. Dawkins turned on 'im and asked 'im what he meant by standin' there like a gawk and not unlacin' mine. Jim and me was very uncomfortable.

Then some little Dawkinses come in, Susan, Sammy, Billy and Elfreda, and was told by Mrs. Dawkins to pay their respecks to us, and do it proper or she 'd know the reason why. Sammy saluted left-'anded and she cuffed him unmerciful. Jim and me begun to feel regler low-spirited.

After that she set out the tea. It was as butiful a tea as we could wish for, cakes and jam, and bloater-paste and sardines, and bein' hungry after a long march we cheered up and looked forward to enjoyin' it. As was correck Jim 'anded all the dishes to Mrs. Dawkins first, but she said, "No, thank you, such things are for the defenders of the country, and it is our duty to provide them, but bread-and-dripping is good enough for me and Mr. Dawkins and the children."

Susan, Sammy, Billy and Elfreda all begun to cry, and their father sat lookin' at 'em, the picture of misery. It clean took away our appetites. She piled our plates with jam and sardines, but we couldn't swaller a mouthful with them poor kids sobbin' all round the table. We was thankful they was put to bed before supper. Mrs. Dawkins fried potaters and sausages and set 'em down in front of me and Jim, with a jug of porter, and she and Dawkins and a young man lodger sat at the other end, behind half a Dutch cheese and some water. All the meals was the same.

There was only three rooms upstairs, and Jim and me couldn't make out how it was we had a bedroom apiece till we come across the lodger sleepin' on the kitchen table, Dawkins on the mangle and Sammy in one of the dresser drawers. Then we asked to be allowed to sleep together, with the lodger to one side; but Mrs. Dawkins said, "I thank the Lord we 're blessed with two good beds in our house, and as long as I have two defenders of the country in my care I should like to catch anyone belonging to me getting into either of their beds. If we 're all getting wore out for want of sleep we can't help ourselves, we 're doing our duty."

Then she asked Jim if he was warm enough nights, and before he 'd time to think he 'd blurted out he wasn't quite. That evening she come down shiverin' to supper in her petticut, and said what did it matter her catchin' her death of cold if them she had in her care slept warm and comfortable under her meriner skirt. We felt downright brutes.

But what hurt us most was the way them kids took against us. Me and Jim is fond of kids, and we wanted to make friends and play with 'em, but it weren't no good. They was always puttin' their tongues out at us when Mrs. Dawkins' back was turned and talkin' loud to one another: "I say, Sammy, I 'ates soldiers, don't you? Soldiers is greedy; poor little children don't have nothink where soldiers is. Daddy 'ates soldiers too. He says his 'ome is a 'ell since the soldiers come. 'Ere they are walkin' down the street. Quick, Billy! Mother ain't lookin'; turn yer nose up at 'em same as me."

To make up for her kindness to us Jim and me tried to do little odd jobs about the house for Mrs. Dawkins, but somehow it all turned to wormwood. We slipped out early one Sunday mornin' and begun siftin' the cinders in the backyard, but she caught sight of us and 'ollered so at Dawkins she woke up all the neighbours: "How can you lay there snorin', you great lazy good-for-nothing, and look on while the defenders of your country is wearin' themselves out siftin' your cinders?"

Dawkins tumbled off the mangle, thinkin' it was a fire, and he swore terrible at me and Jim.

The young man lodger took against us too. When his washin' was on the line we couldn't help noticin' he was very bad off for underclothes, and Jim and me, havin' more shirts and socks that kind ladies had give us than we knowed how to wear, we took the liberty of wrappin' three of each in paper with a label, "Hopin' no offence," and puttin' it in the chicken-'ouse where he was in the habit of doin' his hair. We was pleased to notice next day he had got one of the shirts on. Of course we made no remark; no more did he. But at supper-time Mrs. Dawkins caught sight of his cuffs. She took the poor feller by the collar and we was afraid she would have shook the life out of him.

"You thievin' rascal!" she said. "To think I should 'arbour in my house a man as ain't ashamed to rob the defenders of his country of the shirts off their backs!" Then she begun callin' for the police.

Jim and me tried to explain, but it weren't no use. The first chance he had the young man lodger got out through the door. He come back in half a minute with his feet bare and his weskit all anyhow. The shirts and socks was under his arm.

"Damn you and yer clothes!" he said, and flung 'em at me and Jim. It were very disheartenin'.

When it come to leavin' we felt we ought to show our gratitude for the treatment we had received by makin' Mrs. Dawkins a little present. Bein' of an uncommon disposition it were difficult to choose what would please her. I were in favour of a pink shawl; but Jim didn't seem to fancy givin' anybody any more clothes. In the end we chose a pair of earrings.

Directly we give 'em to her we saw we 'd done wrong. She turned on Dawkins like a hyener. "'Ave I done my duty and starved us all to death and given them two the best in the house and slept cold every night to be paid in gewgaws?" she said. "Didn't I do it willin', and wouldn't I do it agen? and are you a man or a cur that you stand there expectin' me to put them things into my ears instead of behind the fire?" In another minute the earrings was melted. It were some consolation to me and Jim that she didn't refuse to shake 'ands with us when we come away; but Dawkins did, and so did the young man lodger, and all the little Dawkinses spit at us. We never have been able to make out who were to blame. We thinks sometimes it were Mrs. Dawkins.

How it strikes the Hyphenated.

An extract from *Los Angeles Germania*, which describes itself as "An American newspaper printed in the German and American languages":—

"At last the mask is removed from the hypocritical face of England. The cloven hoof of British insolence has struck square into the face of Uncle Sam."

Holders of the old War Loan who are not yet converted to conversion may be led to a decision by the discovery that "BONAR LAW" spells "War Loan 'B.'"

"LADY SECRETARY. For small Nurses' Home where nurses do not sleep."
Women's Employment.

Applicants should beware, as insomnia is very catching.



Sergeant. "KEEP YER POINT UP LIKE YER DOIN' NOW, CAN'T YER? YOU WON'T NEVER GET YER MAN IF YER DON'T KEEP YER POINT UP. HAVE YER NEVER DONE NO BAYONET PRACTICE BEFORE?"

Private (just out of hospital, very bored). "I'VE DONE THIS 'ERE TO THE BLOOMIN' BOSCHES, I 'AVE."

Sergeant. "OH, YOU 'AVE, 'AVE YOU? NO WONDER THE WAR'S LASTED TWO AND A-'ALF YEARS."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Do you remember a clever, gloomy story that Mr. HUGH WALPOLE wrote, some years ago, about a pack of schoolmasters who got so monstrously upon one another's nerves that the result was attempted murder? I have just been reading a new story that may be regarded as the female counterpart of the same tragedy. *Regiment of Women* (HEINEMANN) is described as a first novel; and there are indeed signs of this in a certain verbosity and diffuseness of attack. But it is at least equally clear that the writer, CLEMENCE DANE, has the root of the matter in her. As in the book with which I have compared it, the setting of this is scholastic—a girls' school here, with all its restricted outlook, its small intrigues, and exaggerated friendships, mercilessly exposed. You will be willing to admit that it is at least aptly named when I tell you that not till page 135 does so much as the shadow of a man appear, and then but fleetingly as the father of the poor child, *Louise*, the tragedy of whose death is the central incident of the book. Naturally it can be nothing else than a painful story; in particular the figure of *Clare*, the adored teacher, whose cruel egoistical friendship, with its alternations of encouragement and brutality, first drives *Louise* to suicide, and all but wrecks the life of the young assistant-mistress, *Alwynne*, has in it something coldly sinister that haunts the memory. But of its power there can be no question. On one small point of psychology I am at issue with the writer. I doubt whether the child *Louise* could have played *Arthur* in the school theatricals so marvellously as we are asked to believe without cheering herself, by such an artistic success, out of the temptation to suicide. But the ways of morbidity are unsearchable, and this is no more than an expression of individual opinion. It is not meant to qualify my admiration for the skill of this remarkable and arresting story.

If the long postponement of the appearance of another novel—*Vesprie Towers* (SMITH, ELDER)—by the late Mr. THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON, means (I am careful not to say it does) that the author never intended it to see the light of day, honesty obliges one to admit that there may have been wisdom in that decision, for the story of *Violet Vesprie*, though touched with a certain charm and distinction, sadly lacks the imaginative intensity of *Aylwin*. The plot is commonplace, being the familiar record of how the country seat of a once illustrious family nearly, but of course not quite, passed into the hands of strangers when the last of the race came to poverty. Even the inevitable flight to London is not spared us or the heroine, and it is really only when the writer tires of his attempted conventionality that he comes more nearly to his own. The return of *Violet* to her old home, for instance, is most fortunate in its failure to follow the rules, that attractive young lady being quite content to be whisked back in the turning of a page from destitution in Lambeth to the place she loves, without knowing or caring at all how the miracle has been wrought; while we, reader and author alike, equally in the dark, are too happy to have her home to worry about it either, preferring to wander with her through the dear old rooms and let explanations go hang. Anyhow, perhaps

one can forgive a certain amount of looseness in a story that holds such pleasant things as a family rainbow, an "osier ait" and a sailor-poet worshipping from afar. And indeed, though far from brilliant, the book is really rather lovable.

In *The Leatherwood God* (JENKINS) Mr. W. D. HOWELLS has written a powerful and very interesting study of an unusual theme. Religious mania, and those queer manifestations of it that hover uncertainly between fraud and hysteria, have always provided a subject of attraction for the curious. Mr. HOWELLS sets his romance in the early days of the last century, at the backwoods settlement of *Leatherwood*, where the community of the faithful are perturbed by the arrival amongst them of a stranger, one *Dylks*, who claims divine origin and the power to work miracles. Actually, this *Dylks* was about as bad a hat as any made. He had deserted his legal wife, *Nancy*, and allowed her, in supposed widowhood, to marry a *de facto* husband whom she adored. So you will see that the turning up again of Number One, unrecognised and surrounded by the trappings of godhead and the adoration of the Elect, creates for *Nancy* a very pretty and absorbing problem in social ethics. But Mr. HOWELLS has done more than this. Having shown *Dylks* as the arch-villain and impostor that he is, he proceeds to the subtler task of enlisting our sympathy for him. It is this that gives the story its higher quality. The horror of the poor wretch's position, driven on by his own words, almost, in time, coming himself to a kind of belief in them, haunted always by the increasing demands of his dupes, is most powerfully portrayed. So much so that in the end we hear of his death (by suicide or accident) with an emotion of relief and pity that is a real tribute to his creator. *The Leatherwood God* is not a long story, but for concentrated power it deserves to be classed amongst the outstanding work of the season.

I should call Mrs. VICTOR RICKARD a bold plotter—of course in a strictly literary sense. It must at this moment have required some courage to make your hero an agent of the British Secret Service. And having done this she certainly shirks none of the unpleasant possibilities of the situation so created. In the interest of his profession, and for no reward save the service of his country, *Marcus Janover* is called upon to sacrifice love, friendship, even his personal honour. Just how all this comes about I leave you to discover by *The Light above the Cross Roads* (DUCKWORTH). It is a powerful and highly original story that has the distinction of breaking entirely new ground in war-novels. The scenes of it, laid partly in Ireland, partly in Berlin, or behind the German lines, are themselves guarantees of the unusual. One slight criticism that I have to make rises from the question whether so expert an "agent" as *Marcus* would really employ blot-producing ink for his map tracery when, on his own confession, he might have used pencil. But if the blots had not been there the Prussians (oddly obtuse as to the real meaning of *Marcus's* presence amongst them) would never have arrested *Ursule*, and thus provided a dramatic and unhackneyed situation. There is a gravity and distinction, moreover, about the tale that somehow reminds me of the late Monsignor BENSON. It is undoubtedly a story that should be read.

I am rather puzzled what to say about the *The Grey Shepherd* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON), because it is essentially a story that will appeal very differently to readers of different temperaments. Some people will say, "How beautiful!" Others perhaps, "How precious!" and both with a certain truth. For my own part, I should select a middle course, and say that Mrs. J. E. BUCKROSE has had a wholly admirable idea for a short story, which she has done her best to spoil by enlarging it to book dimensions, and a little over-sweetening it. There is real delicacy and beauty in her theme. The youth forced by partial blindness to give up all the hopes for which he had been educated, who becomes a shepherd, solacing himself with his pipe (musical) and the simplicities of country lore for the loss of love and ambition; and eventually, after his death, is deified by rustic tradition into a supernatural helper of "all things that are kind"—here is an idea for the tenderest handling. My feeling is, while giving Mrs. BUCKROSE every credit for such an inspiration, that she should have been a little sterner with herself over the treatment, and thus avoided a certain stickiness that may irritate those who prefer the simplicity of nature to a not quite sufficiently concealed art. But, as I began by saying, it all depends on the individual palate; and, anyhow, the book has the historic excuse of being a very little one, which you can read, with pleasure or irritation, within the hour.



THE DOUCEUR.

If you should chance to hanker for a change from novels in which the hero and heroine dally over-long in falling in love you will get it by reading *The Fur-Bringers* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON). No time is wasted upon preliminaries, not a minute; and as soon as *Ambrose Deane* and *Colina Gaviller* have met and discovered at sight that they are just made for each other the really exciting part of the story begins. I forget how many times *Ambrose* is arrested during the course of the tale, but I do know that things keep on happening all the time, and that the rescue of the hero by the Indian girl *Nesis* is delightfully told. Altogether Mr. HULBERT FOOTNER's picture of the life of a trader in Athabasca is particularly attractive. I like it all, including the cover.

"At Leicester Assizes Levi Durance, aged thirty-four, a discharged soldier, was sentenced to ten months' imprisonment for bigamy."
Pall Mall Gazette.

A proper verdict this, that for a while
Turns LEVI DURANCE into durance vile.

CHARIVARIA.

To celebrate his birthday, the KAISER arranged a theatrical performance, entitled *The German Blacksmith*, of which he was part author. It is not yet known in what way his people had offended him.

* * *

It is feared that we have sadly misjudged Greece. They have saluted the Entente flags, and it is rumoured that KING CONSTANTINE is even prepared to put out his tongue at the KAISER.

* * *

Chancellor BETHMANN-HOLLWEG has been accused by the Junker Press of selling his countrymen to the Allies. But, to judge from the latest German Note to America, the fact appears to be that he has simply given them away.

* * *

As the result of the cold snap, wild boars have made their appearance in Northern France. Numbers have already been killed, and it is reported that the KAISER has agreed with an American syndicate to be filmed in the *rôle* of their destroyer, the proceeds to be devoted to the furtherance of the league to enforce peace.

* * *

Many German soldiers have, according to the Hamburg *Fremdenblatt*, received slips of pasteboard inscribed, "Soldiers of the Fatherland, fight on!" It is rumoured that several of the soldiers have written across the cards, "Fight on what?"

* * *

After the 22nd of February, all enemy aliens engaged in business in this country will be obliged to trade in their own names. With a few honourable exceptions, like the great Frankfurt house of Wurst, our alien business men have sedulously concealed their identity.

* * *

The patriotic Coroner for East Essex, who has erected a pig-sty in the middle of his choice rose-garden, informs us that Frau Karl Druschki has already thrown out some nice strong suckers.

* * *

"Cheddar cheese," says a news item, "is 1*s.* 6*d.* a pound in Norwich." But what the public are clamouring to know is the price of Wensleydale cheese in Ilfracombe.

* * *

The American gentleman who caused so much commotion in a London hotel, the other day, by his impatience at dinner must, after all, be excused. It appears the poor fellow was anxious to get through with his meal before a new Government department commandeered the place.

* * *

The SPEAKER'S Electoral Reform Committee recommends that Candidates' expenses shall not exceed 4*d.* per elector in three-member boroughs, and several political agents have written to point out that it cannot possibly be done in view of the recent increase in the price of beer.

* * *

The Shirley Park (Croydon) Golf Club has decided to reduce the course from 18 holes to 9; but a suggestion that the half-course thus saved should be added to the Club luncheon has met with an emphatic refusal from the FOOD CONTROLLER.

* * *

A farmer in the Weald of Kent is offering 13*s.* 6*d.* a week, board and lodging not provided, to a horseman willing to work fifteen hours a day. It is understood that this insidious attempt to popularise agriculture at the expense of the army has been the subject of a heated interchange of letters between the War Office and the Board of Agriculture.

* * *

"The warmest places in England yesterday," says *The Pall Mall Gazette*, "were Scotland and the South-West of England." We have got into trouble before now with our Caledonian purists for speaking of Great Britain as England, but we never said a thing like that.

* * *

A London doctor, says *The Daily Mail*, estimates that colds cost this country £15,000,000 annually. If that is the case we may say at once that we think the charge is excessive.

* * *

A gossip-writer makes much of the fact that he saw a telegraph messenger running in Shoe Lane the other morning. We are glad to be in a position to clear up this mystery. It appears that the messenger in question was in the act of going off duty.

* * *

There seems to be no intention of issuing sugar tickets—until a suitable palace can be obtained for the accommodation of the functionary responsible for this feature.

* * *

The charge for cleaning white gloves has been increased, and it is likely that there will be a return to the piebald evening wear so much in vogue in Soho restaurants.

* * *

The 1917 pennies appear to be thinner than those of pre-War issues, and several maiden ladies have written to the authorities asking if income tax has been deducted at the source.



"WHAT THE DEVIL ARE YOU DOING DOWN THAT SHELL-HOLE? DIDN'T YOU HEAR ME SAY WE WERE OUT AGAINST FOUR TO ONE?"

Geordie (*a trade-unionist*). "AY. AA HEARD YOU; BUT AA'VE KILLED MA FOWER."

"'The Land of Promise' . . . was only withdrawn from the Duke of York's in the height of its success owing to the declaration of War in 1894."—*The Stage.*

Is it *really* only twenty-three years?

"Residents early astir on Sunday morning had an unpleasant surprise. A sharp frost over-night had converted the road surfaces into glassy ice, which made walking impossible without some assistance. A walking-stick, without some sort of boot covering, was of little avail."—*Oxford Times.*

That was our own experience with a walking-stick which was absolutely bootless.

THE MUD-LARKS.

Our mess was situated on the crest of a ridge, and enjoyed an uninterrupted view of rolling leagues of mud; it had the appearance of a packing-case floating on an ocean of ooze.

We and our servants, and our rats and our cockroaches, and our other bosom-companions slept in tents pitched round and about the mess.

The whole camp was connected with the outer world by a pathway of ammunition boxes, laid stepping-stone-wise; we went to and fro, lepping from box to box as leps the chamois from Alp to Alp. Should you miss your lep there would be a swirl of mud, a gulping noise, and that was the end of you; your sorrowing comrades shed a little chloride of lime over the spot where you were last seen, posted you as "Believed missing" and indented for another Second-Lieutenant (or Field-Marshal, as the case might be).

Our mess was constructed of loosely piled shell boxes, and roofed by a tin lid. We stole the ingredients box by box, and erected the house with our own fair hands, so we loved it with parental love; but it had its little drawbacks. Whenever the field guns in our neighbourhood did any business, the tin lid rattled madly and the shell boxes jostled each other all over the place. It was quite possible to leave our mess at peep o' day severely Gothic in design, and to return at dewy eve to find it rakishly Rococo.

William, our Transport Officer and Mess President, was everlastingly piping all hands on deck at unseemly hours to save the home and push it back into shape; we were householders in the fullest sense of the term.

Before the War, William assures us, he was a bright young thing, full of merry quips and jolly practical jokes, the life and soul of any party, but what with the contortions of the mess and the vagaries of the transport mules he had become a saddened man.

Between them—the mules and the mess—he never got a whole night in bed; either the mules were having bad dreams, sleep-walking into strange lines and getting themselves abhorred, or the field guns were on the job and the mess had the jumps. If Hans, the Hun, had not been the perfect little gentleman he is, and had dropped a shell anywhere near us (instead of assiduously spraying a distant ridge where nobody ever was, is, or will be) our mess would have been with Tyre and Sidon; but Hans never forgot himself for a moment; it was our own side we distrusted. The Heavies, for instance. The Heavies warped themselves laboriously into position behind our hill, disguised themselves as gooseberry bushes, and gave an impression of the crack of doom at 2 A.M. one snowy morning.

Our mess immediately broke out into St. Vitus's dance, and William piped all hands on deck.

The Skipper, picturesquely clad in boots (gum, high) and a goat's skin, flung himself on the east wing, and became an animated buttress. Albert Edward climbed aloft and sat on the tin lid, which was opening and shutting at every pore. Mactavish put his shoulder to the south wall to keep it from working round to the north. I clung to the pantry, which was coming adrift from its parent stem, while William ran about everywhere, giving advice and falling over things. The mess passed rapidly through every style of architecture, from a Chinese pagoda to a Swiss châlet, and was on the point of confusing itself with a Spanish castle when the Heavies switched off their hate and went to bed. And not a second too soon. Another moment and I should have dropped the pantry, Albert Edward would have been sea-sick, and the Skipper would have let the east wing go west.

We pushed the mess back into shape, and went inside it for a peg of something and a consultation. Next evening William called on the Heavies' commander and decoyed him up to dine. We regaled him with wassail and gramophone and explained the situation to him. The Lord of the Heavies, a charming fellow, nearly burst into tears when he heard of the ill he had unwittingly done us, and was led home by William at 1.30 A.M., swearing to withdraw his infernal machines, or beat them into ploughshares, the very next day. The very next night our mess, without any sort of preliminary warning, lost its balance, sat down with a crash, and lay littered about a quarter of an acre of ground. We all turned out and miserably surveyed the ruins. What had done it? We couldn't guess. The field guns had gone to bye-bye, the Heavies had gone elsewhere. Hans, the Hun, couldn't have made a mistake and shelled us? Never! It was a mystery; so we all lifted up our voices and wailed for William. He was Mess President; it was his fault, of course.

At that moment William hove out of the night, driving his tent before him by bashing it with a mallet.

According to William there was one, "Sunny Jim," a morbid transport mule, inside the tent, providing the motive power. "Sunny Jim" had always been something of a somnambulist, and this time he had sleep-walked clean through our mess and on into William's tent, where the mallet woke him up. He was then making the best of his way home to lines again, expedited by William and the mallet.

So now we are messless; now we crouch shivering in tents and talk lovingly of the good old times beneath our good old tin roof-tree, of the wonderful view of the mud we used to get from our window, and of the homely tune our shell-boxes used to perform as they jostled together of a stormy night.

And sometimes, as we crouch shivering in our tents, we hear a strange sound stealing up-hill from the lines. It is the mules laughing.

SONGS OF FOOD PRODUCTION.

I.

Goddess, hear me—oh, incline a
Gracious ear to me, Lucina!
Patroness of parturition,
Pray make this a special mission;
Prove a kind inaugurator
Of my votive incubator!

Seventy eggs I put into it—
Each a chick, if you ensue it.
Pray you, let me not be saddled
With a single "clear" or addled.
See! the temperature is steady.
Now then, Goddess, *are you ready?*

Hear me, Goddess, next invoking
You to keep the lamp from smoking,
And, the plea so humbly voiced, you're
Sure to regulate the moisture?
Oh, Lucina, 'twill be ripping
When we hear the eggs all pipping!

When no chick the shell encumbers,
Goddess, hear their tuneful numbers!
Then, O patroness of hatches,
We will try some further batches.
Goddess, hear me!—oh, incline a
Gracious ear to me, Lucina!

"MATRIMONY.—Two young, respectable fellows wish to meet two respectable young girls, between the ages of 20 and 30, view above.—T. S. R. and E. C. P., Clematis P.O., Paradise."—*Melbourne Argus.*

If marriages are made in heaven these respectable young fellows have selected a really promising postal address.

"Nine petty officers were landed from the damaged German destroyer V69 and brought to the Willem Barrentz Hotel, Ymuiden, to-night. My correspondent engaged them in conversation at a late hour. After some Dutch Bock beer they rapidly recovered their spirits and began to sing Luther's well-known hymn, 'Ein Feste Bung.'"—*Provincial Paper.*

Very appropriate too, but wouldn't a loose "Bung" have pleased them even better?



A PLAIN DUTY.

"WELL, GOODBYE, OLD CHAP, AND GOOD LUCK! I'M GOING IN HERE TO DO MY BIT, THE BEST WAY I CAN. THE MORE EVERYBODY SCRAPES TOGETHER FOR THE WAR LOAN, THE SOONER YOU'LL BE BACK FROM THE TRENCHES."



"STICK TO HIM—STICK TO HIM!"
"I'LL STICK TO HIM, SIR. BUT WHICH ONE DO YOU MEAN?"

LETTERS FROM MACEDONIA.

IV.

MY DEAR JERRY,—I am writing this from my position on top of a small hill, while my devoted band of followers sits round me and waits for me to speak. I always sit here, because if I wanted to go somewhere else I should have to climb down this hill and then up another one. I hate hills. So does the devoted band.

Behind another little hill a hundred yards away we believe there lurks an army corps of Bulgars, but we are afraid to look and see. Instead, we fix and unfix bayonets every ten minutes and make martial noises. This, we hope, affects the enemy's *moral*, and having your *moral* affected every ten minutes is no joke, I can tell you.

The spirit of our troops remains excellent. You can see that this is true from the fact that my joke still works. Every night for the last three months, while administering quinine to my army, I have exhorted them not to be greedy and not to take too much. They still laugh heartily, nay uproariously. We are a wonderful nation.

Our chief source of combined instruction and amusement is still the ant-heap beside us, and in this connection, Jeremiah, I must introduce to you Herbert, a young officer in the ant A.S.C.

When we first knew Herbert (or "'Erb" as he was known in those days), he was an impudent and pushful private. When his corps were engaged in removing the larger pieces of straw out of their hole in the hill, many a time I have seen him staggering manfully towards the entrance with an enormous piece on his slender shoulders, against the tide of his comrades; for he never could resist the temptation to replace the really big stalks in the hole. As he knocked against one and another the older ants would step aside, lay down their loads, and expostulate with him, always ending by giving him a good clip on the ear; but 'Erb was never dismayed.

Now and again, during a temporary slackness in the stream, he would disappear triumphantly into the hole, his log trailing behind him; but his triumph was always short-lived. I would seem to hear a scuffle and two bumps, and 'Erb would shoot gracefully upwards, followed by his burden, and fall in a heap beside the door. However, as soon as he recovered he would try again. On one sultry afternoon I noticed he succeeded in effecting an entrance after twenty-three successive chuck-outs.

His persistence piqued my curiosity. I wondered why he should so obstinately try to do a thing which was obviously distasteful to all his seniors. And then, yesterday, there was a change.

'Erb was resting after his eighth chuck-out under a plank when a venerable ant, heavy with the accumulated wisdom and weakness of years, approached the exit from within and tried to get out, but in vain. He swore and struggled in a futile sort of way, while his attendant subordinates stood about helplessly. 'Erb saw his opportunity. He seized his plank, dashed forward—you may not believe me, Jerry, but it is the gospel truth—saluted smartly, and laid down his plank as a sort of ladder. Supporting himself upon it the veteran crawled out. Then he spoke to 'Erb, and I think I saw him asking someone the lad's name.

That is why Second Lieutenant Herbert is to-day in charge of a working party. He is now engaged in clipping the ear of a larger ant. I imagine there must have been some lack of



DISTRACTIONS OF CAMP LIFE.

Tommy (by roadside). "OUT ON THE SPREE AGAIN? GOING TO THE PICTURES?"
Highlander. "NO. WE'RE AWA' TO SEE YOUR LOT CHANGE GUARD."

discipline. Possibly his inferior had addressed him as "'Erb."

Well, all our prospects are pleasing and only Bulgar vile. I must now make a martial noise, so *au revoir*.

Thine, PETER.

"*The Motor Cycle* says over 165,000 magnates have been made in Britain for war purposes."—*Provincial Paper.*

And the New Year Honours List (political services) has yet to appear.

"We owed all this more to our splendid navy and its silent virgil than to anything else."—*Provincial Paper.*

We suppose the CENSOR won't let him narrate the epic exploits of the Fleet, but he might have allowed him a capital initial.

"Surbiton residents have supplied for British prisoners in Germany 800 waistcoats made from 2,100 old kid gloves."
Manchester Evening News.

A notable instance of large-handed generosity.

SIX VILE VERBS.

(To the makers of journalese, and others, from a fastidious reader.)

WHEN I see on a poster
A programme which "features"
CHARLIE CHAPLIN and other
Delectable creatures,
I feel just as if
Someone hit me a slam
Or a strenuous biff
On the mid diaphragm.

When I read in a story,
Though void of offences,
That somebody "glimpses"
Or somebody "senses,"
The chord that is struck
Fills my bosom with ire,
And I'm ready to chuck
The whole book in the fire.

When against any writer
It's urged that he "stresses"
His points, or that something
His fancy "obsesses,"
In awarding his blame
Though the critic be right,
Yet I feel all the same
I could shoot him at sight.

But (worst of these horrors)
Whenever I read
That somebody "voices"
A national need,
As the Bulgars and Greeks
Are abhorred by the Serb,
So I feel toward the freaks
Who employ this vile verb.

"Some of the public men of Rawmarsh have high ambitions for their township, and at the Council meeting on Wednesday there was considerable industrial developments immediately after the war."
Rotherham Advertiser.

Happy Rawmarsh! In our part of the country it is not over yet.

"NAVY Pram. for Sale, good condition."
Provincial Paper.

Just the thing to prepare baby for being "rocked in the cradle of the deep."

THE SUPER-CHAR.

SCENE.—*A square in Kensington. At every other door is seen the lady of the house at work with pail, broom, scrubbing-brush, rags, metal-polish, etc.*

Chorus of Ladies.

In days before the War
Had turned the world to Hades
We did not soil
Our hands with toil—
We all were perfect ladies;
To scrub the kitchen floor
Was *infra dig.*—disgusting;
We 'd cook, at most,
A slice of toast
Or do a bit of dusting.

But those old days are flown,
And now we ply our labours:
We cook and scrub,
We scour and rub,
Regardless of our neighbours;
The steps we bravely stone,
Nor care a straw who passes
The while we clean
With shameless mien
Quite brazenly the brasses.

First Lady. Lo! Who approaches? Some great dame of state?
Second Lady. Rather I think some walking fashion-plate.
Third Lady. What clothes! What furs!
First Lady. And tango boots! How thrilling!
They must have cost five guineas if a shilling.
Second Lady. Sh, dears! It eyes us hard. What can it be?
Third Lady. It would be spoke to.
Second Lady. Would it?
First Lady. Let us see!

Enter the Super-Char.

Super-char. My friend the butcher told me 'e 'd 'eard say
You 'adn't got no servants round this way,
And as I've time on 'and—more than I wish,
Seein' as all the kids is in munish—
I thought as 'ow, pervided that the wige
Should suit, I might be willin' to oblige.

Chorus of Ladies.

O joy! O rapture!
If we capture
Such a prize as this!
Then we may become once more
Ladies, as in days of yore,
Lay aside the brooms and pails,
Manicure our broken nails,
Try the last complexion cream—
What a dream
Of bliss!

Super-Char. 'Old on! Let 's get to business, and no kidding!
I 'm up for auction; 'oo will start the bidding?
First Lady. I want a charlady from ten to four,
To cook the lunch and scrub the basement floor.
Super-Char. Cook? Scrub? Thanks! Nothink doin'! Next, please! You, Mum,
What are the dooties you would 'ave me do, Mum?
Second Lady. I want a lady who will kindly call
And help me dust the dining-room and hall;
At tea, if need be, bring an extra cup,
And sometimes do a little washing up.
Super-Char. A little bit of dusting I might lump,
But washing up—it gives me fair the 'ump!
Next, please!
Third Lady. My foremost thought would always be
The comfort of the lady helping me.
We have a cask of beer that 's solely for
Your use—we are teetotal for the War.
I am a cook of more than moderate skill;
I 'll gladly cook whatever dish you will—
Soups, entrées.
Super-Char. Now you 're talkin'! That 's some sense!
So kindly let me 'ave your reference,
And if I finds it satisfact'ry, Mum,
Why, s'elp me, I 'ave arf a mind to come.
Third Lady. My last good lady left six months ago
Because she said I 'd singed the *soufflé* so;
She gave me no address to write to——
Super-Char. What!
You 've got no reference?
Third Lady. Alas, I 've not!
Super-Char. Of course I could not dream of taking you
Without one, so there 's nothing more to do.
These women—'ow they spoil one's temper! Pah!
Hi! (*she hails a passing taxi*) Drive me to the nearest cinema.

[*She steps into the taxi and is whirled off.*

Chorus of Ladies.

Not yet the consolation
Of manicure and cream;
Not yet the barber dresses
Our dusty tousled tresses;
The thought of titivation
Is still a distant dream;
Not yet the consolation
Of manicure and cream.

Still, still, with vim and vigour,
'Tis ours to scour and scrub;
With rag and metal polish
The dirt we must demolish;
Still, still, with toil-bowed figure,
Among the grates we grub;
Still, still, with vim and vigour,
'Tis ours to scour and scrub.

CURTAIN.

A TALE OF A COINCIDENCE.

"COINCIDENCES," said the ordinary seaman, "are rum things. Now I can tell you of a rum un that happened to me."

It said Royal Naval Reserve round his cap, but he looked as if he ought to be wearing gold earrings and a gaudy handkerchief.

"When I was a young feller I made a voyage or two in an old hooker called the *Pearl of Asia*. Her old man at that time was old Captain Gillson, him that had the gold tooth an' the swell ma'ogany fist in place o' the one that got blowed off by a rocket in Falmouth Roads. Well, I was walkin' out with a young woman at Liverpool—nice young thing—an' she give me a ring to keep to remember 'er by, the day before we sailed. Nice thing it was; it had 'Mizpah' wrote on it.

"We 'ad two or three fellers in the crowd for'ard that voyage as would 'andle anything as wasn't too 'ot or too 'eavy which explains why I got into a 'abit of slippin' my bits o' vallybles, such as joolery, into a bit of a cache I found all nice and 'andy in the planking' back o' my bunk.

"We 'ad a long passage of it 'ome, a 'undred-and-sixty days from Portland, Oregon, to London River, an' what with thinkin' of the thumpin' lump o' pay I 'd have to draw an' one thing an' another, I clean forgot all about the ring I 'd left cached in the little place back o' my bunk yonder.

"Well, I drew my pay all right, and after a bit I tramped it to Liverpool, to look out for another ship. An' the first person I met in Liverpool was the young woman I 'ad the ring of.

"'Where 's my ring?' she says, before I 'd time to look round.

"Now, I never was one as liked 'avin' words with a woman, so I pitched her a nice yarn about the cache I 'ad at the back o' my bunk, an' 'ow I vallied 'er ring that 'igh I stowed it there to keep it safe, an' 'ow I 'd slid down the anchor cable an' swum ashore an' left everything I 'ad behind me, I was that red-'ot for a sight of 'er.



Colonel (to private told off to act as caddie). "NOW I HOPE YOU KNOW SOMETHING ABOUT IT. THE LAST MAN I HAD PUT ME RIGHT OFF. HAVE YOU EVER HANDLED CLUBS BEFORE?"

Private. "NOT SINCE I PLAYED IN THE AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIP, SIR." *(Colonel is put off again.)*

"'Ye didn't,' she says quite ratty, 'ye gave it to one o' them nasty yaller gals ye sing about.'

"'I didn't,' I says; 'Ye did,' she says; 'I didn't,' says I. An' we went on like that for a bit until I says at last, 'If I can get aboard the old *Pearl* again,' I says, 'I'll get the ring,' I says, 'an' send it you in a letter,' I says, 'an' then per'aps you'll be sorry for the nasty way you've spoke to me,' I says.

"'Ho, yes,' she says, sniffy-like, 'per'aps I will, per'aps I won't,' an' off she goes with 'er nose in the air.

"My next ship was for Frisco to load grain; and I made sure of droppin' acrost the *Pearl* there, for she was bound the same way. But I never did. She was dismasted in the South Pacific on the outward passage, and had to put in to one of them Chile ports for repairs. So she never got to Frisco until after we sailed for 'ome. An' that was the way it went on. She kep' dodgin' me all over the seven seas, an' the nearest I got to 'er was when we give 'er a cheer off Sydney Heads, outward bound, when we was just pickin' up our pilot. The last I 'eard of 'er after that was from a feller that 'ad seen 'er knockin' round the South Pacific, sailin' out o' Carrizal or Antofagasta or one o' them places. I was in the Western Ocean mail-boat service at the time, and so o' course she was off my run altogether.

"I was still in the same mail-boat when she give up the passenger business an' went on the North Sea patrol.

"Well, one day we boarded a Chile barque in the ordinary course o' duty, and I was one o' those as went on board with the lootenant. They generally takes me on them jobs, the reason bein' that I know a deal o' foreign languages. I don't believe there's a country in the world where I couldn't make myself understood, partic'lar when I'm wantin' a drink bad.

"I wasn't takin' that much notice of this 'ere ship at the time (there was a bit of a nasty jobble on the water, for one thing, and we 'ad our work cut out gettin' alongside), except that 'er name was the *Maria de Somethink-or-other* —some Dago name. But while we was waitin' for the lootenant to finish 'is business with Old Monkey Brand, which was the black-faced Chileno captain she 'ad, it come over me all of a suddent.

"'Strike me pink!' I says, 'may my name be Dennis if I 'aven't seen that there bit o' fancy-work on the poop ladder rails before;' which so I 'ad, for I done it myself in the doldrums, an' a nice bit o' work it was, too.

"You'll 'ave guessed by now that she was none other than the *Pearl of Asia*; an' no wonder I 'adn't reckernised 'er, what with the mess she was in alow and aloft, an' allyminian paint all over the poop railin's as would 'ave made our old blue-nose mate die o' rage.

"'You carry on 'ere,' I says to the feller that was with me; 'I'm goin' for'ard a minute.'

"'Arf a minute, an' I was in my old bunk; an' there was the cache all right, just like I left it.'

He paused dramatically; I supposed it was for histrionic effect, but it lasted so long that I said, "And so I suppose you sent the ring to the girl after all?"

"Oh! *'er!*" he said, with an air of surprise, "I've forgot 'er name and all about 'er, only that she 'ad a brother in one o' them monkey-boats of ELDER DEMPSTER'S—'e 'ad the biggest thirst I ever struck."

"But the ring?" I said. "I suppose it was there all right?"

He stopped his pipe down with his thumb, with an enigmatical expression.

"That's where the bloomin' coincidence come in," he said; "it weren't."

C. F. S.

"Miss ——, the World-renounced Teacher of Dancing."—*Southern Standard.*

Another victim of the War.



Major-General (addressing the men before practising an attack behind the lines). "I WANT YOU TO UNDERSTAND THAT THERE IS A DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A REHEARSAL AND THE REAL THING. THERE ARE THREE ESSENTIAL DIFFERENCES: FIRST, THE ABSENCE OF THE ENEMY. NOW (*turning to the Regimental Sergeant-Major*) WHAT IS THE SECOND DIFFERENCE?"

Sergeant-Major. "THE ABSENCE OF THE GENERAL, SIR."

TO TOWSER.

No pampered pound of peevish fluff
That goggles from a lady's muff
Art thou, my Towser. In the Park
Thy form occasions no remark
Unless it be a friendly call
From soldiers walking in the Mall,
Or the impertinence of pugs
Stretched at their ease on carriage rugs.
For thou art sturdy and thy fur
Is rougher than the prickly burr,
Thy manners brusque, thy deep "bow wow"
(Inherited, but Lord knows how!)
Far other than the frenzied yaps
That emanate from ladies' laps.
Thou art, in fact, of doggy size
And hast the brown and faithful eyes,
So full of love, so void of blame,
That fill a master's heart with shame
Because he knows he never can
Be more a dog and less a man.
No champion of a hundred shows,
The prey of every draught that blows,
Art thou; in fact thy charms present
The earmarks of a mixed descent.
And, though too proud to start a fight
With every cur that looms in sight,
None ever saw thee quail beneath
A foeman worthy of thy teeth.
Thou art, in brief, a model hound,
Not so much beautiful as sound
In heart and limb; not always strong
When nose and eyes impel to wrong,
Nor always doing just as bid,
But sterling as the minted quid.
And I have loved thee in my fashion,
Shared with thy face my frugal ration,
Squandered my balance at the bank
When thou didst chew the postman's shank,
And gone in debt replacing stocks
Of private cats and Plymouth Rocks.
And, when they claimed the annual fee
That seals the bond twixt thee and me,
Against harsh Circumstance's edge
Did I not put my fob in pledge
And cheat the minions of excise
Who otherwise had ta'en thee prize?
And thou with leaps of lightsome mood
Didst bark eternal gratitude
And seek my feelings to assail
With agitations of the tail.
Yet are there beings lost to grace
Who claim that thou art out of place,
That when the dogs of war are loose
Domestic kinds are void of use,
And that a chicken or a hog
Should take the place of every dog,
Which, though with appetite endued,
Is not itself a source of food.
What! shall we part? Nay, rather we'll
Renounce the cheap but wholesome meal
That men begrudge us, and we'll take
Our leave of bones and puppy cake.
Back to the woods we'll hie, and there
Thou'lt hunt the fleet but fearful hare,
Pursue the hedge's prickly pig,
Dine upon rabbits' eggs and dig
With practised paw and eager snuffle
The shy but oh! so toothsome truffle.

ALGOL.

"A landslide in Monmouthshire threatens to close the natural course of the River Ebbw, seriously interfering with its fillww."—*Star.*

It certainly sounds rather diverting.

From a list of gramophone records:—

"Nothing could seem easier in the wide world than the emission of the cascade of notes that falls from the mouth of the horn—which might indeed be Tetrazzini's own mouth."

"The diameter of my own gramophone horn is eighteen inches," writes the sender of the extract.



"THE ROAD TO VICTORY."

GERMANY. "ARE WE NEARLY THERE, ALL-HIGHEST?"
ALL-HIGHEST. "YES; WE'RE GETTING NEAR THE END NOW."



"'AVE YOU 'EARD ABOUT THESE 'ERE NEW INVISIBLE ZEPPELINS THEY 'RE MAKIN'?"
"YES. BUT I DON'T RECKON WE SHALL SEE MANY OF 'EM OVER 'ERE."

TAXIS AND TALK.

CONVERSATION in the streets of London has never been easy; not, at any rate, until the small hours, when the best of it is done. But it becomes even more complex when one of the talkers is pressed for time and wants a taxi, and disengaged taxis are as rare as new jokes in a revue.

Let the following dialogue prove it. I leave open the question whether or not I have reported the real terms of our conversation, merely reminding you that two men together, removed from the frivolity of women, tend, even in the street and when the thermometer is below freezing-point, to a high seriousness rare when the sexes are mingled.

Imagine us facing a wind from the east composed of steel filings and all uncharity. We are somewhere in Chelsea, and for some reason or other, or none at all, I am accompanying him.

He (*looking at his watch*). I've got to be at Grosvenor Gardens by half-past one and there's not a taxi anywhere. We must walk fast and perhaps we'll meet one. Dash this War anyhow. (*He said, as a matter of fact, "damn," but I am getting so tired of that word in print that I shall employ alternatives every time. Someone really must institute a close season for "damns" or they won't any longer be funny on the stage; and, since to laugh in theatres has become a national duty, that, in the present state of the wit market, would be privation indeed.*)

I (*submerged by brain wave*). Perhaps we'll meet one.

He. Keep a sharp look out, won't you? I've got to be there by half-past one, and I hate to be late.

I. Those tailors you were asking me about—I think you'll find them very decent people. They——

He (*excitedly*). Here comes one. Hi! Hi!

[*A taxi, obviously full of people, approaches and passes, the driver casting a pitying glance at my poor signalling friend.*

He. I thought it was free.

I. The flag was down.

He. I couldn't be sure. What were you saying? Sorry.

I. Oh, only about those tailors. If you really want to change, you know, I could——

He. Do you mind walking a little faster?

I (*mendaciously*). Not at all. I could give you my card, don't you know. But of course you might not like them. Tastes differ. To me they seem to be first-rate, as tailors go.

He (*profoundly—though he is not more profound than I am*). Of course, as tailors go.

I. They're best at——

He (*excited again*). Here's another. Hi! Hi! Taxi. No, it's engaged.

I (*with a kind impulse*). If you'll ask me, I'll tell you whether the flags are up or not. I think I must be able to see farther than you.

He. Do.

I. I was always rather famous for long sight. It's——

He (*turning round*). Isn't that one behind us? Is that free?

I. I can't tell yet.

He. Surely the flag's up.

[*He steps into the road and waves his stick.*

I. It's a private car.

He. Hang the thing! so it is. They

ought to be painted white or something. Life is not worth living just now.

I. They 're best for trousers, I should say. Their overcoats——

He (pointing up side-street). Isn't that one there? Hi, taxi! Good heavens, that other fellow 's got it. We really must walk faster. If there isn't one on the rank in Sloane Square, I 'm done. If there 's one thing I hate it 's being late. Besides, I 'm blamed hungry. When I 'm hungry I 'm miserable till I eat. No good to anyone.

I. As I was saying——

He. What I want to know is, where are the taxis? They 're not on the streets, anyway; then where are they? One never sees a yard full of them, but they must be somewhere. It 's a scandal—a positive outrage.

I. Their overcoats can be very disappointing. I don't know how it is, but they don't seem to understand overcoats. But they 're so good in other ways, you know, that really if you are thinking——

He. Here 's one, really empty. Hi! Hi! Taxi! Hi! Hi!

[*The flag is up but the driver shakes his head, makes a noise which sounds like "dinner" and glides serenely on.*

He. Well, I 'm blamed! Did you ever see anything like it? What 's that he said?

I. It sounded like "dinner."

He. Dinner! Of all the something cheek! Dinner! What 's the world coming to?

I (brilliantly). Perhaps he 's hungry.

He. Hungry! Greedy, you mean. Hansom drivers never refused to take you because they were hungry. It 's monstrous. Bless the War, anyway. (*Looking at his watch*) I say, we must put a spurt on. You don't mind, do you?

I (more mendaciously, and wondering why I 'm so weak). Oh, no.

[*We both begin to scuttle, half run and half walk.*

I (panting). As I was saying, they 're not A1 at overcoats, but they 've a first-class cutter for everything else. Just tell me if you want to change and I 'll introduce you, and then you 'll get special treatment. There 's nothing they wouldn't do for me.

He (breathlessly). Ah! There 's the rank. There 's just one cab there. How awful if it were to be taken before he saw us. Run like Heaven.

I (running like Heaven). I think I 'll leave you here.

He (running still more like Heaven, a little ahead). Oh no, come on. I want to hear about those tailors. Hi! Hi! Wave your stick like Heaven!



"ARE YE WOUNDED, TERENCE?"
"I AM THAT, MICHAEL; 'TIS IN THE FUT."
"BAD CESS TO THIM BODY-SHIELDS! I NIVER HAD MUCH FAITH IN THIM!"

[*We both wave our sticks like Heaven.*

He (subsiding into a walk). Ah! it 's all right. He 's seen us. (*Taking out his watch*) I 've got four minutes. We shall just do it. Good-bye.

[*He leaps into the cab and I turn away wondering where I shall get lunch.*

He (shouting from window). Let me know about those tailors some day; if they 're any good, you know.

"'The best people are still wearing the'r own clothes,' said Mr. Williams."—*Star.*

With all respect, Mr. WILLIAMS, the best people are wearing the KING'S.

"DONKEYS.—Wanted to purchase 100 reasonable. Apply M. S."
Advt. in Colonial Paper.

We have never met this kind of donkey ourselves, but we wish M. S. the best of luck.

AT THE PLAY.

"ANTHONY IN WONDERLAND."

IT was not till about the middle of the play, and after a narcotic had been administered to him, that *Anthony* got there; but we were in Wonderland almost from the start, without the aid of drugs. For we were asked to believe that Mr. CHARLES HAWTREY was a visionary, amorous of an ideal which no earthly woman could realise for him. Occasionally he had caught a glimpse of it in the creations of Art—at the Tate Gallery or Madame TUSSAUD'S or the cinema; but in Bond Street never.

And the pity of it was that he had come in for a fortune of seven hundred thousand pounds odd, which would pass elsewhere unless he married by a given date. It was therefore the clear duty of his relatives—a couple of sisters and their husbands—to find a wife for him. After vainly trying him with every pretty woman of their acquaintance they had resort, in desperation, to the black art of a certain *Mr. Mortimer John* (U.S.A.), an infallible inventor of stunts, who made a rapid diagnosis of the case and at once pronounced himself confident of success.

Briefly—for it is a long and elaborate story—his scheme is to choose a charming girl, and make a film drama round her. *Anthony*, with family, is taken to see the show and occupies the best box in the Prince of Wales's Theatre, from which, after a little critical comment upon us in the audience, he falls in love with the heroine. It is the typical film of lurid life on a Californian ranch, and might almost have been modelled on one of Mr. Punch's cinema burlesques. There are the familiar scenes of a plot to hang the girl's lover, swiftly alternating with scenes of her progress on horseback through the primeval forest, and concluding with her arrival just in time to shoot the villain and untie the noose that encircles her lover's carotid.

On the return of the party from the cinema, *Mortimer John* describes to *Anthony* the powers of a drug which induces the most vivid of dreams. He, *John*, had once been in *Anthony's* pitiful case, and through the services of this drug had achieved his quest of the ideal woman. *Anthony*, greatly intrigued, consents to swallow a sample of the potion. It is a simple narcotic, and under its influence he is conveyed, in a state of coma and a suitable change of apparel, into the heart of Surrey, where at sunrise he is restored to animation and has the scenes of the evening's drama re-enacted before his eyes, as originally filmed for exhibition. Under the impression that this is merely the vivid dream that he had been promised, he himself takes part in the living drama, playing the noble *rôle* of an exceptionally white man. In the course of it he exchanges pledges of eternal love with *Aloney* the heroine. Finally, in a spasm of heroic self-sacrifice, he takes poison with the alleged purpose of saving the heroine's life. We never quite gather how his suicide should serve this end, but then the whole atmosphere is charged with that obscurity which is the very breath of the film-drama.



AN IDYLL OF MOVIE-LAND.

Anthony Silvertree . . . . . MR. CHARLES HAWTREY.
Aloney . . . . . MISS WINIFRED BARNES.

The poison is nothing worse than another dose of the narcotic, and under its spell he is spirited back to London, where, on arrival, he is confronted with the lady of his "dream," and *Mortimer John* secures a colossal fee. In addition, for he has had the happy thought of selecting his own daughter for the heroine, he secures a plutocrat for his son-in-law.

The worst of a play in which one is conducted out of ordinary life into the regions of improbability by processes of which every step has to be just conceivably possible, is that the conscientious development of the scheme is apt to be tedious. And, frankly, the first scene or two, though lightened by expectation, were on the heavy side. But the film itself, when we got to it, was excellent fooling, and the reconstruction of the original drama at Dorking-in-the-Wild-West was really delightful. You can easily guess that Mr. CHARLES HAWTREY, as a cinema hero, very conscious of his heroism ("it's a way we have in Montague Square"), but always comfortably aware that in a dream, as he imagines it to be, he can well afford to make the handsomest of sacrifices, had a great chance. And he took it.

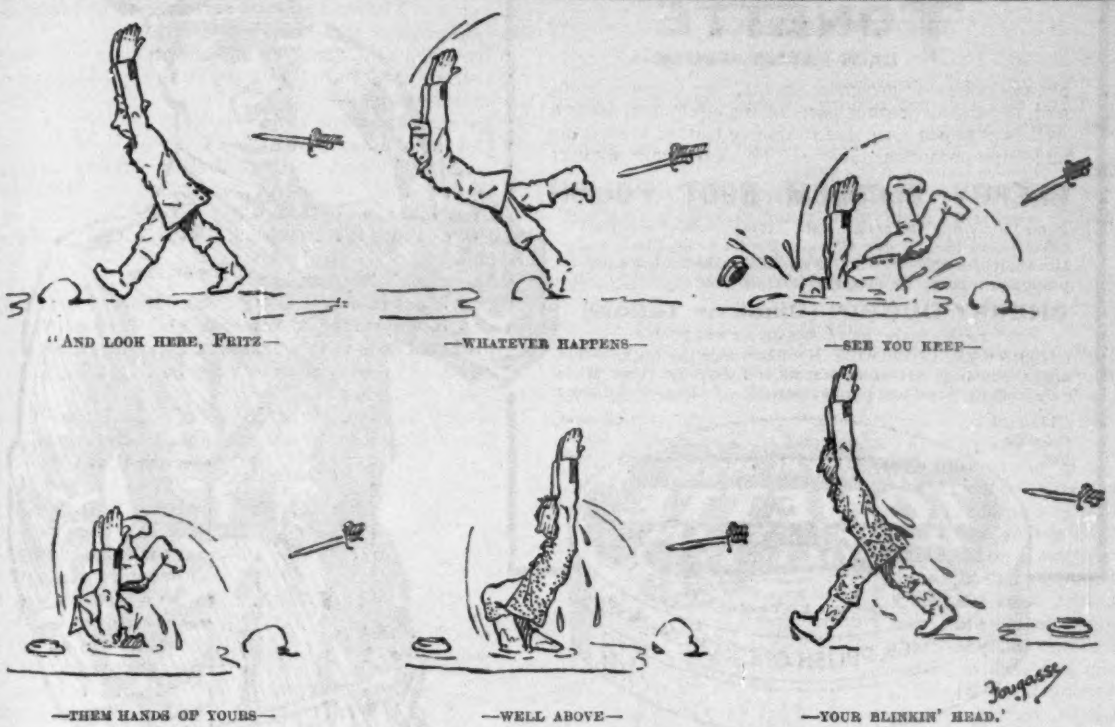
As the heroine, who has to play a rather thankless part in the mercenary designs of her parent, Miss WINIFRED BARNES contrived, very naïvely and prettily, to preserve an air of maiden reluctance under the most discouraging conditions. As *Mortimer John* Mr. SYDNEY VALENTINE had admirable scope for his sound and businesslike methods. Of *Anthony's* relations, all very natural and human, Miss LYDIA BILBROOKE was an attractive figure, and the part of *Herbert Clatterby, K.C.*, was played by Mr. EDMUND MAURICE with his accustomed ease of manner.

If I wanted to find fault with any detail of the construction, it would be in the matter of the ring which *Anthony* places on the finger of *Aloney* in the cinema play. This was a spontaneous act not included in the scheme for which *Mortimer John* was given the credit. Yet as the means by which *Anthony* identified her on his return to consciousness it went far to bring that scheme to fruition. I think also that he ought to have shown some trace of surprise (I should myself) on finding that he had unconsciously exchanged his spotless evening clothes for the kit of a broncho-buster.

I have hinted already at the comparative dulness of the long introduction to what is the *clou* of the play—the film and its reconstructed scenes. Why not take a further wrinkle from the cinematic drama and throw upon the screen a succinct résumé of the previous argument? Three or four minutes of steady application to the text, and we might plunge into the very heart of things. I throw out this suggestion not with any hope of reward, but in part payment of my debt for some very joyous laughter. O. S.

"Wanted, Gentlewoman a few days old."
The Lady.

This is much prettier than "Baby taken from birth."



A SONG OF THE WOODLAND ELVES.

We hear the ruthless axes; we watch our rafters fall;
The seawind blows unhindered where stood our banquet-hall;
Our grassy rings are trampled, our leafy tents are torn—
Yet more would we, and gladly, to help the English-born.

For, leafy-crowned or frosted, the English oaks are ours;
The beeches are our playrooms, the elms our outlook towers;
And we were forest-rangers before these woods had name,
And we were elves in England before the Romans came.

We watched the Druids worship; we watched the wild bulls feed;
We gave our oaks to ALFRED to build his ships at need;
And often in the moonlight our pricked ears in the wood
Have heard the hail of RUFUS, the horn of ROBIN HOOD.

But if our age-old roof-beams can serve her cause to-day,
The woodland elves of England will sign their rights away;
For none but will be woeful to hear the axes ring,
Yet none but would go homeless to aid an English King.

W. H. O.

GOOD OLD GOTHIC.

[An agitation for the total disuse of the Latin character, we learn from Press quotations published in *The Daily Chronicle*, is raging through the German Empire, and the Prussian Minister of the Interior has forbidden the use of any other character than German Gothic in the publications of the Statistical Bureau.]

THE ways of the Hun comprehension elude,
They 're so cleverly crass, so painstakingly crude;
For, in spite of his cunning and forethought immense,
He is often incurably stupid and dense
To the point of allowing his patriot zeal
To put a large spoke in his own driving-wheel.

An excellent instance of zeal of this sort
Is the movement, endorsed by official support,
To ban Latin type in the papers that flow
From the press of the Prussian Statistics Bureau.

Now the pride of the Germans, as dear as their pipe
And their beer, is their wonderful old Gothic type;
It makes ev'ry page look as black as your hat,
For the face of the letters is stodgy and fat;
It adds to the labour of reading, and tries
The student's pre-eminent asset, his eyes,
And in consequence lends a most lucrative aid
To people engaged in the spectacle trade.
But these manifest drawbacks to little amount
When tried by the only criteria that count:
Though the people who use it don't really need it,
It exasperates aliens whenever they read it.
It is solid, *echt-Deutsch*, free from Frenchified froth,
And in fine it is Gothic, befitting the Goth.

So when the great Prussian Statistics Bureau
Proscribes Latin letters and says they must go,
They are giving a lead which we earnestly hope
Will be followed beyond its original scope;
For the more German books that in Gothic are printed
The more will the spread of Hun "genius" be stinted,
And the larger the number, released from its gripe,
Of the students of Latin ideas—and type.

"Furniture for Poultry: 2 easy chairs, solid walnut frames, nicely upholstered and sound, 12/6 each; also 2 armchairs, 4 small chairs, walnut frames, nicely upholstered and sound, £2; 5 other chairs, upholstered in tapestry and leather, 5/- each."—*The Bazaar*.

Has this sort of thing Mr. PROTHERO's approval? Some hens are already too much inclined to sit when we want them to lay.

THE TIPINBANOLA.

"THERE," I said, "you've interrupted me again."

"Tut tut," said Francesca.

"And the dogs are barking," I said, "and the guinea-hens are squawking."

"I daresay," she said; "but you can't hear the guinea-hens; they're much too far away."

"Yes, but I know they're squawking—they always are—and for a sensitive highly-strung man it's the same thing."

"Tut-t——"

"Tut me no more of your tuts, Francesca," I said, "for I am engaged in a most complicated and difficult arithmetical calculation."

"If," said Francesca deliberately, "two men in corduroys, with straps below their knees, and a boy in flannel shorts, all working seven hours and a half per day for a week, can plant five thousand potatoes on an acre of land, how many girls in knickerbockers will be required to——"

"Stop, Francesca," I said, "or I shall go mad."

"If," she continued inexorably, "a train travelling at the rate of sixty-two miles and three-quarters in an hour takes two and a half seconds to pass a lame man walking in the same direction, find how many men with one arm each can board a motor-bus in Piccadilly Circus, having first extracted the square root of the wheel-base."

"Stow it," I said.

"Isn't that rude?" she said.

"Yes," I said; "it was intended to be."

"Well, but what *are* you doing?"

"I'm calculating rates of percentage on the new War Loan," I said.

"Why worry over that?" she said. "It announces itself as a five-per-center, and I'm willing to take it at its word. What's your difficulty? Surely you do not impute prevarication to the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER."

"No," I said, "far from it. I have the greatest possible respect for him. I'm sure he would not deceive a poor investor; but he doesn't know my difficulties. It's this getting £100 by paying only £95 that's knocking me sideways; and then there's the income tax, and the other loan at four per cent., on which no income tax is to be charged, and the conversion of the old four-and-a-half per cent. War Loan, and of the various lots of Exchequer Bonds. It's all as generous as it can be, but for a man whose mathematical education has been, shall we say, defective, it's as bad as a barbed-wire entanglement."

"Oh, don't muddle your unfortunate head any more. Just plank down your money and take what they give you. That's my motto."

"No doubt," I said; "that's all very well for you. You aren't the head of the household, with all its cares depending on you. Heads of households ought to know their exact position."

"Well, then, heads of households ought to have learnt their arithmetic better and remembered more of it. The children and I haven't allowed ourselves to be hindered by little obstacles of that kind."

"What," I said, "are you and the children in it too?"

"Yes, we're all in it. I've put in the spare money from the housekeeping——"

"I always knew you got too much."

"And the children have chipped in with their savings."

"Savings?" I said. "How have they got any savings?"

"Presents from affectionate godmothers and aunts, which were put into the Post Office Savings Bank. They're all out now and into the Loan—all, that is, except Frederick's little all."

"And what's happened to that?"

"That's put into War Certificates. It was his own idea. He was fascinated by the poster, and insisted that his money should go in the purchase of cartridges, so there it is."

"And at the end of five years he'll get back £1 for every 15*s.* 6*d.* he's put in."

"Yes, he'll get £5. He made a lot of difficulty about that."

"You don't mean to say he jibbed about getting his money back?"

"That's precisely what did happen. He said he'd *given* the money for cartridge buying, and how could he take it back with a bit extra after the cartridges had been bought. He's really rather annoyed about it."

"I shall tell him," I said, "not to let it worry him, and shall explain to him how much *per cent.* he's getting *per annum*."

"You'll have to work it out yourself first of all," she said, "and I know you can't do that. And, by the way, you may as well be ready for him; he's going to ask you if he may join the Army as a drummer-boy."



THE MODERN RALEIGH.

"What on earth's put that into his head?"

"He's been talking to the Sergeant-Major, and he's invented a musical instrument of his own. It's made out of a cardboard box, some pins and two or three elastic bands. There it is—you'll find its name inscribed on it."

I took it up and saw inscribed upon it in large pencilled letters this strange device: "THE TIPINBANOLA; made for soldiers only."

"Francesca," I said, "it's a superb name. Where did he get it from?"

"Out of his head," she said.

"I wonder," I said, "if he keeps any arithmetic there?"

"Ask him; I'm sure he'd be proud to help you."

"No," I said, "I must plough my weary furrow alone."

"And the guinea-hens," she said, "are still squawking."

"Yes," I said, "isn't it awful?"

"I'll go and stop them," she said.

"It's no good," I said, "I shan't hear them stop."

R. C. L.

"If the ploughman is taken the farmer may as well put up his shutters."—*A Farmer in "The Daily News."*

And if the shop-walker is taken, the tradesman may as well let his windows lie fallow.



Officer. "WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY FEEDING THAT HORSE BEFORE THE CALL SOUNDED?"
Recruit. "I DIDN'T THINK AS 'OW 'E'D START EATING BEFORE THE TRUMPET BLEW, SIR."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MR. S. P. B. MAIS, in a dedicatory letter to *Interlude* (CHAPMAN AND HALL), tells us that he has "simply tried to show what a man constituted like Shelley would have made of his life had he been alive in 1917." Without any doubt his attempt has succeeded. I am, however, bound to add this warning (if Mr. MAIS's is not enough), that a novel with such a purpose is not, and could not be, milk for babes. Nothing that I had previously read of Mr. MAIS's had prepared me for the proficiency he shows here. Obviously attached to the modern school of novelists, he has many of its faults and more of its virtues. One may accept his main point of view, yet be offended sometimes by his details. But the fact remains that in *Geoffrey Battersby* he has given us a piece of character-drawing almost flawlessly perfect. Not for a very long time has it been my good fortune to attend such a triumph, and I wish to proclaim it. The women by whom *Geoffrey*, the weak and the wayward, was attracted hither and thither are also well drawn; but here Mr. MAIS shows his present limitations. Nevertheless I feel sure that he has within him the qualities that go to make a great novelist, and that if he will free himself from certain marked prejudices his future lies straight and clear before him.

It was a happy idea of the Sisters MARY and JANE FINDLATER to call their new book of short stories *Seen and Heard* (SMITH, ELDER), with the sub-title, *Before and After 1914*. I say short stories, but actually these have so far outgrown the term that a half-dozen of them make up the volume. They are all examples of the same gentle and painstaking craft that their writers have before now exhibited elsewhere. Here are no sensational happenings; the drama of the tales is wholly emotional. My own favourites are the first, called "The Little Tinker," a half-ironical study of the temptation of a tramp mother to surrender her child to the blessings of civilisation; and how, by the intervention of a terrible old woman, the queen of the tribe, this momentary weakness was overcome. My other choice, the last tale in the collection (and the only one contributed by Miss MARY FINDLATER), is a dour little comedy of the regeneration, through poverty and hard work, of two underemployed and unpleasant elderly ladies. A restful book, such as will keep no one awake at nights, but will give pleasure to all who appreciate slight studies of ordinary life sketched with precise and careful finish.

Their Lives (STANLEY PAUL) has at least this point of originality, that it ends with the wedding of somebody other than the heroine, or rather, I should say, the chief heroine, because, strictly speaking, all three daughters of *Mr.* and *Mrs. Radmall* might be said jointly to fill this post, but it is *Christina*, the eldest, who fills most of it. The other two were named *Virgilia* and *Orinthia*, and I can't say that these horrific labels did them any injustice. As for the story of "their lives," as VIOLET HUNT tells it, there is really nothing very much to charm in a history of three disagreeable children developing into detestable young women. Perhaps it may have some value as a study of feminine adolescence, but I defy anyone to call the result attractive. Its chief incident, which is (not to mince matters) the attempted seduction by *Christina* of a middle-

aged man, the father of one of her friends, mercifully comes to nothing. I like to believe that this sort of thing is as unusual as it is unpleasant. For the rest, the picture of the "artistic" household in which the children grew up, of their managing mother, and the slightly soured and disappointed painter their father, is drawn vividly enough. But what unamiable people they all are! "MILES IGNOTUS," who supplies a quaintly attractive little preface, in which he speaks of having read the book in proof under shell-fire, affects to discover in them a kinship with Prussia. Certainly they are almost frightful enough.

Having read all about *The Rise of Ledgar Dunstan* (DUCKWORTH) from obscurity to wealth, literary success and aristocratic wedlock, I should be infinitely content to leave him at that and have done; but Mr. ALFRED TRESIDDER SHEPPARD warns us that there is more to follow, and even hints that the sequel, opening in July, 1914, may in many respects be far indeed from the dulness of happily-ever-after. If *Ledgar* had been satisfied to marry the sweetheart of his school-days there might have been some danger of such a disaster; but, having put his humble past, including his Nonconformist conscience, too diligently behind him for that, he will have to face whatever his author and the KAISER may have in store, supported only by a wife who is going, I trust and believe, to revenge on him all the irritation which she and I both felt at his attitude of unemotional superiority towards all the world. Some people may think it almost a pity that the lady cannot deal similarly with Mr. SHEPPARD himself in just reprisal for his long-winded and nebulous way of talking about Anti-Christ and Armageddon, and for his revolting incidents of murder and insanity introduced without any excuse of necessity. The book contains a considerable element of lively if undiscriminating humour, but its insistence on the gruesome is so unfortunate that unless his hero's future fate be already irrevocably fixed in manuscript one would like to remind the author that essays in this kind are the easiest form of all literary effort and the least supportable.



"GOD BLESS THE OLD WOMAN! SHE *IS* THOUGHTFUL. I TOLD 'ER THERE WAS ICE IN THE TRENCHES THE LARST TIME I WROTE, AND I'M BLEST IF SHE 'AEN'T SENT ME A PAIR OF SKATES!"

With Serbia into Exile (MELROSE) is a book that will suffer little from the fact that its tragic tale has already been told by several other pens. Mr. FORTIER JONES, the writer, has much that is fresh to say, and a very fresh and vigorous way of saying it. His book and himself are both American of the best kind—which is to say, wonderfully resourceful, observant, sympathetic and alive. From a newspaper flung away by a stranger on the Broadway Express, Mr. JONES first became aware that men were wanted for relief work in Serbia, and "in an hour I had become part of the expedition." That is a phrase characteristic of the whole book. Though the matter of it is the story, "incredibly hideous and incredibly heroic," of a nation going into exile, Mr. JONES has always a keen eye for the picturesque and even humorous aspects of the tragedy; he has a quick sense of the effective which enables him to touch in many haunting pictures—the delusive peace of a sunny Autumn day among the Bosnian mountains; the face of KING PETER seen for a moment by lamplight amid a crowd of refugees; and countless others. More than a passing mention also is due to the many quite admirable snapshots with which the volume is illustrated. The author seems successfully to have communicated his own gifts of observation and selection to his camera, an instrument only too apt to betray those who look to it for support. One is glad for many reasons to think that our American cousins will read this book.

The Man in the Fog (HEATH, CRANTON) is a book that I find exceedingly hard to classify. Its author, Mr. HARRY TIGHE, has several previous stories to his credit, all of which seem to have moved the critics to pleasant sayings. But for my own part I have frankly to confess that I found *The Man in the Fog* somewhat wheezy company. The *Man* of the title was a kind of Northern Joseph, dismissed from a promising partnership with Potiphar after a domestic intrigue on the lines of the original. The fog happens when, years later, he meets the daughter of Mrs. Potiphar returning to her mother's house, and (at the risk of the poor girl catching her death) detains her on the front step with foggy allusions to the mysterious past. I may mention that his own conduct in the interval had been such as I can only regard as a lamentable relapse from the altitude of the earlier chapters. But it is all vastly serious—it would perhaps be unkind to say sententious—and wholly unruffled by the faintest suggestion of comedy. For which reason I should never be startled to learn that HARRY TIGHE was either youthful, Scotch, or female (or indeed, for that matter, all three). In any case I can only hope that he, or she, will not resent my parting advice to cultivate a somewhat lighter touch, and the selection of such words as come easily from the tongue. Some of the dialogue in the present book is painfully unhuman.

A Great Problem Solved.

Some carry their season tickets in their hat-bands, others fasten them on their wrists, others wear them attached to cords. A correspondent writes:—

"In my own overcoat I find an ingenious arrangement excellently suited for the purpose of carrying a season ticket, so that it shall be at once secure and easily accessible. The tailor has made a horizontal slit, about two-and-a-half inches wide, in the right side of the coat, and cunningly inserted a small rectangular bag or pouch of linen, the whole thing being strongly stitched and neatly finished off with a flap. It makes an admirable receptacle for a season ticket of ordinary dimensions, and I recommend this contrivance to those who may not be acquainted with it."

"Well-fed as we are at home, and conscious that the men who are fighting our battles are the best provisioned forces who ever took the field, we can contemplate the continuance of the coldest weather for twenty years with equanimity."—*Daily Chronicle.*

Or even for the duration of the War.

CHARIVARIA.

"WE will hold up wheat, we will hold up meat, we will hold up munitions of war and we will hold up the world's commerce," says Herr BALLIN. Meanwhile his countrymen on the Western front are content to hold up their hands.

* * *

It is reported from German Headquarters that the KAISER intends to confer on Count BERNSTORFF the Iron Cross with white ribbon. This has, we understand, caused consternation in official circles, where it is felt that after all the Count has done his best for Germany.

* * *

"We are at war," says the *Berliner Tageblatt*, a statement which only goes to prove that there is nothing hidden from the great minds of Germany.

* * *

The report that Mr. HENRY FORD has offered to place his works at the disposal of the American authorities seems to indicate that he is determined to get America on his side, one way or the other.

* * *

Mr. S. F. EDGE, the famous motorist, now on the FOOD CONTROLLER'S staff, has given it as his opinion that a simple outdoor life is best for pigs. We are ashamed to say that our own preference for excluding them from our drawing-room has hitherto been dictated by purely selfish motives.

* * *

America is making every preparation for a possible war, and Mexico, not to be outdone, has decided to hold a Presidential election.

* * *

It is true that Mr. GEORGE BERNARD SHAW has visited the Front, but too little has, we think, been made of the fact that he wore khaki—just like an ordinary person, in fact.

* * *

A sensational story reaches us to the effect that a new journalistic enterprise in Berlin is being devoted to the "reliable reporting of news." We have always maintained that to be successful in business you must strike out on original lines.

* * *

An exhibition of Zeppelin wreckage has been opened in the Middle Temple Gardens. The authorities are said to be considering an offer confidentially communicated to them by the German Government to add Count ZEPPELIN as an exhibit to the rest of the wreckage.

* * *

Members of the Honor Oak Golf Club are starting a piggery on their course, and an elderly golfer who practises on a common near London is about to write to *The Spectator* to state that on Saturday he started a rabbit.

* * *

The American Association for the Advance of Science decided at a recent convocation that the ape had descended from man. This statement has evoked a very strong protest in monkey circles.

* * *

The tuck-shops of Harrow have been loyally placed out of bounds by the boys themselves, though of course these establishments, like the playing fields of Eton, had their part in the winning of Waterloo.



FOOD DEVELOPMENT IN THE PARKS.

A FORECAST OF NEXT VALENTINE'S DAY.

Spinster (reads). "Dearest, meet me by the scarecrow in Hyde Park."

One of our large restaurants is printing on its menus the actual weight of meat used in each dish. In others, fish is being put on the table accompanied by its own scales.

* * *

We are requested to carry home our own purchases, and one of the firms for whom we feel sorry is Messrs. FURNESS, WITHY & COMPANY, of Liverpool, who have just purchased Passage Docks, Cork.

* * *

Australia by organising her Commonwealth Loan Group, once again lives up to her motto, "Advance, Australia."

* * *

The Coroner of East Essex having set the example of keeping pigs in his rose garden, it is rumoured that *The Daily Mail* contemplates offering a huge prize for a Standard Rose-Scented Pig.

* * *

To be in line with many of our contemporaries we are able to state definitely that the War is bound to come to an end, though we have not yet fixed on the exact date.

AIR-CASTLES.

WHEN I grow up to be a man and wear
whate'er I please,
Black-cloth and serge and Harris-tweed
—I will have none of these;
For shaggy men wear Harris-tweed, so
Harris-tweed won't do,
And fat commercial travellers are
dressed in dingy blue;
Lack-lustre black to lawyers leave and
sad souls in the City,
But I 'll wear Linsey-Woolsey because
it sounds so pretty.
I don't know what it looks like,
I don't know how it feels,
But Linsey-Woolsey to my fancy
Prettily appeals.

And when I find a lovely maid to settle
all my cash on,
She will be much too beautiful to need
the gauds of fashion.
No tinted tulle or taffeta, no silk or
crêpe-de-chine
Will the maiden of my fancy wear—no
chiffon, no sateen,
No muslin, no embroidery, no lace of
costly price,
But she 'll be clad in Dimity because
it sounds so nice.
I don't know what it looks like,
I do not know its feel,
But a dimpled maid in Dimity
Was ever my ideal.

The Last Menu Card.

"To-day is one of the great moments of history. Germany's last card is on the table. It is war to the knife. Either she starves Great Britain or Great Britain starves her."
Mr. Curtin in "The Times."

Mr. CURTIN has lost a great chance for talking of "War to the knife-and-fork." Possibly he was away in Germany at the time when this *jeu d'esprit* was invented.

"The Canadian papers are unanimous that the German peace proposals are premature, and will be refused saskatoon."
Examiner (Launceston, Tasmania).

We had not heard before that Germany had asked for Saskatoon, but anyway we are glad she is not going to get it.

From a schoolgirl's essay:—

"The Reconnaissance was the time when people began to wake up . . . Friar Jelicoe was a very great painter; he painted angles."

Probably an ancestor of the gallant gentleman who recently had a brush with the enemy.

TACTLESS TACTICS.

WERE I a burglar in the dock
With every chance of doing time,
With Justice sitting like a rock
To hear a record black with crime;
If my conviction seemed a cert,
Yet, by a show of late repentance,
I thought I might, with luck, avert
A simply crushing sentence;—

I should adopt, by use of art,
A pensive air of new-born grace,
In hope to melt the Bench's heart
And mollify its awful face;
I should not go and run amok,
Nor in a fit of senseless fury
Punch the judicial nose or chuck
An inkpot at the jury.

So with the Hun: you might assume
He would exert his homely wits
To mitigate the heavy doom
That else would break him all to bits;
Yet he behaves as one possessed,
Rampaging like a bull of Bashan,
Which, as I think, is not the best
Means of conciliation.

For when the wild beast, held and bound,
Ceases to plunge and rave and snort,
The Bench, I hope, will pass some sound
Remarks on this contempt of court;
The plea for mercy, urged too late,
Should prove a negligible cipher,
And when the sentence seals his fate
He 'll get at least a lifer. O. S.

HEART-TO-HEART TALKS.

(*The* KAISER *and Count* BERNSTORFF.)

The Kaiser (*concluding a tirade*). And so, in spite of my superhuman forbearance, this is what it has come to. Germany is smacked in the face in view of the whole world—yes, I repeat it, is smacked in the face, and by a nation which is not a nation at all, but a sweeping together of the worst elements in all the other nations, a country whose navy is ludicrous and whose army does not exist; and you, Count, have the audacity to come here into my presence and tell me that, with the careful instructions given to you by my Government and by myself, you were not able to prevent such an end to the negotiations? It is a thing that cannot be calmly contemplated. Even I, who have learnt perhaps more thoroughly than other men to govern my temper—even I feel strangely moved, for I know how deplorable will be the effect of this on our Allies and on the other neutral Powers. Our enemies, too, will be exalted by it and thus the War will be prolonged. No, Count, at such a moment one does not appear before one's Emperor with a smiling face.

Count B. God knows, your Majesty, that it is not I who have a smiling face. At such a moment there could be no reason for it. But your Majesty will remember, in justice to myself, that I have not ceased to warn your Majesty from the very beginning that unless something actual and definite was conceded to the feeling of the United States trouble would surely come. First there was the treatment of Belgium——

The Kaiser. Bah! Don't talk to me of Belgium and the Belgians. No more ungrateful race has ever infested the earth. Besides, did I not say that my heart bled for Louvain?

Count B. The Americans, your Majesty, had the bad taste not to believe you. It was in vain that I spread those gracious words of yours broadcast throughout the land. They only laughed at your Majesty.

The Kaiser. Yes, I know they did, curse them.

Count B. Then there came the deplorable sinking of the *Lusitania*.

The Kaiser. Oh, don't speak to me of the *Lusitania*. I 'm sick to death of the very name. Besides, how do you dare to call her sinking deplorable? I authorised it; that ought to be enough for you and for everybody else.

Count B. I beg your Majesty's pardon. When I said "deplorable" I was alluding not so much to the act itself as to its effect on opinion in the United States. From that moment the Americans stiffened in their attitude towards us and became definitely and strongly unfavourable. I warned your Majesty of this over and over again, but your Majesty preferred to disregard what I said.

The Kaiser. And have you any complaint to make? Is your opinion of yourself so high that one may not without sacrilege disregard your opinion?

Count B. Your Majesty is pleased to jest. I am not infallible, not being an Emperor, but I happen in this case to have been right. And then on the top of all the other things comes the Note announcing the new under-sea policy, and the ridiculous offer to allow the Americans to be safe in one ship a week, provided she is painted in a certain way. No, really, with a proud nation—

The Kaiser. Proud! A race of huckstering money-grubbers.

Count B. With a proud nation—I must repeat it, your Majesty—such a course must lead straight to war. But perhaps that was what your advisers wanted, though I cannot see why they should want it. But for myself I must ask your Majesty to remember that I foretold what has come to pass. There is perhaps yet time to undo the mischief.

The Kaiser. No, it is too late.

AS OTHERS SEE US.

THE General Officer Commanding, as he appears to:

(1) *His Chief of Staff.*—The one insuperable obstacle to tactical triumphs such as CÆSAR and NAPOLEON never knew.

(2) *His youngest A.D.C.*—A perpetual fountain of unsterilized language.

(3) *Certain Subalterns.*—The greatest man on earth.

(4) *Tommy Atkins.*—A benevolent old buffer in scarlet and gold who periodically takes an inexplicable interest in Tommy's belt and brass buttons. An excuse for his sergeant's making him present arms.

(5) *The British Public.*—A name in the newspapers.

(6) *Himself.*—(*a*) Before dinner: An unfortunate, overworked and ill-used old man. (*b*) After dinner: England's hope and Sir WILLIAM ROBERTSON'S right hand.

(7) *His Wife.*—A very lovable, but helpless, baby.

From an Indian teacher's report on the progress of his school:—

"A sad experience. Spirits for a time were very high. Our menials talked of exploits and masters of glory in store. But soon the famines set in. The treachery of the elements ravished the hopes of agriculturists, the major portion of the supporters of the —— school. The puffs of misery bleached white the flush of early and latter times; dinner-hours grew few and far between; and with the Sun of Loaf sank all wakefulness to light and culture."

This last feature sounds a little like Berlin.



RATIONAL SERVICE.

JOHN BULL. "SACRIFICE INDEED! WHY, I'M FEELING FITTER EVERY MINUTE, AND I'VE STILL PLENTY OF WEIGHT TO SPARE."



"HOW THIS EGG GOT PAST THE FOOD CONTROLLER I CAN'T IMAGINE."

THE THREE DICTATORS.

(Being a tragedy of the moment and incidentally a guide to the art of handing out correspondence to the typist.)

I.

THERE are, of course, as many styles of dictating letters as there are of writing them; but three stand out. One is the Indignant Confidential; one the Hesitant Tactful; and one the No-Nonsense Efficient. Bitter experience in three orderly London houses only a day or so ago chances to have led to such complete examples of each of these styles that the reader has the felicity of acquiring at the same time a valuable insight into business methods and a glimpse of what Nature in the person of Jack Frost can do with even the best regulated of cities.

We will take first the Hesitant Tactful, where the typist is not merely considered as a human being but invited to become an ally. The dictator is Mr. Vernon Crombie.

"Oh, Miss Carruthers, there's a letter I want to dictate and get off by hand at once, because my house isn't fit to live in through burst pipes. The plumbers promised to send yesterday, but didn't, and to-day they can't come, it seems, and really it's most serious. Ceilings being ruined, you know. The bore is that there aren't any other plumbers that I know of, and one is so at the mercy of these people that we must go very delicately. You understand. We mustn't say a word to set their backs up any higher than they already are. Anger's no good in this case. Here we must be tactful, and I want you to help me. I knew you would.

Now we'll begin. *To Messrs. Morrow & Hope. Dear Sirs,—I hate*—no, that's a little too strong, perhaps—*I much dislike*—that's better—*I much dislike to bother you at a time when I know you must be overworked in every direction*—you see the idea, don't you? What we've got to do is to get on their soft side. It's no use bullyragging them; understanding their difficulties is much better. You see that, don't you? Of course; I knew you would. Now then. Where was I? Oh yes—*overworked in every direction; but if, as you promised yesterday, but unfortunately were unable*—I think that's good, don't you? Much better than saying that they had broken their promise—*to manage, you could spare a man to attend to our pipes without further delay*—I think you might underline *without further delay*. Would that be safe, I wonder? Yes, I think so—*I should be more than grateful*. And now there's a problem. What I have been pondering is if it would be wise to offer to pay an increased charge. I'd do anything to get the pipes mended, but, on the other hand, it's not a sound precedent. A state of society in which everyone bid against everyone else for the first services of the plumber would be unbearable. Only the rich would ever be plumbed, and very soon the plumbers would be the millionaires. Perhaps we had better let the letter go as it is? You think so and I think so. Very well then, just *Believe me, yours faithfully*, and I'll sign it."

And now the Indignant and Confidential. Mr. Horace Bristowe is dictative: "Ah, here you are, Miss Tappit. Now I've got trouble with the plumbers, and I want to give the blighters—well, I can't say it to you, but you know what I mean. There's my house dripping at every pore, or rather pouring at every drip—I say, that's rather good; I must remember that to tell them this evening. Just put that down on a separate piece of paper, will you. Well, here's the place all soaked and not a man can I get. They

promised to send on Tuesday, they promised to send yesterday, and this morning comes a note saying that they can't now send till to-morrow. What do you think of that? And they have worked for me for years. Years I've been employing them.

"Let's begin, anyway. *To Messrs. Tarry & Knott. Dear Sirs*—— No, I'm hanged if I'll call them dear. Ridiculous convention! They're not dear—except in their charges. I say, that's not bad. No, just put *Gentlemen*. But that's absurd too. They're not gentlemen, the swine! They're anything but gentlemen, they're blackguards, swindlers, liars. Seriously, Miss Tappit, I ask you, isn't it monstrous? Here am I, an old customer, with burst pipes doing endless damage, and they can't send anyone till to-morrow. Really, you know, it's the limit. I know about the War and all that. I make every allowance. But I still say it's the limit. Well, we must put the thing in the third person, I suppose, if I'm not to call them either 'dear' or 'gentlemen.' *Mr. Horace Bristowe presents his comp*—Good Heavens! he does nothing of the kind—*Mr. Horace Bristowe begs to*—Begs! Of course I don't beg. This really is becoming idiotic. Can't one write a letter like an honest man, instead of all this flunkey business? Begin again: *To Messrs. Tarry & Nott. Mr. Horace Bristowe considers that he has been treated with a lack of consideration*—no, we can't have 'considers' and 'consideration' so near together. What's another word for 'consideration'?—*treated with a lack of—a lack of*—— Well, we'll keep 'consideration' and alter 'considers.' Begin again: *Mr. Horace Bristowe thinks*—no, that's not strong enough—*believes*—no. Ah, I've got it—*Mr. Horace Bristowe holds that he has been treated by you with a lack of consideration which*—I wonder if 'which' is better than 'that'—*a lack of consideration that, considering his long*—no, we can't have 'considering' just after 'consideration'—*that*—no, *which—which—in view of his long record as*—— What I want to say is that it's an infernal shame that after all these years, in which I've put business in their way and paid them scores of pounds, they should treat me in this scurvy fashion, that's what I mean. The swine! I tell you, Miss Tappit, it's infamous. I—(and so on).

The No-Nonsense Efficient businessman, so clear-headed and capable that it is his continual surprise that he is not in the Cabinet without the preliminary of an election, handles his correspondence very differently. He presses a button for Miss Pether. She is really Miss Carmichael, but it is a rule in this model office that the typist takes a dynastic name, and Pether now goes with the typewriter, just as all office-boys are William. Miss Pether arrives with her pad and pencil and glides swiftly and noiselessly to her seat and looks up with a face in which mingle eagerness, intelligence, loyalty and knowledge of her attainments.

"*To Messrs. Promises & Brake*, says the business man,—*Gentlemen comma the pipes at my house were not properly mended by your man yesterday comma and there is still a leakage comma which is causing both damage and inconvenience full stop" Please let me have comma in reply to this comma an assurance that someone shall be sent round at once dash in a taxi comma if necessary full stop. If such an assurance cannot be given comma I shall call in another firm and refuse to pay your account full stop. Since the new trouble is due to your employee's own negligence comma I look to you to give this job priority over all others full stop. My messenger waits full stop. I am comma yours faithfully comma.* Let me have it at once and tell the boy to get a taxi."

II.

None of the plumbers sent any men.

"In some courts the carrying of matches has been regarded as a light offence, but this will not be the case in future."—*Irish Times.*

We note the implied rebuke to the jester on the Bench.



THE BROTHERS TINGO, WHO ARE EXEMPTED FROM MILITARY SERVICE, DO THEIR BIT BY HELPING TO TRAIN LADIES WHO ARE GOING ON THE LAND.

SONGS OF FOOD-PRODUCTION.

II.

MUSTARD-AND-CRESS in Mayfair,
Belgravia's Winter Greens;
None so nicely as *they* fare
Save Cox's Kidney Beans;
Mustard-and-Cress in boxes,
Greens in the jardinière,
And a trellis of Beans at Cox's,
Facing Trafalgar Square.

Lady Biffington's daughters
Are mulching the Greens with Clay;
Lady Smiffington waters
The Mustard-and-Cress all day;
And Cox's cashiers (those oners!)
Are feeling extremely rash,
For they're pinching the tips of the Runners
As they never would pinch your cash.

Mighty is Mayfair's Mustard,
The Cress is hardy and hale;
Belgravia's housemaids dust hard
To keep the dust from the Kale;
But Cox's cashiers look solemn,
For their Beans (which sell by the sack)
Would cover the Nelson Column
If they didn't keep pinching them back.

"WEATHER AT HEALTH RESORTS.

	Sunshine.	Temp. Max.	Temp. Min.	Weather.
Felixstowe	0.0	22	29	Some snow." *Morning Paper.*

And some thermometer.

PETHERTON'S DONKEY;

OR, PATRIOTISM AND PUBLICITY.

I HADN'T had a letter-writing bout with Petherton for some time, and, feeling in need of a little relaxation, I seized the opportunity afforded by Petherton's installing a very noisy donkey in his paddock adjoining my garden, and wrote to him as follows:—

DEAR MR. PETHERTON,—I do not like making complaints against a neighbour, as you know, but the new tenant of your field does not seem to argue a good selection on your part, unless his braying has a more soothing effect on you than it has on me.

Yours sincerely,
HARRY J. FORDYCE.

I was evidently in luck, as I drew Petherton's literary fire at once.

SIR (he wrote),—I should have thought that you would have been the last person in the world to object to this particular noise. Allow me to inform you that I purchased the donkey for several family and personal reasons which cannot possibly concern you.

Faithfully yours,
FREDERICK PETHERTON.

I translated this letter rather freely for my own ends, and replied:—

DEAR PETHERTON,—I apologise. I had no idea that the animal was in any way connected with your family. If it is a poor relation I must say you are fortunate in being able to fob him (or should it be her?) off so easily, as he (or she) appears to live a life of comparative luxury, at little cost, I should imagine, to yourself. I shall be glad to know whether the animal, in exercising its extraordinary vocal powers, is calling for his (or her) mate, or merely showing off for the amusement of your fascinating poultry who share its pleasaunce.

Can't you possibly fit the brute with a silencer, as the noise it makes is disturbing, especially to me, my study window being very close to the hedge?

Yours sincerely,
HARRY FORDYCE.

P.S.—I am thinking of laying down a bed of poisoned carrots for early use. Perhaps with your chemical knowledge you can suggest an effective top-dressing for them.

Petherton rose to the bait and wrote—the same night—as follows:—

SIR,—In your unfortunate correspondence with me you have always shown yourself better at rudeness than repartee. Did you not learn at school the weakness of the *tu quoque* line of argument? You speak of your study window being near my field. The name "study" suggests literary efforts. Is it in your case merely a room devoted to the penning of senseless and impertinent letters to unoffending neighbours, who have something better to do than waste their time reading and answering them? I hope this letter will be the last one I shall find it necessary to write to you.

Re your postscript. Try prussic acid, but pray do not confine it to the toilets of your carrots. A few drops on the tongue would, I am sure, make you take a less distorted view of things, and you would cease to worry over such trifles as the braying of a harmless animal. Faithfully yours,

FREDERICK PETHERTON.

Of course I simply had to reply to this, but made no reference to the *tu quoque* question. He had evidently failed to grasp, or had ignored, the rather obvious suggestion in the last few words of my first letter on the subject. I wrote:—

MY DEAR CHAP,—Thanks so much for your prompt reply and valuable information about prussic acid. There was, however, one omission in the prescription. You didn't say on whose tongue the acid should be placed. If you meant on the donkey's it seems an excellent idea. I'll try it, so excuse more now, as the chemist's will be closed in a few minutes.

Yours in haste, HARRY F.

Petherton was getting angry, and his reply was terse and venomous:—

SIR,—Yes, I did mean the donkey's. It will cure both his stupid braying and his habit of writing absurd and childish letters.

But if you poison *my* donkey it will cost you a good deal more than you will care to pay, especially in war-time.

It is a pity you're too old for the army; you might have been shot by now. Faithfully yours,

FREDERICK PETHERTON.

I had now got on to my fourth speed, and dashed off this reply:—

DEAR FREDDY,—I like you in all your moods, but positively adore you when you are angry. As a matter of fact I am very fond of what are so absurdly known as dumb animals, and am glad now that the chemist's was closed last night before I decided whether to go there or not. BALAAM himself would have been proud to own your animal. It roused me from my bed this morning with what was unmistakably a very fine asinine rendering of the first few bars of "The Yeoman's Wedding," but unfortunately it lost the swing of it before the end of the first verse.

Yours as ever, HARRY.

Petherton gave up the contest; but I let him have a final tweak after seeing the announcement of his splendid and public-spirited action to help on the War Food scheme.

DEAR OLD BOY (I wrote),—How stupid you must have thought me all this time! Only when I learnt from the paragraph in this morning's *Surbury Examiner* that, in response to the suggestion of the Rural District Council, you have lent your field to the poor people of the neighbourhood for growing War Food did I realise the meaning of the dulcet-toned donkey's presence in your field.

The growing of more food at the present time is an absolute necessity, but it was left to you to discover this novel method of proclaiming to Surbury that here in its midst was land waiting to be put to really useful purpose.

I do not know which to admire the more, your patriotism or the ingenuity displayed in your selection of so admirable a mouthpiece from among your circle of friends. Yrs., H.

Petherton has left it at that.

NURSERY RHYMES OF LONDON TOWN.

(SECOND SERIES.)

XVIII.

BAYSWATER.

THE Bays came down to water—
Neigh! Neigh! Neigh!
And there they found the Brindled Mules—
Bray! Bray! Bray!
"How dare you muddy the Bays' water
That was as clear as glass?
How dare you drink of the Bays' water,
You children of an Ass?"
"Why shouldn't we muddy your water?
Neigh! Neigh! Neigh!
Why shouldn't we drink of your water,
Pray, pray, pray?
If our Sire was a Coster's Donkey
Our Dam was a Golden Bay,
And the Mules shall drink of the Bays' water
Every other day!"

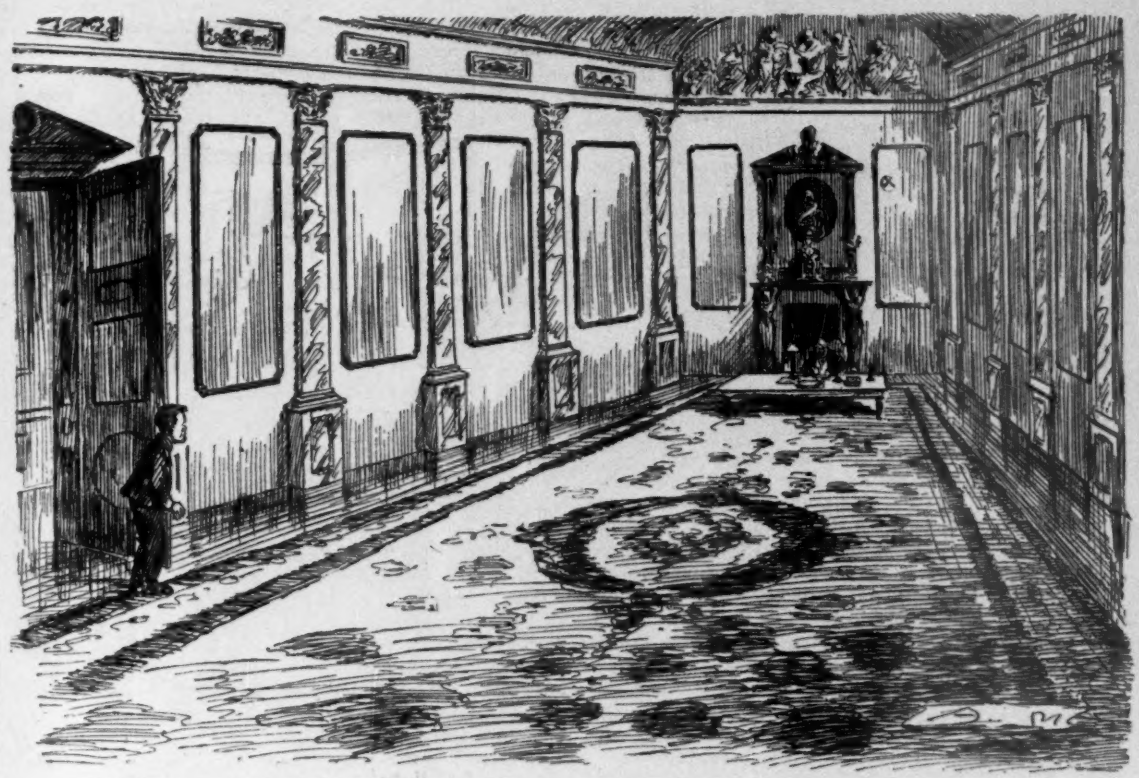
XIX.

KENTISH TOWN.

As I jogged by a Kentish Town
Delighting in the crops,
I met a Gipsy hazel-brown
With a basketful of hops.

"You Sailor from the Dover Coast
With your blue eyes full of ships,
Carry my basket to the oast
And I'll kiss you on the lips."

Once she kissed me with a jest,
Once with a tear—
O where's the heart was in my breast
And the ring was in my ear?



Head of Government Department (in his private room in recently-commandeered hotel). "BOY! BRING SOME MORE COAL!"

WAR'S ROMANCES.

[Now that fiction is occupying itself so much with military matters, it is necessary to warn the lady novelist—as it used to be necessary in other days to warn her in relation to sport—to cultivate accuracy. There is a constant danger that the popular story will include such passages as follow.]

"Corporal Cuthbert Crewdson," said the Colonel in a kindly voice, "your work has been very satisfactory—so much so that I have decided to promote you. From to-day you will no longer be Corporal, but Lance-Corporal." With a grateful smile our hero saluted and retired to draw his lance at the Adjutant's stores.

"Darling," cried the handsome young private, "I told the Colonel of our engagement, and he said at once I might bring you to tea at our Mess any Sunday afternoon."

One night, as Private Jones and the Sergeant-major were strolling arm-in-arm through the High Street . . .

"Remember," said the old Major, eyeing his eighteen-year-old subaltern son with a shrewd affectionate glance, "a little well-placed courtesy goes a long way. For instance, if a Sergeant should call you 'Sir,' never forget to say 'Sir' to him."

Osbert, his cane dangling from his left hand and with Mabel at his side, sailed proudly down Oxford Street. Suddenly a Tommy hove in sight. At once Osbert passed his stick to his other hand, leaving the left one free. The next moment the man was saluting, and Osbert, bringing up his left hand in acknowledgment, passed on.

"It is always well to be scrupulously correct in these little details," he explained.

Mildred, her heart beating rapidly, stood shyly behind the muslin curtain as George, looking very gallant in khaki, strode past the window with his frog hopping along at his side.

Sidney Bellairs, apparently so stern and unbending on parade, was adored by his men. Often he had been known, when acting as "orderly officer" (as the officer is called who has to keep order), to carry round with him a light camp-stool, which, with his unfailing charm of manner, he would offer to some weary sentry. "There, my boy, sit down," he would say, without a trace of condescension.

Lord Debenham succeeded because even in small things he could look ahead. "Ethelred," he would say to his batman, "there is to be a field-day to-morrow, so see that my haversack, water-bottle and slacks are put ready for me in the morning."

"Very good, my lord," the orderly would answer.

Marmaduke sprang forward. The Hun's bomb, its pin withdrawn, was about to explode. Coolly removing his costly gold-and-diamond tie-pin, he thrust this substitute into the appointed place in the terrible sizzling bomb, and stood back with a little smile. The next moment his General stepped towards him and pinned to his breast the Victoria Cross.

Colonel Blood belonged to the old school—irascible, even explosive, but at bottom a heart of gold. Often after thrashing a subaltern with his cane for some neglect of duty he would smile suddenly and invite the offender to dine with him at the Regimental Mess as if nothing had happened.



Lady (asking for the third time). "HAVE WE REACHED NO. 234 YET?"
Conductor. "YES, MUM. HERE YOU ARE." [*Stops bus.*]
Lady. "OH, I DIDN'T WANT TO GET OUT. I ONLY WANTED TO SHOW MY LITTLE FIDO WHERE HE WAS BORN."

A NEW DANGER.

"I DON'T know if you realise," said Ernest, "that since Army signalling became fashionable a new danger confronts us."

"If you mean that an enthusiast might start semaphoring unexpectedly in a confined space and get his neighbour in the eye, I may say that I have thought of it," I answered. "But it isn't worth worrying very much about. He wouldn't do it more than once."

"It isn't that," said Ernest. "It's something much more subtle and insidious. It is the growing tendency in ordinary conversation to use 'Ack' for A, 'Beer' for B, 'Emma' for M, 'Esses' for S, 'Toc' for T, etc. When you told me you were going to see your Aunt at 3 P.M., for instance, you said '3 Pip Emma.' And it isn't as if you were at all good at Semaphore or Morse either.

"Imagine," he continued, "the effect upon a congregation of the announcement from the pulpit that the Reverend John Smith, Beer Ack, will preach next Sunday. Or upon a meeting when told that Mr. Carrington Ponk, J. Pip, will now speak. Think of Aunt Jane and all her Societies," he went on gloomily. "Imagine her saying that she's going to an Esses Pip G. meeting to-morrow. It's a dreadful thought. It will extend to people's initials, too. The great T. P. will be Toc Pip O'CONNOR. Something will have to be done about it."

"There's only one thing to be done," I said. "You must get into Parliament and bring in a Bill about it. All might yet be well if you were an Emma Pip."

The Hungry Huns.

"The *Berliner Tageblatt's* correspondent states that the ground at St. Pierre Vaast has been converted into a marsh in which half-frozen soldiers, wet to the skin and knee-deep in mud, absorb the shells."
New Zealand Paper.

"The dispute, he claimed, was not started by the employees, but by the employer making sweeping reductions in the ages of the men."
Daily Paper.

If he wants to do this sort of thing with impunity he should employ women.

A Food Problem.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Please *do* tell me. Must I count sausages under the meat or the bread allowance? I do so want to help my country *faithfully*.

Yours, WORRIED HOUSEWIFE.

"REWARD 2s. 6d. Lost, a small Silver Toothpick, value sentimental."
Nottingham Evening Post.

The latest thing in love-tokens.

"After a debate lasting three days, the Senate rejected the motion approving Mr. Wilson's Nose."—*The Bulletin (Lahore).*

The Senate has since shown its impartiality by registering its profound disapproval of the KAISER'S Cheek.

"A special constable has received the Silver Medal of the Society for Protection of Life from fire for his gallantry in mounting a ladder at a local fire last May and rescuing a cock."—*Daily Paper.*

It is understood that members of the regular "force" consider that he showed some presumption in not leaving this particular task to them.



BLIGHTED PROSPECTS.

BERNSTORFF (*bitterly*). "PRETTY MESS YOU 'VE MADE OF IT WITH YOUR NEW FRIGHTFULNESS. I 'VE LOST MY JOB!"

HINDENBURG (*also bitterly*). "WELL, YOU 'RE WELCOME TO MINE."



Dug-out (who has seen put off on the last three greens by his caddie sneezing, and has now foozled his putt again). "CONFOUND YOU! WHY DIDN'T YOU SNEEZE? I WAS COUNTING ON IT."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Wednesday, February 7th. — HIS MAJESTY opened Parliament to-day for what we all hope will be the Victory Session. But it will not be victory without effort. That was the burden of nearly all the speeches made to-day, from the KING'S downwards. HIS MAJESTY, who had left his crown and robes behind, wore the workmanlike uniform of an Admiral of the Fleet; and the Peers had forgone their scarlet and ermine in favour of khaki and sable. When Lord STANHOPE, who moved the Address, ventured, in the course of an oration otherwise sufficiently sedate, to remark that "the great crisis of the War had passed," Lord CURZON was swift to rebuke this deviation into cheerfulness. On the contrary, he declared, we were now approaching "the supreme and terrible climax of the War." He permitted himself, however, to impart one or two comforting items of information with regard to the arming of existing merchant-ships, the construction of new tonnage and the development of inventions for the discovery and deletion of submarines. For excellent reasons, no doubt, it was all a little vague, but in one respect his statement left nothing to be desired in the way of precision. "The present Government, in its seven weeks of office, had taken but two large and one small hotels," and is, I gather, marvelling at its own moderation.

I was a little disappointed with the speeches of the Mover and Seconder of the Address in the Commons, for of recent years there has been a great improvement in this difficult branch of oratory. Sir HEDWORTH MEUX must, I think, have been dazzled by the effulgence of his epaulettes, which were certainly more highly polished than his periods. When in mufti he is much briefer and brighter. As Mr. ASQUITH however found both speeches "admirable," no more need be said.

The LEADER OF THE OPPOSITION, as one must for convenience style him—though in truth there is no Opposition, in the strict sense of the word—just said what he ought to have said. For one brief moment he seemed to be straying on to dangerous ground, when he put some questions regarding the scope of the coming Imperial Conference; but the rest of his speech was wholly in keeping with the peroration, in which he pleaded that in the prosecution of the Nation's aim there should be "no jarring voices, no party cross-currents, no personal or sectional distractions."

Unfortunately there is a section of the Commons over which he exercises no control. When Mr. BONAR LAW, as Leader of the House, rose to reply, the "jarring voices" of Mr. SNOWDEN and others of his kidney were heard in chorus, calling for the PRIME MINISTER. Mr. LAW paid no attention to the interruption. He cordially thanked Mr. ASQUITH for his speech, "the best possible testimony to the unity of this country," and assured him that the Imperial Conference would be primarily concerned with the successful prosecution of the War. The GERMAN EMPEROR had proved himself a great

Empire-builder, but it was not his own empire that he was building.

Later on Mr. PRINGLE reverted to the absence of the PRIME MINISTER, which he, as a person of taste, interpreted as "studied disrespect of the House of Commons." In this view he was supported by Mr. KING. Mr. LLOYD GEORGE must really be careful.

Strange to say, no public notice was taken of another distinguished absentee—the Member for East Herts. A few days ago, after a violent collision with Mr. JUSTICE DARLING, Mr. PEMBERTON-BILLING announced his intention of resigning his seat and submitting himself for re-election. But since then we have been given to understand that a vote of confidence proposed by PEMBERTON, seconded by BILLING, and carried unanimously by the hyphen, had convinced him that, as in the leading case of Mr. CECIL RHODES, "resignation can wait."

Thursday, February 8th.—When we read day by day long lists of merchant vessels sunk by the enemy submarines two questions occur to most of us. How does the amount of tonnage lost compare with the amount of new tonnage put afloat, and what is the number of submarines that the Navy has accounted for in recent months? Mr. FLAVIN put the first question to-day, but found Sir LEO CHIOZZA MONEY, who usually exudes statistics at every pore, singularly reticent on the subject. All he would say was that a large programme of new construction was in hand.

Private Members blew off a great volume of steam to-day on the proposal of the Government to take the whole time of the House. Scotsmen, Irishmen and an Englishman or two joined in the plea that at least they should be allowed to introduce their various little Bills, even if they did not get any further. Perhaps if a Welshman had joined the band they might have been listened to. As it was, only one of them received any comfort. This was Mr. SWIFT MACNEILL, who was informed that the Bill to deprive the enemy dukes of their British titles, for which he has been clamouring these two years, would shortly be introduced. But for the rest Mr. BONAR LAW was not inclined at this crisis in our fate to encourage the raising of questions, most of them acutely controversial, which would distract attention from the War.

On an amendment to the Address Mr. LESLIE SCOTT took up his brief for the British farmer, who, deprived of his skilled men and faced with higher prices for fertilizers and feeding-stuffs, was expected to grow more food without having any certainty that he would be able to dispose of it at a remunerative price. Farming is always a bit of a gamble, but in present conditions it beats the Stock Exchange hollow. Some of the proposals which Mr. SCOTT outlined to improve the situation would have been denounced as revolutionary three years ago, and were a little too drastic even now for Mr. PROTHERO. Squeezed between the WAR MINISTER and the FOOD CONTROLLER, the MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE rather resembles the *Dormouse* in *Alice in Wonderland*; but he is really quite all right, thank you. Mr. GEORGE LAMBERT thinks that the author of "The Psalms in Human Life" is too saintly to tackle Lords DERBY and DEVONPORT, but, if my memory serves me, DAVID—no allusion to the PREMIER—had a rather pretty gift of invective.

Let no one say that England is not at last awake. Mr. CHARLES BATHURST to-night made the terrific announcement that in some parts of the country Masters of Hounds are—shooting foxes.

"This brings the War home," said FERDINAND THE FEARFUL when he heard the news.



Jones (to cloak-room attendant). "HOW MUCH?"
Cloak-room Attendant. "THERE IS NO VERBAL CHARGE, SIR."

"It was agreed to express satisfaction with the announcement that the price fixed for the potato crop of 1917 was not a miximum price."
Scots Paper.

This must be the happy mean of which we hear so much.

THE RECENT TRUCE.

STUDENTS of geography know that Ballybun is divided from the back gardens of Kilterash by the pellucid waters of that noble stream, the Bun, which hurls itself over a barrier of old tin-cans in a frantic effort to find the sea. But they do not know that this physical division, long ago bridged, is nothing to the moral and political division which will keep the two for ever asunder.

Several of our younger citizens have written to me from the trenches to ask how the War is progressing. I have usually in reply quoted the remark of one of their number on leaving us for the Front after a short holiday, that he was now looking forward to a little peace and rest. I wish here to add a postscript to this concerning a recent unexpected truce.

Political geography is not written as it should be, so that there may be people who have not even heard of the Great War between Ballybun and Kilterash. No one knows for certain when it started, or why. A local antiquary, after prolonged study of chronicles, memorials, rolls and records, to say nothing of local churchyards, refers it with some confidence to the reign of HENRY II. (LOUIS VII. being King of France, in the pontificate of ADRIAN IV. and so on), and to the forcible abduction of a pig (called the White Pearl) by the then ruling monarch of Kilterash. The Editor of *The Kilterash Curfew*, in one of his recent "Readings for the Day of Rest," remarked that Christian charity compelled him to hurl this foul aspersion back in the teeth of this so-called antiquary; the whole world knew that the pig had been born in the parish of Kilterash, but had "strayed" across the Bun, as things too often had the habit of straying.

I am the "so-called antiquary." My little pamphlet proves in less than three hundred pages the truth of my allegation concerning the abduction of the White Pearl, giving the original texts on which I rely and the genealogies of all concerned in a sordid story.

Since 1157, as far as history records, we have been afflicted with only two periods of truce. One was when, on hearing of the foul wrong done by the German Brute in Belgium, we united in enlisting recruits for our local regiment. This truce was broken by my worthy friend, the Editor of *The Curfew*, who pointed out, more in anger than in sorrow, that Ballybun had sent six men fewer than Kilterash. The second truce—again broken by the enemy—concerned myself. Wishing to add, if possible, to the evidence from monuments contained in my pamphlet, I was copying an inscription I had only just discovered in the disused churchyard of Killyburnbrae, when one of these light Atlantic showers sprang up and soaked me to the backbone. The result was influenza and a high temperature, which rose while I was reading *The Curfew* upon my brochure, "*The White Pearl of Ballybun*, an Impartial Examination with the Original Documents herein set out and now for the first time deciphered by a Member of the Society of Antiquarians. Dedicated to All Lovers of the Truth. Printed by the Ballybun Binnacle Press."

The Curfew said of this fair statement of the evidence (with the original documents, mind you) that it smacked of German scholarship and their graveyard style of doing things. My blood boiled at this, and to keep me cool my niece, who lives with me, pulled down all the blinds, as the sun was strong.

An old fish-woman passing by saw this and said, "Well, well, the poor old fellow's gone at last! A decent man in his time, with no taste in fish! We must all come to it." From her the news spread forty miles on either side of her and reached the Editor of *The Curfew* in the middle of a philippic. Next morning I was astounded to read in his editorial columns: "Our distinguished neighbour and friend—if he will allow us to call him so—is now no more; in other words is gone . . . as VIRGIL remarks . . . famous antiquarian . . . scrupulous and methodical, and, as we remarked in our last issue, reminiscent of the palmy days of the best German monumental scholarship . . . our slight differences never affected the esteem in which we held him as a patriot, citizen, ratepayer and Man . . ."

Now this was kindly and fair. I have written to my worthy friend and have proposed to dedicate to him my forthcoming work (non-partisan) on the "Slant Observable in Some Church-Spires, Part I." When he had to unbury me, war had to be resumed—it was his side that insisted upon it—but as far as the two chieftains are concerned it is a war without bitterness. He now introduces his attacks with "Our honoured and able antiquarian friend"; while my answers breathe such sentiments as "The genial editor of that well-conducted organ."



FOOD VALUES IN OUR RESTAURANTS.

Customer. "WHAT DO YOU SUGGEST FOR TO-DAY, MISS?"

Waitress (late of Girton). "WELL, SIR, ROAST MUTTON, TWO VEGETABLES AND SWEETS WILL GIVE YOU THE NECESSARY PROTEIN, CALORIES AND CARBO-HYDRATES."

As You Were.

"Blow to Narkets. Rise of nearly 400 points. Cotton jump. Germany's note breaks the market."
Liverpool Echo, Feb. 1.

"Blow to Markets. Fall of nearly 400 points. Cotton slump."
Same Paper, Later Edition.

In spite of this sensational transformation of a jump into a slump we are glad to see that typographically at any rate the markets had recovered a little from their early derangement.

"Supposing a man has porridge and bacon for breakfast and a cut from the point or a shop or steak for luncheon he may find that he has consumed his meat allowance for the day."
Daily Mail (Manchester Edition).

Is not the food problem sufficiently difficult already without these additional complications? The man who wants a whole shop for his luncheon will get no sympathy from us.

From a list of Canon MASTERMAN'S lectures on "The War and the Smaller Nations of Europe":—

"April 2nd (possibly), 'The Reconstruction of Europe.'"—*Western Morning News.*

We commend the lecturer's caution, but hope it will prove to have been superfluous.



THIS IS NOT A SCENE FROM A REVUE—IT IS HARDLY DULL ENOUGH FOR THAT—BUT AN EVERYDAY PERFORMANCE ON THE PLATFORM OF ANY RAILWAY STATION DURING THE RECENT COLD SPELL.

A FORWARD MINX.

THE garden wall was high, yet not so high but that any young lady bent on attracting the notice of her neighbours could look over it. Miss Dot indeed regarded an outside flight of steps which led to an upper storey as an appointed amelioration to the hours which she was expected to spend in the garden, for it was an easy scramble from the stairs to the top of the wall, whence she could survey the world. To be sure the wall was narrow as well as high, but a timorous gait shows off a pretty figure, and slight nervousness adds a pathetic expression to a pretty face; to both of which advantages Dot was not, it is to be believed, altogether indifferent when khaki coats dwelt the other side of that wall.

On this particular day she was trying to attract notice in so unrestrained a manner that her mother remarked it from an upper window. But mothers, we are told in these latter days, are not always the wisest guardians of their "flapper" daughters. This mother had a decided *penchant* for a khaki coat herself; only she demanded braid on the cuff and a smartly cut collar, and these she would greet in the street with a tender act of homage which rarely failed to win admiring attention. But for a daughter who would dash down the road after a Tommy she had contempt rather than disapproval. So she watched with interest, but, alas! with no idea of interference.

At first there were only "civvies" about, and though the admiration of any youthful male was dear to Dot's heart, and though chaff and blandishments were not wanting, still the wall *was* high, and she lacked the resolve to descend. But presently two khaki coats appeared and the matter grew more serious. It was evident that it was not principle or modesty that held her back, but just timidity, for she responded eagerly to the advances of her admirers, but could not quite pluck up courage for that long jump down. Affairs grew shameless, for the khaki coats fetched a ladder to assist the elopement; but Dot made it clear that there were difficulties in that method of flight, though she wished there were not. At last she was enticed to a lower portion of the wall, and there, half screened by shrubs, she was lifted off by the shoulders, deliciously reluctant, and received into the cordial embrace of an enthusiastic soldiery.

And her mother retired to the sofa!

Shortly afterwards musketry instruction was proceeding in a public place; and behind the little group of learners sat Dot, in the seventh heaven of joy, drinking it all in with eager attention. And the instructing officer did not seem to mind.

"How sad and mad and bad it was," a theme for the moralist, the conscientious objector, the Army reformer, the social reformer, the statistician. Yet perhaps even their solemn faces might relax to-day at the sight of a long-legged Airedale puppy marching at the head of the battalion to which she has appointed herself mascot.

Quis Custodiet?

"Engineer desires position as Manager of Works Manager."—*The Aeroplane.*

"—— and Sons will sell by Auction four Shorthand and Jersey Cows."

Morning Paper.

As the FOOD CONTROLLER'S Department is said to be still short of clerks, he may like to bid for these accomplished creatures.

AT THE PLAY.

"FELIX GETS A MONTH."

THIS "whimsical comedy," made by Mr. LEON M. LION out of a novel by the late TOM GALLON, began in a distinctly intriguing mood. *Felix* had an uncle, a sport, on whom he had once played a scurvy practical joke. This highly tolerant victim eventually cut up for a round million, which he left to nephew *Felix* on condition that he should enter Umberminster as naked as the day he was born and earn his living therein for a full calendar month—a palpable posthumous hit to the old man. *Felix* accordingly, equipped as laid down in the will, is left by the family solicitor in a wood, and, after a night and a day in hiding, appears shivering at the Mayor's parlour window, abstracts a rug for temporary relief, and prevails upon the maid, a romantic little orphan (who had been reading about river-gods and mistakes *Felix* for one), to borrow a suit of the Mayor's clothes—into which he gets in time to interview that worthy when he returns with his grim lady. "You 'll get a month," says she with damnable iteration; and the resourceful *Felix*, with an eye to the whimsical will, whimsically suggests that justice would be better fulfilled by his putting in the month at the Mayor's house as odd-job man than by his being conveyed to the county jail. And the Mayor whimsically agrees.

After that, I regret to say, honest whimsicality took wing, and the show became merely—shall we say?—eupeptic. And certainly a much more elaborate meal than my lord DEVONPORT allowed me would be required to induce a mood sufficiently tolerant to face without impatience the welter which followed. The three incredible people—mercenary virgin, heavy father and aimless smiling villain—that walked straight out of the Elephant and Castle into the Second Act were not, I suspect, any elaborate (and quite irrelevant) joke of the actor-author's at the expense of the transpontine method, but just queer puppets brought on to disentangle the complications, though I confess I half thought that the villain, Mr. LAWRENCE LEYTON, was pulling our legs with a quite deliberate burlesque. On the whole I am afraid this play is but another wreck on that old snag of the dramatised novel.

But there were plenty of isolated good things, such as Mr. O. B. CLARENCE's really excellent Mayor, puzzled, pompous, eagle-pecked. Miss FLORENCE IVON, the eagle in question, gave a shrewd and shrewish portrait of a wife gey ill to live with. Mr. REGINALD BACH's very entertaining imaginary portrait of a faithful boy scout was a stroke of genius, his "call of the wild" being by far the best whim of the evening. Miss EVA LEONARD-BOYNE as *Ninetta*, the orphan, did her little job tenderly and prettily, but I couldn't believe in *Ninetta* in that galley, and I doubt if she did. Mr. GORDON ASH was the debonair hero. I do most solemnly entreat him to consider the example of some of the elders in his profession who have adopted a laugh as their principal bit of business. It may turn into a millstone. Was he not laughing the same laugh on this very stage in a very different part three days ago? He



BORROWED PLUMES IN A MAYOR'S NEST.

Alderman Twentyman. Mr. O. B. CLARENCE.
Felix Delany . . . . Mr. GORDON ASH.

was. If he got a month, laugh-barred, he would profit by the sentence. For he has jolly good stuff in him. T.

More Commandeering.

From a report of the PRIME MINISTER'S speech at Carnarvon:—

"There are eight million houses in this country. Let us have VICTORY GUM FACTORY, Nelson, Lancs."—*Daily Dispatch*.

But surely he does not want to be known as "The Stickit Minister."

"A grocer in a London suburb complains that on Saturday he and his staff were 'run o fithei rlegs by the extraordinary demands of customers.'"—*Westminster Gazette*.

We congratulate the printer on his gallant effort to depict the situation.

"WANTED, Cook Generals, House Parlourmaids; fiends might suit."—*Irish Paper*.

Discussion of the eternal servant problem is apt to be one-sided; it was quite time that we heard from the *advocatus diaboli*.

TO STEPHEN LEACOCK

(*Professor of Political Economy at McGill University, Montreal, and author of "Further Foolishness" and other notable works of humour*).

THE life that is flagrantly double,
Conflicting in conduct and aim,
Is seldom untainted by trouble
And commonly closes in shame;
But no such anxieties pester
Your dual existence, which links
The functions of don and of jester—
High thought and high jinks.

Your earliest venture perhaps is
Unique in the rapture intense
Displayed in these riotous Lapses
From all that could savour of sense,
Recalling the "goaks" and the gladness
Of one whom we elders adored—
The methodical midsummer madness
Of ARTEMUS WARD.

With you, O enchanting Canadian,
We laughed till you gave us a stitch
In our sides at the wondrous Arcadian
Exploits of the indolent rich;
We loved your satirical sniping,
And followed, far over "the pond,"
The lure of your whimsical piping
Behind the Beyond.

In place of the squalor that stretches
Unchanged o'er the realist's page,
The sunshine that glows in your Sketches
Is potent our griefs to assuage;
And when, on your mettlesome charger,
Full tilt against reason you go,
Your Lunacy 's finer and Larger
Than any I know.

The faults of ephemeral fiction,
Exotic, erotic or smart,
The vice of delirious diction,
The latest excesses of Art—
You flay in felicitous fashion,
With dexterous choice of your tools,
A scourge for unsavoury passion,
A hammer for fools.

And yet, though so freakish and dashing,
You are not the slave of your fun,
For there 's nobody better at lashing
The crimes and the cant of the Hun;
Anyhow, I 'd be proud as a peacock
To have it inscribed on my tomb:
"He followed the footsteps of LEACOCK
In banishing gloom."

From an Indian clerk's letter to his employer:—

"I am glad that the War is progressing very favourably for the Allies. We long for the day when, according to Lord Curzon's saying, 'The Bengal Lancers will petrol the streets of Berlin.'"

Quite the right spirit.



Awe-struck Tommy (from the trenches). "LOOK, BILL—SOLDIERS!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IT may be as well for me to confess at once the humiliating fact that I am not, and never have been, an Etonian. If that be a serious disqualification for life in general, how much more serious must it be for the particular task of reviewing a book which is of Eton all compact, a book, for example, like *Memories of Eton Sixty Years Ago*, by A. C. AINGER, with contributions from N. G. LYTTELTON and JOHN MURRAY (MURRAY). For I have never been "up to" anybody; I have never been present at "absence"; I have no real understanding of the difference between a "tutor" and a "dame"; I call a "*pœna*" by the plebeian name of "imposition"; and, until I had read Mr. AINGER'S book, I had never heard of the verb "to brosier" or the noun substantive "bever." Altogether my condition is most deplorable. Yet there are some alleviations in my lot, and one of them has been the reading of this delightful book. I found it most interesting, and can easily imagine how Etonians will be absorbed in it, for it will revive for them many an old and joyful memory of the days that are gone. Mr. AINGER discourses, with a *mitis sapientia* that is very attractive, on the fashions and manners of the past and the gradual process of their development into the Eton of the present. He is proud, as every good Etonian must be, of Eton as it exists, but now and again he hints that the Eton of an older time was in some respects a simpler and a better place. The mood, however, never lasts long, and no one can quarrel with the way in which it is expressed. General LYTTELTON, too, in one of his contributions, relates how on his return from a long stay in India he visited Eton, expecting to be modestly welcomed by shy and ingenuous youths, and how, instead, he was received and patronised by young but sophisticated men of the world. The GENERAL, I gather, was somewhat chilled by his experience. Altogether this book is emphatically one without which no Etonian's library can be considered complete.

Perhaps of all our War correspondents Mr. PHILIP GIBBS contrives to give in his despatches the liveliest sense of the movement, the pageantry and the abominable horror of war. Pageantry there is, for all the evil boredom and weariness of this pit-and-ditch business, and Mr. GIBBS sees finely and has an honest pen that avoids the easy *cliché*. You might truthfully describe his book, *The Battles of the Somme* (HEINEMANN), as an epic of the New Armies. He never seems to lose his wonder at their courage and their spirit, and always with an undercurrent of sincerely modest apology for his own presence there with his notebook, a mere chronicler of others' gallantry. This chronicle begins at the glorious 1st of July and ends just before Beaumont-Hamel, which the author miserably missed, being sent home on sick leave. It is a book that may well be one of those preserved and read a generation hence by men who want to know what the great War was really like. God knows it ought to help them to do something to prevent another. Yet there is nothing morbid in it. As the sergeant thigh-deep in a flooded trench said, "You know, Sir, it doesn't do to take this war seriously." The armies of a nation that takes its pleasures sadly take their bitter pains with a grin; and that grin is what has

made them such an unexpectedly tough proposition to the All-Seriousest.

An old adage warns us never to buy a "pig in a poke." Equally good advice for the heroines of fiction or drama would be never under any circumstances to marry a bridegroom in a mask. In more cases than I can recall, neglect of this simple precaution has led to a peck of trouble. I am thinking now of *Yvonne*, leading lady in *The Mark of Vraye* (HUTCHINSON). I admit that poor *Yvonne* had more excuse than most. Hers was what you might call a hard case. On the one hand there was the villain *Philippe*, a most naughty man, swearing that she was in his power, and calling for instant marriage at the hands of *Father Simon*, who happened to be present. On the other hand, the gentleman in the mask revealed a pair of eyes that poor *Yvonne* rashly supposed to belong to someone for whom she had more than a partiality. So when he suggested that the proposed ceremony should take place during *Philippe's* temporary absence from the stage, with himself as substitute, *Yvonne* (astonished perhaps at her own luck so early in the plot) simply jumped at the idea. Then, of course, the deed being done, off comes the mask, and behold the triumphant countenance of her bitterest foe, *Charles de Montbrison*, whom she herself had disfigured as the (supposed) murderer of her brother. Act drop and ten minutes' interval. Need I detail for you the subsequent course of this marriage of inconvenience? The courage and magnanimity of one side, the feminine cruelty melting at last to love, and finally the inevitable duologue of reconciliation, through which I can never help hearing the rustle of opera-cloaks and the distant cab-whistles. Charming, charming. Mr. H. B. SOMERVILLE has furnished a pleasant entertainment, and one that (like all good readers or spectators) you will enjoy none the less because of its entire familiarity.



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Sentry (on recognising voice). "FRIEND! I DON'T THINK. WHY, YOU 'RE THE CHAP WHO BAGGED MY MESS-TIN BEFORE THE LAST KIT-INSPECTION."

The Flight of Mariette (CHAPMAN AND HALL) is a slender volume, whose simplicity gives it a poignancy both incongruous and grim. Much of it you might compare to the diary of a butterfly before and whilst being broken on the wheel. *Mariette*, the jolly little maid of Antwerp, was so tender and harmless a butterfly; and the machine that broke her life and drove her to the martyrdom of exile was so huge and cruel a thing. How cruel in its effects it is well for us just now to be again reminded, lest, in these days of hurrying horrors, remembrance should be weakened. To that extent therefore Miss GERTRUDE E. M. VAUGHAN has done good service in compiling this human document of accusation. In a preface Mr. JOHN GALSWORTHY pleads the cause of our refugee guests, not so much for charity as for comprehension. Certainly, *The Flight of Mariette* will do much to further such understanding. I think I need only add that half the proceeds of its sale will go to feed the seven million Belgians still in Belgium (prey to the twin wolves of Prussia and starvation) for you to see that three shillings and sixpence could hardly be better used than in the purchase of a copy.

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I wish Mr. DOUGLAS SLADEN would not throw so many bouquets at his characters. *Roger Wynyard*, the hero of *Grace Lorraine* (HUTCHINSON), was really just a very ordinary youth, but when I discovered that he was "the fine flower of our Public-School system," "as chivalrous as a Bayard," and so forth, I began—unfairly, perhaps, but quite irresistibly—to entertain a considerable prejudice against him. Let me hasten, however, to add that Mr. SLADEN has packed his novel with the kind of incident which appeals to the popular mind, though his conclusion may cause a shock to those who think that our divorce-laws are in no need of reform. In the matter of style Mr. SLADEN is content with something short of perfection. "It was easier for her to forgive a man, with his happy-go-lucky nature, for getting into trouble, than to forgive his getting out again by not being sufficiently careful not to add to the other person's misfortune." For myself, I do not find it so easy to forgive these happy-go-lucky methods in a writer who ought to know better by now.

The War Loan; a Last Appeal.

Now, by the memory of our gallant dead,
And by our hopes of peace through victory won,
Lend of your substance; let it not be said
You left your part undone.

Lend all and gladly. If this bitter strife
May so by one brief hour be sooner stayed,
Then is your offering, spent to ransom life,
A thousand times repaid.

CHARIVARIA.

COUNT BERNSTORFF it appears, was very much annoyed with the way in which certain Americans are supporting President WILSON, and he decided to read them a lesson they would not soon forget. So he left America.

* * *

Things are certainly settling down a little in Hungary. Only two shots were fired at Count TISZA in the Hungarian Diet last week.

* * *

The famous Liquorice Factory which has figured so often in the despatches from Kut is again in the hands of our troops. Bronchial subjects who have been confining themselves to black currant lozenges on patriotic grounds will welcome the news.

* * *

The German Imperial Clothing Department has decreed that owners of garments "bearing the marks of prodigal eating" will not be permitted to replace them, and the demand among the elderly dandies of Berlin for soup-coloured waistcoats is said to have already reached unprecedented figures.

* * *

"On the Western front," says *The Cologne Gazette*, "the British are defeated." Some complaints are being made by the Germans on the spot because they have not yet been officially notified of the fact.

* * *

A neutral diplomat in Vienna has written for a sack of rice to a colleague in Rome, who, feeling that the Austrians may be on the look-out for the rice, intends to defeat their hopes by substituting confetti.

* * *

By the way the FOOD CONTROLLER may shortly forbid the use of rice at weddings. We have long held the opinion that as a deterrent the stuff is useless.

* * *

"The British," says the *Berliner Tageblatt*, "what are they? They are snufflers, snivelling, snorting, shirking, snuffling, vain-glorious wallowers in misery . . ." It is thought likely that the *Berliner Tageblatt* is vexed with us.

* * *

Count PLUNKETT, although elected to the House of Commons, will not attend. It is cruel, but the COUNT is convinced that the punishment is no more severe than the House deserves.

A North of England Tribunal has just given a plumber sufficient extension to carry out a large repair job he had in hand. This has caused some consternation among those who imagined that the War would end this year.

* * *

Lord DEVONPORT'S weekly bread allowance is regarded as extravagant by a lady correspondent, who writes, "In my own household we hardly eat any bread at all. We practically live on toast."

* * *

An informative contemporary explains that the Chinese eggs now arriving are nearly all brown and resemble those laid in this country by the Cochin China fowl. This, however, is not the only graceful concession to British prejudice, for the eggs, we notice, are of that oval design which is so popular in these islands.

* * *

An *Evening News* correspondent states that at one restaurant last week a man consumed "a large portion of beef, baked potatoes, brussels-sprouts, two big platefuls of bread, apple tart, a portion of cheese, a couple of pats of butter and a bottle of wine." We understand that he would also have ordered the last item on the menu but for the fact that the band was playing it.

* * *

A Carmelite sleuth at a City restaurant reports that one "Food Hog" had for luncheon "half-a-dozen oysters, three slices of roast beef with Yorkshire pudding, two vegetables and a roll." The after-luncheon roll is of course the busy City man's substitute for the leisured club-man's after-luncheon nap.

* * *

There is plenty of coal in London, the dealers announce, for those who are willing to fetch it themselves. Purchasers of quantities of one ton or over should also bring their own paper and string.

* * *

One of the rarest of British birds, the great bittern, is reported to have been seen in the Eastern counties during the recent cold spell. In answer to a telephonic inquiry on the matter Mr. POCOCK, of the Zoological Gardens, was heard to murmur, "Once bittern, twice shy."

* * *

A stoker, prosecuted at a London Police Court for carrying smoking materials into a munitions factory, explained in defence that no locker had been assigned to him. The Bench thereupon placed one at his disposal for a period of one month.

* * *

On the Somme, says *The Times*, the New Zealand Pioneers, consisting of Maoris, Pakehas and Raratongans, dug 13,163 yards of trenches, mostly under German fire. The really thrilling fact about this is that we have enlisted the sympathy of the Pakehas (or "white men"), who, with the single exception of the Sahibs of India, are probably the fiercest tribe in our vast Imperial possessions.

* * *

The announcement that the Scotland Yard examination will not be lowered for women taxicab drivers has elicited a number of inquiries as to whether "language" is a compulsory or an alternative subject.

* * *

"The feathers are most quickly got rid of by removing them with the skin," says the writer of a recently published letter on "Sparrows as Food." He forgets the very considerable economy which can be achieved by having them baked in their jackets.

* * *

We are glad to note an agitation for a bath-room in every artisan dwelling. Only last week we were pained by a photograph in a weekly paper showing somebody reduced to taking his tub in the icy Serpentine.



PRO PATRIA.

Motto for Housekeepers:—
"WEIGH IT AND SEE."

National Service.

War has taught the truth that shines
Through the poet's noble lines:—
"Common are to either sex
Artifex and *opifex*."

made them such an unexpectedly tough proposition to the All-Seriousest.

An old adage warns us never to buy a "pig in a poke." Equally good advice for the heroines of fiction or drama would be never under any circumstances to marry a bridegroom in a mask. In more cases than I can recall, neglect of this simple precaution has led to a peck of trouble. I am thinking now of *Yvonne*, leading lady in *The Mark of Vraye* (HUTCHINSON). I admit that poor *Yvonne* had more excuse than most. Hers was what you might call a hard case. On the one hand there was the villain *Philippe*, a most naughty man, swearing that she was in his power, and calling for instant marriage at the hands of *Father Simon*, who happened to be present. On the other hand, the gentleman in the mask revealed a pair of eyes that poor *Yvonne* rashly supposed to belong to someone for whom she had more than a partiality. So when he suggested that the proposed ceremony should take place during *Philippe's* temporary absence from the stage, with himself as substitute, *Yvonne* (astonished perhaps at her own luck so early in the plot) simply jumped at the idea. Then, of course, the deed being done, off comes the mask, and behold the triumphant countenance of her bitterest foe, *Charles de Montbrison*, whom she herself had disfigured as the (supposed) murderer of her brother. Act drop and ten minutes' interval. Need I detail for you the subsequent course of this marriage of inconvenience? The courage and magnanimity of one side, the feminine cruelty melting at last to love, and finally the inevitable duologue of reconciliation, through which I can never help hearing the rustle of opera-cloaks and the distant cab-whistles. Charming, charming. Mr. H. B. SOMERVILLE has furnished a pleasant entertainment, and one that (like all good readers or spectators) you will enjoy none the less because of its entire familiarity.



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The Flight of Mariette (CHAPMAN AND HALL) is a slender volume, whose simplicity gives it a poignancy both incongruous and grim. Much of it you might compare to the diary of a butterfly before and whilst being broken on the wheel. *Mariette*, the jolly little maid of Antwerp, was so tender and harmless a butterfly; and the machine that broke her life and drove her to the martyrdom of exile was so huge and cruel a thing. How cruel in its effects it is well for us just now to be again reminded, lest, in these days of hurrying horrors, remembrance should be weakened. To that extent therefore Miss GERTRUDE E. M. VAUGHAN has done good service in compiling this human document of accusation. In a preface Mr. JOHN GALSWORTHY pleads the cause of our refugee guests, not so much for charity as for comprehension. Certainly, *The Flight of Mariette* will do much to further such understanding. I think I need only add that half the proceeds of its sale will go to feed the seven million Belgians still in Belgium (prey to the twin wolves of Prussia and starvation) for you to see that three shillings and sixpence could hardly be better used than in the purchase of a copy.

I was beginning to wonder whether Mr. EDEN PHILLPOTTS was suffering from writer's cramp, so much longer than usual does it seem since I heard from him. Now, however, my anxiety is relieved by *My Devon Year* (SCOTT), a delightful book which could have come from no other pen than his. It is a marvel how many fragrant things he still finds to say, and with what inexhaustible freshness, about his beloved county. I hesitate to give these sketches an indiscriminate recommendation, because to those who walk through the country with closed eyes they will have little or no meaning; but if you are in love with beauty and can appreciate its translation into exquisite language you will draw from them a real and lasting joy. Let me confess now that I once asked Mr. PHILLPOTTS to give Devonshire a rest, and that I accept *My Devon Year* as a convincing proof that this request was ill-considered.

I wish Mr. DOUGLAS SLADEN would not throw so many bouquets at his characters. *Roger Wynyard*, the hero of *Grace Lorraine* (HUTCHINSON), was really just a very ordinary youth, but when I discovered that he was "the fine flower of our Public-School system," "as chivalrous as a Bayard," and so forth, I began—unfairly, perhaps, but quite irresistibly—to entertain a considerable prejudice against him. Let me hasten, however, to add that Mr. SLADEN has packed his novel with the kind of incident which appeals to the popular mind, though his conclusion may cause a shock to those who think that our divorce-laws are in no need of reform. In the matter of style Mr. SLADEN is content with something short of perfection. "It was easier for her to forgive a man, with his happy-go-lucky nature, for getting into trouble, than to forgive his getting out again by not being sufficiently careful not to add to the other person's misfortune." For myself, I do not find it so easy to forgive these happy-go-lucky methods in a writer who ought to know better by now.

The War Loan; a Last Appeal.

Now, by the memory of our gallant dead,
And by our hopes of peace through victory won,
Lend of your substance; let it not be said
You left your part undone.

Lend all and gladly. If this bitter strife
May so by one brief hour be sooner stayed,
Then is your offering, spent to ransom life,
A thousand times repaid.

CHARIVARIA.

COUNT BERNSTORFF, it appears, was very much annoyed with the way in which certain Americans are supporting President WILSON, and he decided to read them a lesson they would not soon forget. So he left America.

* * *

Things are certainly settling down a little in Hungary. Only two shots were fired at Count TISZA in the Hungarian Diet last week.

* * *

The famous Liquorice Factory which has figured so often in the despatches from Kut is again in the hands of our troops. Bronchial subjects who have been confining themselves to black currant lozenges on patriotic grounds will welcome the news.

* * *

The German Imperial Clothing Department has decreed that owners of garments "bearing the marks of prodigal eating" will not be permitted to replace them, and the demand among the elderly dandies of Berlin for soup-coloured waistcoats is said to have already reached unprecedented figures.

* * *

"On the Western front," says *The Cologne Gazette*, "the British are defeated." Some complaints are being made by the Germans on the spot because they have not yet been officially notified of the fact.

* * *

A neutral diplomat in Vienna has written for a sack of rice to a colleague in Rome, who, feeling that the Austrians may be on the look-out for the rice, intends to defeat their hopes by substituting confetti.

* * *

By the way the FOOD CONTROLLER may shortly forbid the use of rice at weddings. We have long held the opinion that as a deterrent the stuff is useless.

* * *

"The British," says the *Berliner Tageblatt*, "what are they? They are snufflers, snivelling, snorting, shirking, snuffling, vain-glorious wallowers in misery . . ." It is thought likely that the *Berliner Tageblatt* is vexed with us.

* * *

Count PLUNKETT, although elected to the House of Commons, will not attend. It is cruel, but the COUNT is convinced that the punishment is no more severe than the House deserves.

A North of England Tribunal has just given a plumber sufficient extension to carry out a large repair job he had in hand. This has caused some consternation among those who imagined that the War would end this year.

* * *

Lord DEVONPORT'S weekly bread allowance is regarded as extravagant by a lady correspondent, who writes, "In my own household we hardly eat any bread at all. We practically live on toast."

* * *

An informative contemporary explains that the Chinese eggs now arriving are nearly all brown and resemble those laid in this country by the Cochin China fowl. This, however, is not the only graceful concession to British prejudice, for the eggs, we notice, are of that oval design which is so popular in these islands.

* * *

An *Evening News* correspondent states that at one restaurant last week a man consumed "a large portion of beef, baked potatoes, brussels-sprouts, two big platefuls of bread, apple tart, a portion of cheese, a couple of pats of butter and a bottle of wine." We understand that he would also have ordered the last item on the menu but for the fact that the band was playing it.

* * *

A Carmelite sleuth at a City restaurant reports that one "Food Hog" had for luncheon "half-a-dozen oysters, three slices of roast beef with Yorkshire pudding, two vegetables and a roll." The after-luncheon roll is of course the busy City man's substitute for the leisured club-man's after-luncheon nap.

* * *

There is plenty of coal in London, the dealers announce, for those who are willing to fetch it themselves. Purchasers of quantities of one ton or over should also bring their own paper and string.

* * *

One of the rarest of British birds, the great bittern, is reported to have been seen in the Eastern counties during the recent cold spell. In answer to a telephonic inquiry on the matter Mr. POCOCK, of the Zoological Gardens, was heard to murmur, "Once bittern, twice shy."

* * *

A stoker, prosecuted at a London Police Court for carrying smoking materials into a munitions factory, explained in defence that no locker had been assigned to him. The Bench thereupon placed one at his disposal for a period of one month.

* * *

On the Somme, says *The Times*, the New Zealand Pioneers, consisting of Maoris, Pakehas and Raratongans, dug 13,163 yards of trenches, mostly under German fire. The really thrilling fact about this is that we have enlisted the sympathy of the Pakehas (or "white men"), who, with the single exception of the Sahibs of India, are probably the fiercest tribe in our vast Imperial possessions.

* * *

The announcement that the Scotland Yard examination will not be lowered for women taxicab drivers has elicited a number of inquiries as to whether "language" is a compulsory or an alternative subject.

* * *

"The feathers are most quickly got rid of by removing them with the skin," says the writer of a recently published letter on "Sparrows as Food." He forgets the very considerable economy which can be achieved by having them baked in their jackets.

* * *

We are glad to note an agitation for a bath-room in every artisan dwelling. Only last week we were pained by a photograph in a weekly paper showing somebody reduced to taking his tub in the icy Serpentine.



PRO PATRIA.

Motto for Housekeepers:—
"WEIGH IT AND SEE."

National Service.

War has taught the truth that shines
Through the poet's noble lines:—
"Common are to either sex
Artifex and *opifex*."

WILLIAM v. THE WORLD.

DOUBTLESS you feel that such a fight
Would be a huge *réclame* for Hundom;
That Earth would stagger at the sight
Of *Gulielmus contra Mundum:*
That WILLIAM, facing awful odds,
Should prove a spectacle for men and gods.

('Tis true you have Allies who share
The toll you levy for the shambles,
Yet, judging by the frills you wear
In this your most forlorn of gambles,
One might suppose you stood alone
In solitary splendour all your own.)

And if the game against you goes,
As seems, I take it, fairly certain,
The Hero, felled by countless foes,
Should make a rather useful curtain;
You could with honour cry for grace,
Having preserved the thing you call your face.

I shouldn't count too much on that.
The globe is patient, slow and pensive,
But has a way of crushing flat
The objects which it finds offensive;
And when it 's done with you, my brave,
I doubt if you will have a face to save.

O. S.

A Lost Leader.

"Mr. LAW began his speech with intermittent cries for Mr. Lloyd George."—*The Saturday Westminster Gazette.*

We can well understand Mr. LAW's sense of loneliness, and our contemporary has performed a genuine service in recording this pathetic incident, which seems to have escaped all the other reporters of the opening of Parliament.

"His mother died when he was seven years old, while his father lived to be nearly a centurion."—*Wallasey and Wirral Chronicle.*

Hard lines that he just missed his promotion.

"ROYAL FLYING CORPS.

FLIGHT COMDRS.—Lt. (temp. Capt.) F. P. Don, and to retain his temp. tank whilst so empld."—*The Times.*

We commend this engaging theme to the notice of Mr. LANCELOT SPEED, in case the popularity of his film, "Tank Pranks," now being exhibited, should call for a second edition.

"Four lb. of bread (or 3 lb. of flour), 2½ lb. of meat, and ¾ lb. of sugar—these are the voluntary rations for each person for a week, and in a household of five persons this works out at 23¾ lb. of bread and flour, 9 lb. of meat, and 4 lb. of sugar."—*Weekly Scotsman.*

We always like to have our arithmetic done for us by one who has the trick of it.

"WANTED, False Teeth, any condition; highest price given, buying for Government."—*Local Paper.*

This may account for the statement in another journal that "the new Administration is going through teething troubles."

Mr. Punch begs to call the attention of his readers to an exhibition of original War-Cartoons to be held by his namesake of Australia at 155, New Bond Street, beginning on February 22nd. The cartoons are the work of Messrs. GEORGE H. DANCEY and CHARLES NUTTALL, of the Melbourne *Punch*.

HEART-TO-HEART TALKS.

(*The PRESIDENT of the United States and Mr. GERARD.*)

The President. Here you are then at last, my dear Mr. GERARD. I am afraid you have had a long and uncomfortable journey.

Mr. Gerard. Don't say a word about that, Mr. President. It 's all in the day's work, and, anyhow, it 's an immense pleasure to be back in one's own country.

The President. Yes, I can well believe that. Living amongst Germans at this time can be no satisfaction to an American citizen.

Mr. G. No, indeed, Mr. President; you never said a truer word than that in your life. The fact is the Germans have all gone mad with self-esteem, and are convinced that every criticism of their actions must have its foundations in envy and malignity. And yet they feel bitterly, too, that, in spite of their successes here and there, the War on the whole has been an enormous disappointment for them, and that the longer it continues the worse their position becomes. The mixture of these feelings makes them grossly arrogant and sensitive to the last degree, and reasonable intercourse with them becomes impossible. No, Mr. President, they are not pleasant people to live amongst at this moment, and right glad am I to be away from them.

The President. And as to their submarine warfare, do they realise that we shall hold them to what they have promised, and that if they persist in their policy of murder there must be war between them and us?

Mr. G. The certainty that you mean what you say has but little effect on them. They argue in this way: Germany is in difficulties; the submarine weapon is the only one that will help Germany, therefore Germany must use that weapon ruthlessly and hack through with it, whatever may be urged on behalf of international law or humanity at large. Humanity doesn't count in the German mind because humanity doesn't wear a German uniform or look upon the KAISER as absolutely infallible. Down, therefore, with humanity and, incidentally, with America and all the smaller neutrals who may be disposed to follow her lead.

The President. So you think patience, moderation and reasonable argument are all useless?

Mr. G. See here, Mr. President, this is how the matter stands. They imagine they can ruin England with their submarines—they 're probably wrong, but that 's their notion—but if they give way to America this illegitimate weapon is blunted and they lose the war. Sooner than suffer that catastrophe they will defy America. And they don't believe as yet that America means what she says and is determined to fight rather than suffer these outrages to continue. The Germans will try to throw dust in your eyes, Mr. President, while continuing the submarine atrocities.

The President. The Germans will soon be undeceived. We will not suffer this wrong, and we will fight, if need be, in order to prevent it. God knows we have striven to keep the peace through months and years of racking anxiety. If war comes it is not we who have sought it. Nobody can lay that reproach upon us. Rather have we striven by all honourable means to avoid it. But we have ideals that we cannot abandon, though they may clash with German ambitions and German methods. There we are fixed, and to give way even by an inch would be to dishonour our country and to show ourselves unworthy of the freedom our forefathers won for us at the point of the sword. That is the conclusion I have come to, having judged these matters with such power of judgment as God has given me.

Mr. G. And to that every true American will say Amen.



WAR-SAVINGS.

SULTAN. "THE OLD 'UN SEEMS TO WANT THE WHOLE WORLD AGAINST HIM, SO AS TO SAVE HIS FACE WHEN HE'S BEATEN."

FERDIE. "I DON'T CARE WHAT BECOMES OF HIS FACE SO LONG AS I SAVE MY HEAD."

SULTAN. "SAME HERE."

THE WATCH DOGS.

LVI.

MY DEAR CHARLES,—The weather is very seasonable for the time of year, is it not? A nice nip in the air, as you might say; thoroughly healthy for those at liberty to enjoy it *al fresco*. I assure you the opportunity is not being wasted out here; all the best people are out-of-doors all the time. For myself, with thirty degrees of frost about, it seemed to be the exact moment to slip over to England and help keep the home fires burning.

Accordingly I repaired to a neighbouring port, and when I got there an officer, who appeared to be looking for something, asked me what my rank was. In peace times I should have loved a little unexpected sympathy like this; as a soldier, quite an old soldier now, I dislike people who take an interest in me, especially if they have blue on their hats. I thanked him very much for his kind inquiry, but indicated that my lips were sealed. His curiosity thereupon became positively acute; he was, he said, a man from whom it was impossible to keep a secret. He still wished to know what my rank was. I said it all depended which of them he was referring to, since there are three in all, the "Acting," the "Temporary" and the Rock-bottom one. In any case, at heart I was and always should remain a plain civilian mister. Should we leave it at that, and let bygones be bygones? He was meditating his answer, when I asked him if he realised how close he was standing to the edge of the quay, and when he turned round and looked I also turned round and went . . .

The fellow who was standing next to me all this time was either too young or too proud to conceal his stars beneath an ordinary waterproof. Blue-hat didn't need to ask him what his rank was; he recognized at a glance just the very type of officer he was looking for. So he led off the poor fellow to the slaughter, and put him in charge of two hundred N.C.O.s and men proceeding on leave to the U.K. I've no doubt the fellow spent the best part of his days on the other side trying to get rid of his party. I have not been two years in France without discovering that you simply cannot be too careful when you are attempting to get out of it.

When I reached England my feelings with regard to myself changed. I was no longer reticent about my rank. I displayed my uniform in a public restaurant, without any reserve. In consequence they'd only let me eat three-and-sixpence worth for my first meal. This time I was not so clever, it appeared, as I thought. I had erroneously supposed that by not being a civilian I should get more than two courses. As it was I got less, and so it was with a full heart and an empty stomach that I fell in for home. If I'd known I should have kept my waterproof on for luncheon.

Do you realise how dismal a thing it is for us to be separated from our own by a High Sea all these months and years? It ain't fair, Sir, it simply ain't fair. In my case there is not only a wife amongst wives, but also a son amongst sons. Now, Charles, I am the very last person to call a thing good merely because it is my own, nor am I that kind of fool who thinks all his geese are swans. If my son had a fault I should be the very first to notice and call attention to it. But he has not; dispassionately and from an entirely detached and impersonal view, I am bound to say that there is about him an outstanding merit which at once puts him on a different level from all others. It isn't so much his four and a half teeth I'm thinking of, nor is it the twenty-seven overgrown and badly managed hairs which wander about at the back of his bald head and give him the look of a dissipated monk. It is just his intrinsic worth, clearly evidenced in everything about him. Obviously a man of parts, he has brains, a stout heart and an unfailing humour. Blessed with a keen perception, he delights those who can understand him with his singularly happy and apt turn of speech. You will, I think, accept my word as an officer and a gentleman that he *is* unique.

Anticipating the welcome greeting of my wife and many pleasant hours to be spent in discussing with my son the things which matter, I put on all my waterproofs, gave the porter a twenty-five centime piece, which he mistook for a shilling, even as earlier on I had myself been led to mistake it for a franc, and hastened home.

The welcome greeting seemed all right, but I had not been long in the company of my wife before I discovered that Another had come between us. I had not been long with my son before I discovered who that Other was. . . . I determined to have it out with him at once. Feeling that the situation was one for tactics, I manœuvred for position and, to get him entirely at a disadvantage, I surprised him in his bath and taxed him with his infamy. I addressed him more in sorrow than in anger. I told him I was well aware of his personal charm, but in this instance I was bound to comment unfavourably on the use he had made of it. The very last thing I had expected of him was that at, or indeed before, the early age of one he would be stealing the affections of another man's wife.

He was not ashamed or nonplussed; he was not even embarrassed by his immediate environment. In fact he turned it to his own advantage, for his hairs, duly watered and soaped down on to his cranium, lost their rakish look and gave him the appearance of a gentleman of perfect integrity, great intellect and no little financial stability. As between one man and another, he did not attempt to deny the truth of my assertion, gave me to understand, with a jovial smile, that such little incidents must always be expected as long as humanity remains human, and repudiated all personal responsibility in this instance. He even went so far as to suggest that it was the woman's fault; it was always she who was running after him, and his only offence had been that of being too chivalrous abruptly to repel her advances. I confess I was painfully surprised at the attitude he adopted; it consisted in putting his foot in one half



HOME DEFENCE.

"AND WHAT'S YOUR CORPS, MY LAD?"

"PARKS-AND-OPEN-SPACES-WIRE-WORM-CABBAGE-CATERPILLAR-AND-INSECT-PEST-EXTERMINATING-PATROL, SIR."



Shocked Sister. "OH, BOBBY, YOU MUSTN'T HAVE A SECOND HELPING! YOU 'LL LENGTHEN THE WAR."
[*Bobby, like a true Briton, desists.*]

of his mouth and breathing stertorously through the other moiety. And when he started making eyes at the nurse I was too shocked to stay any longer.

Never a man to take a thing sitting down, I waited till the next morning for my revenge. As the trustee of his future wealth I had him in my power. Stepping across to the nearest bank I borrowed an immense sum of money in his name and passed it all on to the Government, then and there, to be spent, *inter alia*, on the B.E.F. And what 's more, I told him to his face that I 'd done it. What reply do you suppose he made? He merely called for a drink.

However, my revenge did not end there. On my way back to France I seized the opportunity of looking in at Cox's and there took back from the Government for my own sole and absolute use some of those very pounds my son had borrowed from the bank to give it. But I lost in the end, for my wife, whom I had taken with me to witness her and his discomfiture, had all the money off me again, in order, I gather, to put it in my son's money-box, for him to rattle now and spend later. The only result of my efforts therefore was to land me in a financial transaction so complicated that I cannot even follow it myself. Yours ever, HENRY.

NURSERY RHYMES OF LONDON TOWN.

(SECOND SERIES.)

XX.

MILLWALL.

I LEANED on the Mill-Wall
Looking at the water,
I leaned on the Mill-Wall
And saw the Nis's Daughter.

I saw the Nis's Daughter
Playing with her ball,
She tossed it and tossed it
Against the Mill-Wall.

I saw the Nis's Goodwife
Busy making lace
With her silver bobbins
In the Mill-Race.

Then I saw the old Nis,
His hair to his heel,
Combing out the tangles
On the Mill-Wheel.

The Miller came behind me
And gave my ear a clout—
"Get on with your business,
You good-for-nothing lout!"

XXI.

CORNHILL.

The seed of the Corn, the rustling Corn,
The seed of the Corn is sown;
When the seed is sown on the Cornhill
My love will ask for his own.

The blade of the Corn, the rustling Corn,
The blade of the Corn is shown;
When the blade is shown on the Cornhill
I 'll promise my love his own.

The ear of the Corn, the rustling Corn,
The ear of the Corn is grown;
When the ear is grown on the Cornhill
My love shall have his own.

The sheaf of the Corn, the rustling Corn,
The sheaf of the Corn is mown;
When the sheaf is mown on the Cornhill
My love will leave his own.

One of our Optimists.

"WANTED, few cwt. White Sugar, cart self; pay cash; state price."
Manchester Guardian.

"M. Tropoff accepted the leadership of the Right in the Council of Empire after the party had pledged itself to eschew a retrograd course."—*Manchester Evening Chronicle.*

Preferring a Petrograd one, of course.

"His Majesty's Government has declared that it is ready to grant sage-conducts to Count Bernstorff and the Embassy and Consular personnel."—*Daily Mail.*

Hitherto his Excellency has been sadly lacking in this hyphenated article.

THE HARDSHIPS OF BILLETS.

II.

NOBODY knows the misery of bein' lapped in luxury in a billet better than me and Jim. Mrs. Dawkins, as I told you, give us the best of everything in the 'ouse and our lives wasn't worth livin' owin' to Mr. Dawkins and the little Dawkinses and a young man lodger takin' against us in consekence. Seein' that they 'adn't a bed between 'em while we was given one apiece and their end of the table had next to nothin' on when ours was weighed down with sausages and suchlike, it were not surprisin' that Mr. Dawkins and the lodger swore at us and the little Dawkinses put their tongues out. But it were upsettin', and Jim and me did 'ope when we was moved to Mrs. Larkins's that we had a better time in store.

"Just goin' to the Front, ain't they, poor fellows?" she said to the billetin' orficer. "I'll do my best by 'em. Nobody wouldn't like to coddle 'em better than I should, but 'twould be crule kindness to 'em, I knows. If 'ardships are in store for 'em let 'em 'ave a taste before they goes, I says, and it won't fall so 'eavy on 'em when they gets there."

"There's as comfortable a feather bed as you could wish to sleep on ready and waitin' for you," she said to us, "but who with a woman's heart in her could put you on a feather bed knowin' you'll be sleepin' on the bare earth before three weeks is over your poor heads? I've put you a shake of straw on the floor for to-night. I'll take it away to-morrow so as you shall get used to the boards. I've wedged the winders top and bottom to make a draught through; that'll help you to bear the wind over there."

It were a north-east wind, and it reglar took 'old of Jim. He's inclined to toothake, and in the mornin' his face were as big as a football. "I *am* thankful I thought of the winders," Mrs. Larkins said; "you'd 'ave suffered terrible if you'd 'ad the faceake for the first time in the trenches; now you'll get used to it before you gets there. A pepper plaster 'ud ease you direckly, but you're goin' where there's no such things as pepper plasters, and it 'ud be a sin to let you taste the luxury of one over 'ere."

Jim was for runnin' to the doctor to 'ave the tooth took out, but Mrs. Larkins wouldn't 'ear of it. "My poor fellow," she said, "do you think a doctor 'll come along with his pinchers all ready to take your tooth out in the trenches? You'll more like 'ave to do it yourself with a corkscrew. I'll lend you one willin'." But Jim said he wouldn't trouble her just at present, he was feelin' a little easier.

She didn't cook us nothin' to eat. "My fingers itch to turn you out beyutiful dishes as your mouths 'ud water to come to a second time," she said, "but it 'ud be a crule kindness, knowin' you'll be fendin' for yourselves in a 'ole in the ground in three weeks' time. Better learn 'ow to do it now. There's a bit o' meat, and you can dig up any vegetables you fancy in the garden. I'll rake the fire out so as you shall learn 'ow to light a fire for yourselves; and I'll put the saucepans out of your way; it ain't likely you'll 'ave saucepans over there."

We was never nearer starvin' than we was at Mrs. Larkins's. She said it made her heart bleed to see us, but we should be grateful to 'er one day for teachin' us 'ow to cook our vittels for ourselves or go without 'em.

One of Jim's buttons come loose on his tunic and he asked Mrs. Larkins if she would be so kind as to sew it on for him. "Nothin' would please me better than to sew 'em all on, they're mostly 'angin' by a thread," she said; "but do you expect to find a woman in the trenches all 'andy to sew on your buttons? You'll 'ave to sew 'em on yourself, and the sooner you learn 'ow to do it the better."

We was accustomed to 'ave our washin' done for us in our other billets, but when the second Sunday come at Mrs. Larkins's and there wasn't no sign of a clean shirt we felt obliged to mention it to 'er. "'Ere's a bit o' soap and a bucket," she said, "and you knows where the well is."

When we'd washed 'em we was goin' to 'ang 'em round the fire to dry; but she wouldn't 'ear of it. "Where'll you find a fire to dry 'em by over there?" she said; "you'll 'ave to wear 'em wet." And when we got the rheumatics she said, "Ah, a wet shirt's sure to do it. You'll never be without it over there. It's a mercy you've got a touch now. I shouldn't be sorry if I see you limpin' a bit more."

It took us some time in the trenches to get over our 'ardenin' at Mrs. Larkins's.

"The Ministry therefore appeals to all users and buyers of paper to be content with lower shades of whiteness, and generally to refrain from all demands that would interfere with the desired economy. All that is asked for is the sacrifice of anæsthetic requirements, in view of national need."

East Anglian Daily Times.

If all the Press is to turn Yellow, the prospect is certainly painful and we must insist on an anæsthetic.

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INTIMATE INTERIORS SERIES.

IN A PANTRY AT POTSDAM

(*With Preface by the Man who ate Sauerkraut with* HINDENBURG).

IN TINO'S BOOTROOM.

IN A SCULLERY AT SOFIA.

IN A SERVANTS' HALL AT BUDA-PESTH.



Neutral Waiter. "I SHALL NEVAIR ONDERSTAND ZIS LANGUAGE. ZAT OFFICER—I SAY TO HIM, 'GOOT MORNING, 'OW ARE YOU?' 'E SAY, 'DAM 'ONGRY AND FED OP'!"

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

[The management of *The Times*, of which the price was raised on Monday to twopence, is anxious, in view of the paper famine, to restore the old custom by which this journal was subscribed for jointly or loaned, whether gratuitously or by newsagents at one penny a perusal. Having "determined to restrict the sale and encourage the circulation of each copy in several houses daily, the managers will not hesitate, as a last resort, to increase the selling price to sevenpence per copy."]

From "The Evening Uproar."

BATTLE IN THE WEST-END.

Piccadilly Circus was the scene of an appalling fracas this afternoon. Shortly after two o'clock a quietly-dressed middle-aged man, at present unidentified, was observed stealing cautiously from the Tube station with a thick wad of Treasury notes in one hand and *a copy of "The Times" in the other!* The sight of this latter seems to have sent several passers-by completely mad. The wretched stranger was instantly set upon, his journal torn from his hand and his limbs very severely mauled. The Treasury notes, unremarked in the fearful *mêlée*, fell into the mud and were devoured by a passing Pekinese. Those now in possession of the priceless document were in turn set upon by others, until all Piccadilly Circus became a battlefield. The deplorable behaviour of motor-bus and taxicab drivers added greatly to the carnage, for these men, rendered frantic by the thought of the loot within their reach, repeatedly drove their vehicles into the seething mass of humanity in their efforts to acquire this unthinkable treasure. No official estimate of the casualties is yet to hand.

Stop Press.—Reason to believe unknown archdeacon got away West with part of sheet of "Finance and Commerce." Police, specials, military and fire-brigade now in pursuit.

From the Press generally.

AMAZING GIFT TO CHARITY.

At Gristie's to-day there will be put up for auction an unread and unsoiled copy of yesterday's *Times*. The donor of this superb gift desires to remain anonymous, but his incredible generosity is expected to benefit charity to the extent of several thousand pounds.

From "The New Britain."

SOMETHING LIKE PATRIOTISM.

A sterling example of patriotism has just come to the notice of the Rag and Bones Controller. A copy of *The Times* (including the Uruguay Supplement of 94 pages), issued four months ago, was purchased, under permit of the R. and B. Controller, by Baron Goldenschein, who read it from the top of col. 1, page 1, to the foot of col. 6, page 108. The entire household then read from col. 1, page 1, to col. 6, page 108. Baron Goldenschein tells us that his cook with difficulty could be persuaded to tear herself away from the Uruguay Supplement. All the tenants on the estate—some eighty souls—then enjoyed the paper, each tenant in turn posting it to relatives in various parts of the United Kingdom. At the end of three months it is estimated that over one thousand persons had read this copy of *The Times*. The Baron also informs us that each post brings him a fragment of the paper from remote parts of the country. When sufficient fragments have been collected and pasted together the whole will be



Doctor's Wife. "SO GLAD TO SEE YOU OUT AGAIN. THE DOCTOR AND I HAD NO IDEA YOU'D BEEN SO ILL TILL WE CAME TO MAKE UP THE BOOKS."

despatched to those residents in the Isle of Man who have never heard of *The Times*.

From "The Wiggleswick Weekly":—

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

From Monday next the price of *The Wiggleswick Weekly* (with which is incorporated *The Bindleton Advertiser* and *The Swashborough Gazette*) will be 17*s.* 6*d.* per copy. If this—the forty-seventh—increase in price does not bring about the desired reduction in circulation we shall unhesitatingly advance the price to £1 9*s.* 5¾*d.* per copy. The management of *The Wiggleswick Weekly* is determined, at no matter what sacrifice, to limit the circulation to forty copies weekly.

From an ecclesiastical magazine:—

"The Vicar of —— has promised to address our branch of the C.E.M.S. as soon as he can arrange a fine and moonlight evening."

We should be greatly obliged if the reverend gentleman would let us have the prescription. There should be money in it.

SOME MORE BAD WORDS.

In a recent verse adventure
I compiled "a little list"
Of the verbs deserving censure,
Verbs that "never would be missed";
Now, to flatter the fastidious,
Suffer me the work to crown
With three epithets—all hideous—
And one noisome noun.

First, to add to the recital
Of the words that gall and irk,
Is the old offender "vital,"
Done to death by overwork;
Only a prolonged embargo
On its use by Press and pen
Can recall this kind of *argot*
Back to life again.

I, in days not very distant,
Though the memory gives me pain,
From the awful word "insistent"
Did not utterly refrain;
Once it promised to refresh us,
Seemed to be alert enough;
Now I loathe it, laboured, precious—
Merely verbal fluff.

Thirdly, in the sheets that daily
Cater for our vulgar needs,
There 's a word that figures gaily
In reviewers' friendly screeds,
Who declare a book 's "arresting,"
Mostly, it must be confessed,
Meaning just the problem-questing
Which deserves arrest.

Last and vilest of this bad band
Is that noun of gruesome sound,
"Uplift," which the clan of *Chadband*
Hold in reverence profound;
Used for a dynamic function
'Tis a word devoid of guile,
Only as connoting unction
It excites my bile.

Why, fastidious poetaster,
Waste your energy and breath
Like a petulant schoolmaster
Only doing words to death?
Needlessly you slate and scourge us;
War, that sifts and tries and tests,
May be safely left to purge us
Of these verbal pests.

England, February, 1917.—"The great loan land."



THE LAST THROW.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, February 12th.—Question-time, which towards the end of last Session was extended by a quarter-of-an-hour, to-day reverted to its old limits. Consideration for overworked officials was assigned as the reason, but I think the House as a whole was rather relieved at the disappearance of what was often a *triste quart d'heure*. One can easily have a surfeit of the piquant humours of Mr. GINNELL, Mr. KING and the rest of the *Rosa Dartles* of the House.

The new Administration received some useful support from an unexpected quarter. Mr. MCKENNA, a little disturbed, perhaps, by the discovery that he had been a trifle of 350 millions out in his Budget estimate of the cost of the War, was fain to rebuke the Government for proposing two big Votes of Credit on one day. This unprecedented demand, he insisted, must have some dark purpose behind it. Were the Government contemplating a General Election? Mr. BONAR LAW quietly reminded him that exactly the same thing had been done this time last year when Mr. MCKENNA himself was at the Exchequer.

"Luff, boy, luff," whispered Mr. ASQUITH to his discomfited lieutenant, who thereupon went off on another tack and proceeded to express doubts as to the wisdom of over-sea expeditions. But his course was again unfortunate. "Why did you go to Salonika?" interjected a voice from below the Gangway. As Major GODFREY COLLINS afterwards observed, neither the House nor the country will stand much criticism of the new Government by members of the old one.

Tuesday, February 13th. — Lord BERESFORD, in latter days heard with difficulty in the House of Commons, has found his voice again in the ampler air of the Gilded Chamber. His speech this afternoon on the submarine peril and how to defeat it might have wakened the echoes in the Admiralty at the far end of Whitehall. It evoked an admirable reply from Lord LYTTON, who, though not exactly a typical British tar in appearance, has evidently absorbed a full measure of the sea-spirit. Necessarily reticent as to the exact nature of the steps that are being taken to deal with the sea-highwaymen, he made the comforting announcement that already we had achieved very considerable success. This was endorsed by Lord CURZON, who revealed the interesting fact that he too is now a member of the Board of Admiralty, and was able to state that, after two years of "frightfulness," the British mercantile marine was only a small fraction below its tonnage at the commencement.

The British revolution goes on apace. The Game Laws, over which so many Parliamentary battles have been fought, were swept away in a moment this afternoon when Captain BATHURST announced in his usual level tones that British farmers would in future be allowed to destroy pheasants with as little compunction as if they were rabbits, and with no regard to the sacredness of close-time.



THE GREAT PUSH. CONGESTION ON THE TREASURY BENCH.

After this momentous announcement, which transforms (subject to the opinion of the law-officers) every tenant-farmer into a pheasant-proprietor, Members took a little time to recover their breath. But some of them were soon hard at work again heckling the Government over the multiplication of new departments and secretariats. Mr. SWIFT MACNEILL, whose reverence for the Constitution (save in so far as it applies to Ireland) knows no bounds, could hardly contain his fury at the setting up of a War Cabinet—"a body utterly unknown to the law"—and the inclusion therein of Ministers without portfolios but with salaries.

He received a certain amount of rather gingerly support from Mr. RUNCIMAN and Mr. SAMUEL, who had evidently not forgotten what happened to Mr. MCKENNA yesterday. Mr. SAMUEL was a distinguished Member of a Government under which both the Ministry and the bureaucracy were swollen in peace-time to unprecedented size; but that did not prevent him from complaining that under the present *régime* the Administration had been further magnified until, if all its members, including Under-Secretaries, were present, they would fill not one but three Treasury Benches. Already it is a much-congested district at Question-time and is the daily scene of a Great Push.

If underlying these criticisms there was a hope that they would draw the PRIME MINISTER from the seclusion of his private room, it was doomed to disappointment. Mr. BONAR LAW, asserting his position as Leader of the House, and not, as some people seemed to imagine, the PRIME MINISTER'S deputy, made a spirited defence of the new Ministerial arrangements as being essential for the conduct of the War, and challenged his opponents, if they wanted to make sure of the PRIME MINISTER'S presence, to move a Vote of Censure.

At Question-time Mr. LAW had instructed the House how to discover the emblems on the new Treasury Note—the rose, the thistle, the shamrock and the daffodil (this last for Wales). On the Treasury Bench the daffodil is rarely to be descried; but the thistle is in full bloom all the time.

Wednesday, February 14th.—To-day the Vice-Chamberlain of the Household bore a message from the KING in reply to the Address. The House on these occasions is apt to be less interested in the message than in the messenger, and watches eagerly to see if he will trip in his backward march from the Chair, or forget one of the customary three bows. The present holder of the office does his work so featly and with such obvious enjoyment as to give a new significance to the phrase . . . "With nods and BECKS and wreathèd smiles."

Most of us only remember the late King THEBAW of Burma as a blood-thirsty and dissipated despot. It has been reserved for Sir JOHN REES to find a redeeming feature in his character. Among all his crimes, he never, it seems, prohibited the consumption of drink in his realm, though I fancy that his own efforts in that line considerably reduced the amount available for his subjects. Implored by the hon. Member not to turn Burma into a "dry" State, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN would say nothing more than that he declined (very properly) to take THEBAW as his model.

No Leader of the House, perhaps, since Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE'S time



Officer. "I DON'T THINK MUCH OF THAT CORPORAL, SERGEANT."
Sergeant. "THAT'S ALL RIGHT, SIR; HE'S IN FOR A COMMISSION."

has occupied a more difficult position than Mr. BONAR LAW. But he is daily becoming more at home in the saddle, and can even venture upon a joke or two. Mr. PRINGLE opposed the suspension of the Eleven-o'clock Rule on the ground, *inter alia*, that "he only wanted to get away." "That," said Mr. LAW suavely, "is a result which can easily be attained," and the House, which is getting a little weary of Mr. PRINGLE'S frequent and acidulated interposition, noted his discomfiture with approving cheers.

Thursday, February 15th. — Lord CURZON, in a happy phrase, described the late Duke of NORFOLK as "diffident about powers which were in excess of the ordinary." Is not that true of the British race as a whole? Only now, under the stress of a long-drawn-out conflict, is it discovering the variety and strength of its latent forces.

There are, of course, exceptions to this rule—strong men who are fully conscious of their strength. Lord MIDLETON, for example, who sought a comprehensive return of all the build ngs commandeered and staffs employed by the multifarious new Ministries, and was told that to provide it would put too great a strain on officials fully engaged on work essential to winning the War, promptly replied that if the Government would give him access to their books he would draw up a return in a couple of days. Either the evil has been greatly exaggerated or Lord MIDLETON is a super-statistician for whose services another hotel or two ought to be immediately secured.

"Black billy, 11 months, dam good milker; 10s."—*The Bazaar.*

It 's no use swearing; we simply don't believe it.

"This week three crows had landed at Cardiff who had been sunk by submarines twice, and in some cases three times."
Manchester Guardian.

If only they had stayed in the crow's-nest this might not have happened.

"MATRIMONY.—Gentleman coming into means desires to correspond with Lady having means; this is genuine."—*Scotch Paper.*

But suppose she won't have him; would he be "coming into means" then?

The Question of the Day.

What are a rational nation's national rations?

"Outwardly, this has been a week devoted both at home and abroad to preparation for the campaign in the spring. Actually, a great deal of water has passed under the Thames."
Liverpool Paper.

Something seems to have gone wrong with the Thames tunnel.

From a report of Mr. BONAR LAW'S speech at Liverpool:—

"When the War was over there would be parties again. (A voice, 'I hope not.') Yes, there would be parties—no free country with free institutions was ever without them—but he did not think they would be quite the sane parties."—*The Times.*

But were they ever?

"A telegram from Budapest . . . announces that the newspaper 'A Nap' has been suppressed by the Hungarian Government for publishing an article the contents of which were considered to be dangerous to the interests of the war campaign."—*Westminster Gazette.*

We are sorry to hear this. We used to take "A Nap" pretty regularly of an evening, and must now forgo this simple luxury.



Giles. "THAT BEANT NO MANNER O' USE TO THE LIKES O' WE, MEASTER."
Farmer. "WHAT'S WRONG WI' THE BEER? AIN'T THERE ENOUGH 'OPS FOR YOU?"
Giles. "'OPS? THE ONLY 'OP THAT'S EVER 'AD WERE OUT O' THE BLOOMIN' WELL!"

THE ART OF DETACHMENT.

(*Being a letter from a cloistered lady visiting London to her sister in the Shires.*)

MY DEAR RUTH,—Beginning at the beginning, let me tell you that you must at once go to the station to inquire how it is that they forced me to pay thirty shillings for my ticket, instead of one pound. Although the price one pound is printed on the ticket, I couldn't get it until I had paid ten shillings extra. There was no time to get a proper explanation, so I want you to do so. Very likely it is sheer blackmail by that man in the booking-office, whom I never cared for. You had better see the station-master about it.

The next thing I want to tell you is that most of our ideas of London are wrong. You remember how we used to be told about its wonderful lighting at night, and the comfort of its hotels, and the bright shops, and the crowds of taxis, and so on. Well, this isn't true at all. So far from being well-lighted, I assure you that our few little streets and market square are a blaze compared with this city. Some streets here are absolutely dark, and even in the great thoroughfares there is so little light that crossing the road is most perilous. The thing could be put right in a moment if they would only see to it that the lamps were cleaned; I looked closely at several of them and I could see exactly what was wrong—a coat of grimy stuff has accumulated on the glass. Now to get this off would be quite easy, but it does not seem to have occurred to anyone to do it. I suppose that London is very badly managed; and here again I think the advantage lies with us, for I am certain that our District Council would never allow such a state of things. Probably the LORD MAYOR is lazy.

The funny thing is that there is plenty of good light, only they don't know how to apply it. Every night, directly it begins to be dark, great streams of light are turned on from all parts of the city; but would you believe it, they are directed, not downwards so that they could illumine the street, but upwards into the empty sky! If the Chairman of our District Council could see this, how he would laugh! I wish you would tell him.

Then there is coal. I went, as we arranged, first to the Jerusalem Hotel, but it was like ice. When I asked the hotel people why the central heating was not on, they said that there is no coal. At least it seems that there is coal, but no one to deliver it. Just think of our coal-merchant returning such a reply to us when the cellar was getting empty. But in London they seem to be ready to put up with any excuse. Why the men who ought to deliver the coals are not made to, I can't imagine. Anyhow, as I was freezing, I moved into lodgings, where there is coal, although an exorbitant price is asked for each scuttle.

The great topic of conversation everywhere has been some new speculation called the War Loan, and I have to confess that as it is so well spoken of and is to pay the large dividend of 5½ per cent. I have arranged to invest something for each of us in it. I don't know who the promoter—a Mr. BONAR LAW—is, but it would be awful for us if he turned out to be a JABEZ BALFOUR in disguise. Still, nearly all investment is a gamble, and we can only hope for the best. He must have some peculiar position or the papers would not support his venture as they do; and there is even a campaign of public speakers through the country, I am told, taking his prospectus as their text and literally imploring the people to invest. Quite like the South Sea Bubble we read



"NOW, BOBBY, BE A GOOD BOY AND COME AND SAY YOUR PRAYERS."
"I DON'T WANT TO."
"BUT YOU MUST, BOBBY. COME ALONG AT ONCE."
"ALL RIGHT, THEN. I SHALL PRAY FOR THE GERMANS."

of in MACAULAY; but please Heaven it won't turn out to be another.

I asked the landlady here about it, but she knew nothing, except that her family could not afford to put anything in. "But your daughters earn very good money," I said. "That 's true," she replied, "but all that they have over after their clothes, poor girls, they spend on the theatre or the pictures; and I 'm glad to think they can do so. I wouldn't grudge them their pleasures, not I."

Judging by the crowded state of all the myriad places of entertainment in this city there are millions who are like them. But I couldn't help thinking that if so much money seems really to be needed, and this Mr. LAW is really a public benefactor, it might not be a bad idea to try to divert some of the thousands of pounds being paid every day in London alone for sheer amusement. Of course if England had the misfortune to be at war most of these places would naturally be shut up.

By the way, Germans are strangely unpopular in London just now. I have heard numbers of people, all in different places, such as the Tube and omnibuses and tea-shops, using very strong terms about them. It has been quite a series of coincidences.

No more for the present from
Your affectionate
LOUISA.

SONGS OF FOOD PRODUCTION.

III.

TUB-SWILL, tub-swill! *have* you any
tub-swill?
I will send my footman to fetch it,
if I may;
For I 'm hoping *all* the restaurants and
all the nicest clubs will
Give me broken victuals, if I send for
them each day;
In the Park, in Piccadilly,
Down at Ascot, in the Shires,
We 've been up in terms like
"filly,"
"Dams" and "sires,"
"Smooths" and "wires;"
Now it 's "gilts" and it 's "boars"
And it 's "suckers" and it 's
"stores"—
The terms that one acquires
Now we 're keeping pigs to pay.

Hog-wash, hog-wash! *are* you selling
hog-wash
In a pretty bottle with a nice pneumatic spray?
Nevermore in perfume shall a useless
little dog wash;
In my heart and boudoir precious
piggy 's holding sway.
Oh, indeed, it 's *worse* than silly
If a person now admires
An inedible young filly,
Dams and sires,
Smooths and wires;
For in gilts and in boars
And in suckers and in stores
Proper keenness one acquires
Now we 're keeping pigs to pay.

"A Berlin telegram says that the Kaiser has created the Austrian Emperor a Field-Marshal.
The material damage done was insignificant."
Glasgow Evening Times.

But the moral effect was tremendous.

"MORE FOOD.—Wanted, Partner, either sex, to increase stock open-air pig-farm."
Morning Paper.

An opening for one of the Food Hogs we read so much about.

OXFORD REVISITED.

LAST week, a prey to military duty,
I turned my lagging footsteps to the West;
I have a natural taste for scenic beauty,
And all my pent emotions may be guessed
To find myself again
At Didcot, loathliest junction of the plain.

But all things come unto the patient waiter,
"Behold!" I cried, "in yon contiguous blue
Beetle the antique spires of Alma Mater
Almost exactly as they used to do
In 1898,
When I became an undergraduate.

"O joys whereto I went as to a bridal,
With Youth's fair aureole clustering on a brow
That no amount of culture (herpecidal)
Will coax the semblance of a crop from now,
Once more I make ye mine;
There is a train that leaves at half-past nine.

"In a rude land where life among the boys is
One long glad round of cards and coffin juice,
And any sort of intellectual poise is
The constant butt of well-expressed abuse,
And it is no disgrace
To put a table-knife inside one's face,

"I have remembered picnics on the Isis,
Bonfires and bumps and BOFFIN'S cakes and tea,
Nor ever dreamed a European crisis
Would make a British soldier out of me—
The mute inglorious kind
That push the beastly war on from behind.

"But here I am" (I mused) "and quad and cloister
Are beckoning to me with the old allure;
The lovely world of Youth shall be mine oyster
Which I for one-and-ninepence can secure,
Reaching on Memory's wing
Parnassus' groves and Wisdom's fabled spring."

But oh, the facts! How doomed to disillusion
The dreams that cheat the mind's responsive eye!
Where are the undergrads in gay profusion
Whose waistcoats made melodious the High,
All the *jeunesse dorée*
That shed the glamour of an elder day?

Can this be Oxford? And is that my college
That vomits khaki through its sacred gate?
Are those the schools where once I aired my knowledge
Where nurses pass and ambulances wait?
Ah! sick ones, pale of face,
I too have suffered tortures in that place!

In Tom his quad the Bloods no longer flourish;
Balliol is bare of all but mild Hindoos;
The stalwart oars that Isis used to nourish
Are in the trenches giving Fritz the Blues,
And many a stout D.D.
Is digging trenches with the V.T.C.

Why press the search when every hallowed close is
Cluttered with youthful soldiers forming fours;
While the drum stutters and the bugler blows his
Loud summons, and the hoarse bull-sergeant roars,
While almost out of view
The thrumming biplane cleaves the astonished blue?

It is a sight to stir the pulse of poet,
These splendid youths with zeal and courage fired,
But as for Private Me, M.A.—why, blow it!
The very sight of soldiers makes me tired;
Learning—detached, apart—
I sought, not War's reverberating art.

Vain search! But see! One ancient institution
Still doing business at the same old stand;
'Tis Messrs. Barclay's Bank, or I 'm a Proossian,
That erst dispensed my slender cash-in-hand;
I 'll borrow of their pelf
And buy some War Loan to console myself.

ALGOL.

THE GREAT INVESTMENT.

I AM a fair man, even to Huns. When Germany pays an indemnity of £2,000,000,000 I think we might knock off a tenner or so because the KAISER has done so much to beautify our banks. Once they were cold cheerless places. A suspicion of an overdraft always swept through them. Now I love to go to the bank and see the beautiful blonde and brown and auburn heads bent over the ledgers. If I could be quite certain that they were not looking up the details of my account I should be perfectly happy.

Somebody told me that I could buy War Loan at 5½ per cent. by borrowing money from my bank at five per cent. This seemed to be the kind of investment I had been looking for. I found that if I took a million on those terms I should draw a net income of £2,500 a year. But I am a patriot. It seemed to me that £2,500 a year was rather more than I was worth to the nation. Was I better value than six M.P.'s? Of course I might be worth six RAMSAY MACDONALDS. However I resolved to avoid greed and ask for a simple hundred thousand.

So I went to my bank and said to a blue-eyed, Watteau type of beauty, "I want to see the manager, please. Concerning an important investment in War Loan," I added hastily, fearing lest the damsel should conclude that I wanted an ordinary overdraft.

I was ushered into the manager's private room.

"About this War Loan," I began. "I understand that you advance money at five per cent. to make the purchase."

"Yes, that is so," said the manager, beaming.

I leapt for joy. I had thought that there must be a catch somewhere.

"Put me down for a hundred thousand," I said.

The manager nearly fell out of his swing-chair. "My dear Sir," he gasped, "have you any prospect of being able to save a hundred thousand during the next year or so?"

"Am I a milk-dealer or a munition-worker?" I replied. "I should be both surprised and gratified if I saved that sum in a year. Still I might do it, you know. I should have to give up tobacco, of course. Or suppose relations hitherto unknown to me died and left me handsome legacies. You are always seeing these things in the papers. 'Baker Inherits Half-Million From Lost Australian Uncle.'"

"A hundred," amended the manager. "Shall we say a hundred? You need not pay a deposit. I 'll give you a form."

"Where 's your patriotism?" I demanded. "A hundred, you say? Well, I decline your overdraft. Keep your ill-gotten much-grudged gain. I 'll pay cash."

I left the bank sadly. I had thought of intimating to the blonde, brown and auburn beauties that I had just put a hundred thousand in War Loan. I had imagined their eyes gleaming at the spectacle of one-tenth of a millionaire.

And now I can't go to the bank again. At least not till I have worked up my balance a little above its present total, namely £2 1*s*. 9*d*.



Instructor (to very nervous lady, who, with a view to war-work, is inquiring about tuition). "OF COURSE YOU WOULD BEGIN ON A LOW-POWERED CAR, AND THEN WE SHOULD TAKE YOU IN A 40—50, AND FINISH YOU OFF IN TRAFFIC."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

If Wishes were Horses (HURST AND BLACKETT) is one of the most engaging novels that I have met for some time. The matter of it, perhaps, is nothing very new: a story of expanding fortunes and contracting sympathies. But the writer, Countess BARCYNSKA, has, before all else, the inestimable gift of making you believe in her people. All the characters are vigorously alive. The result is that one follows with quite unusual interest the chequered career of her central figure, *Martin Leffley*, from his introduction as a frankly unpleasant youth, very red about the ears, "which was where he always blushed," to the final glimpse of him, titled, an M.P., and, incidentally, a bowed and better man, purified by the wonderful devotion of *Rose*, the wife whom throughout the tale he has bullied and undervalued. Nor is *Rose* herself, with her unwavering belief in her clay idol, a less memorable figure. Of the others, my chief affection went to *Aunt Polly*, the kindly dealer in old clothes, who imagined the Savile to be a night club. But, as I say, the whole cast is astonishingly real. Only once did I fear for the story, when it seemed as though the machinations of a super-villainous M.P. were about to lead it astray into the paths of melodrama. But the danger proved to be brief, and the unexpected beauty and dignity of the closing chapter would have redeemed a more serious lapse.

Forced to Fight (HEINEMANN) is the record of a Schleswig Dane set forth by ERICH ERICHSEN and very capably translated from the Danish by INGEBORG LUND. It is a book that with a singular skill and with a passion that never gets out of hand so as to convey the impression of hysterical exaggeration lays bare the heart of a youth who was at the storming of Liége, fought in Flanders, then on the Russian Front and again in the Argonne, whence a shattered elbow sent him home broken and *aged*—that is what his chronicler emphasises—not by the wound, but by the long horror and fatigue of the successive campaigns. The poignancy of his sufferings lay in the fact that as a Dane he went without any of the great hopes and passions that inspired his German comrades, of whom however he speaks with no ill-will. He took part by order in some of the "punishments" of Belgian villages, loathing the savage cruelties of them and deeply convinced that the rape of Belgium was an inexpiable wrong which the world will remember to the lasting dishonour of the German name. You get an impression of the added horror of this War for the imaginative temperamental, and some pathetic pictures of all the suffering among simple innocent machine-driven people on the other side, who had no will to war and no illusions as to the splendour of world-dominion—a vision of desolate homes and countrysides empty of all but very old men.

The first lines of *Still Life* (CONSTABLE), which begins in "the night train from the German frontier to PARIS," gave me much the same impression of impossibility (was there ever such a train?) that I should have felt about a story that opened in the moon. But the shock of this was nothing to some, different in character, that were to follow. Frankly, I confess that Mr. MIDDLETON MURRY'S book has me baffled. Others perhaps may admire the pains lavished

by the author in analysing the emotions of a group of characters whose temperaments certainly give him every opportunity for this exercise. An impressionist, and impressionable, youth, whom I have (reluctantly) to call hero, intrigues his unpleasant way through the plot; first in Paris—where you may make a shrewd guess at his pre-occupations—then in an English village, to which he has eloped with the wife of a friend; in France again, and so on. The emotions to which these amorous adventures expose him are handled by the author with a care that suggests rather the naughtiness of the antique nineties than anything belonging to these more vigorous days. I am far from suggesting that, as a study in super-sensibility, the book lacks skill. There are indeed scenes of almost painful cleverness. My complaint is that it is out of date, or (I should perhaps better say) conspicuously out of harmony with the present time. But if you hanker for these pictures of the past that is another matter. I will merely issue a warning that you should preserve this book on some shelf not too accessible by those who are still young enough to overestimate its importance.

It was an odd experience to turn, as I did, directly from the new Haymarket play, of which the late TOM GALLON was part author, to what I suppose was the last story he ever wrote, *The Lady in the Black Mask* (MILLS AND BOON), which begins in a theatre with the heroine watching a play. It begins, moreover, very well and excitingly; much better, I regret to add, than it goes on. When the heroine arrived home from the theatre, the girl whose companion she was, pleading fatigue, persuaded her to go out again to a masked ball, wearing the dress and indeed assuming the personality of her mistress. The two girls, *Ruth*, the heroine, and *Damia*, lived in a gloomy house with old *Mr. Verinder*, who was *Damia's* guardian. But when *Ruth* returned from the ball she found that this arrangement no longer held good, *Verinder* having been melodramatically stabbed during her absence. And as no one knew, or would ever believe, that it was *Damia* and not herself who had remained at home you recognise a very pretty gambit of intrigue. Unfortunately, as I said above, the tension is not quite sustained, partly because the characters all behave in an increasingly foolish and improbable fashion (even for tales of this genre); partly because there is never sufficient uncertainty as to who it was (not, of course, *Damia*) who really killed *Verinder*. Still, of its kind, as the sort of shocker that used to be valued at a shilling, but appears, like everything else, to have risen in price, *The Lady in the Black Mask* is fairly up to the average. I fancy her profits might have been greater before the discouragement of railway travelling. That is precisely the environment for which she is best fitted.

In the series of "Chap" books which is emerging from The Bodley Head I have no doubt that *Canada Chaps* will be welcome. I hope, however, that Mrs. SIME will not mind my saying that the best of her tales are those which have more to do with Canada than its "chaps." Her stories of fighting and of fighters seem to me to have a note in them that does not ring quite true. It is just the difference between the soldier telling his own artless and rugged tale and someone else telling it for him with a touch of artifice. But when the author merely uses the War as her background she writes with real power. The straining for effect vanishes, and so little do the later stories resemble the earlier that I should not have guessed that they were written by the same hand. "Citoyenne Michelle" and "The King's Gift," for instance, are true gems, and they are offered to you at the price of paste. Nowhere will you find a better bargain for your shilling.

HELEN MACKAY, in *A Journal of Small Things* (MELROSE), sets before us with, it might seem, almost too deliberate simplicity of idiom little scenes and remembered reflections of her days in France since the July of the terrible year. An American to whom France has come to be her adopted and most tenderly loved foster-country, she tells of little things, chiefly sad little things, seen in the hospitals she served or by the wayside or in the houses of the simple and the great, shadowed alike by the all-embracing desolation of the War. The writer has a singular power of selecting the significant details of an incident, and a delicate sensitiveness to beauty and to suffering which gives distinction to this charming book. Less happy perhaps and much less in the picture are the episodes learnt only at second hand and suggesting the technique and unreality of the imagined short story.



THE PRICELESS PLUMBER—AN INCIDENT OF LAST WEEK'S THAW.

Troubled Householder (writing). "THERE IS A SLIGHT LEAKAGE IN ONE OF OUR WATER-PIPES. KINDLY PUT MY NAME DOWN AS A HUMBLE CANDIDATE FOR YOUR ESTEEMED SERVICES."

Another Impending Apology.

From a paragraph about Mr. JOHN BUCHAN:—

"It is said that he writes his novels as a cure for insomnia."
News of the World.

The Censor Abroad.

"When the High Court is sitting, the Resident Magistrate's Court is held in a room about upteen feet long by about upteen feet wide.
East African Standard.

"CURES STOMACH TROUBLE OR MONEY BACK."
Advt. in South African Paper.

This "Money Back" seems a new disease.

From an article in the *Berliner Tageblatt* descriptive of life on the Western Front:—

"Perhaps the sun will soon bring warm wind, and how glad one would be of a thaw in the trenches. But then the accursed time will come again when the whole surface of Northern France sticks to the boot of the German soldier."—*The Times.*

Our brave police must look to their laurels.

CHARIVARIA.

ONE of the latest peculiarities of the KAISER is an absolute horror at the thought of being prematurely buried. Several experts however say that this is impossible.

* * *

It appears that HINDENBURG accuses the CROWN PRINCE OF BAVARIA of having misunderstood an order, thus losing Grandcourt for the Germans. RUPPRECHT, we understand, retorted that the real culprits were the British.

* * *

In a character-sketch of VON BISSING, the *Cologne Gazette* says, "He is a fine musician and his execution is good." It would be.

* * *

No German submarine, says ADMIRAL VON CAPELLE, has been lost since the beginning of the submarine war. This assurance has been received with the liveliest satisfaction by several U-boat commanders who have been in the awkward predicament of not knowing whether they were officially missing.

* * *

Captain BOY ED is stated to have returned to the United States disguised. Not on this occasion, we may assume, as an officer and a gentleman.

* * *

According to the ex-Portuguese Consul at Hamburg bone tickets are issued for making soup, but the bone must be returned to the authorities. Possibly the hardship of the procedure would be mitigated if ticket-holders were permitted to growl.

* * *

A metallurgical engineer at the Surbiton Tribunal said he was forty-one years old, and only missed the age-limit by eighteen hours. It is not thought that he did it purposely.

* * *

At the Billericay Tribunal an applicant last week stated that he had nine children, but upon counting them again he discovered that he had ten. There seems to be no excuse for this sort of thing, for Adding machines are now fairly well advertised.

* * *

Discussing the latest dress fashion, a lady writer says, "It is a most ridiculous dress. Nothing worse could be conceived." This, of course, is foolish talk, for the lady has not seen next season's style.

* * *

Austrian tobacconists are now prohibited from selling more than one cigar a day to a customer. To conserve the supply still further it is proposed to compel the tobacconist to offer each customer the alternative of nuts.

* * *

"When I see a map of the British Empire," said Mr. PONSONBY, M.P., "I do not feel any pride whatsoever." People have been known to express similar sentiments upon sighting certain M.P.'s.

* * *

"The public must hold up the police-man's hands," said a London magistrate in a recent traffic case. It is astonishing how some policeman are able to hold them up without assistance for several seconds at a time.

* * *

The staff of the new Pensions Minister, it is announced, will be over two thousand. It is still hoped, however, that there may be a small surplus which can be devoted to the needs of disabled soldiers.

* * *

Several men have been arrested in Dresden for passing counterfeit food tickets. The defence will presumably be that it wasn't real food.

* * *

The Royal Engineers are advertising for seamen for the Inland Water Transport Section. The Chief Transport Officer, we understand, has already hoisted his bargee.

Eggs to the number of six million odd have just arrived from China, says a news item, and will be used for confectionery. Had they arrived three months ago nothing could have averted a General Election.

* * *

A hen while being sold at a Red Cross sale at Horsham laid an egg, which fetched 35*s*. In the best hen circles, where steady silent work is being done, there is a growing tendency to frown upon these isolated acts of ostentatious patriotism.

* * *

The Times, it seems, has not published a complete list of its rivals in the desperate struggle for the smallest circulation. A Finchley Church magazine has increased its price to 1½*d*. a copy.

* * *

Paper bags are no longer being used by greengrocers in Bangor, and their customers are patriotically assisting this economy by unpodding their green peas and rolling them home.

* * *

"Bacon, as a breakfast food," says an evening paper, "is fast disappearing from the table." We have often noticed it do so.

* * *

"It is pitiful and disgraceful," says the *Berliner Tageblatt*, "to watch women-folk walking beside their half-starved dogs. There is no room in warfare for dogs." We have all along felt sorry for the poor animals at a time when one half the dachshund does not know how the other half lives.



THE PAPER SHORTAGE.

News Editor of "Daily Bugle Blast." "JUST TYPE A SHORT NOTICE THAT FINDERS OF FIRST SNOWDROP, CROCUS, PRIMROSE OR ANY EARLY SPRING PHENOMENA MUST APPRISE WORLD THROUGH OUR ADVERTISEMENT COLUMNS."

A Felicitous Juxtaposition.

"EGGS FOR LINCOLN HOSPITAL.
COL. —— LAYS A FALSE RUMOUR."
Lincoln Leader.

"PULLETS, laying 3*s*. 6*d*. each."
Provincial Paper.

Yet farmers persist in telling us there 's no money in fowls.

"The first description of how the German Fleet reached Rome after the battle of Jutland is furnished by a neutral from Kiel."
Johannesburg Daily Mail.

Of all the roads that lead to Rome this is certainly the roughest.

The New Greeting: "Comment vous Devonportez-vous?"

TO GERMANIA

FROM SOMEBODY WHO OUGHT TO BE IN PRISON.

Air—"To Althæa from Prison."

WHEN Peace with wide and shining wings
Invades this warring isle,
And my beloved Germania brings
Wearing her largest smile;
When close about her waist I coil
And mouth to mouth apply,
Not SNOWDEN, patriot son of toil,
Will be more pleased than I.

When round the No-Conscription board
The wines of Rhineland flow,
And many a rousing *Hoch!* is roared
To toast the *status quo;*
When o'er the swiftly-circling bowl
Our happy tears run dry,
Not PONSONBY, that loyal soul,
Will be more pleased than I.

When sausages and sauerkraut
Fulfil the air with spice,
And loosened tongues the praise shall shout
Of Peace-at-any-price;
When German weeds our lips employ
And hearts are full and high,
Not CHARLES TREVELYAN, blind with joy,
Will be more pleased than I.

Stone walls do not my feet confine
Nor yet a barbed-wire cage;
I talk at large and claim as mine
The freeman's heritage;
And, if this wicked War but end
Ere German hopes can die,
Not WILLIAM'S self, my dearest friend,
Will be more pleased than I. O. S.

THE BROKEN SOLDIERS.

"Now," I suggested as we left the drapery department, "you've got as much as you can carry." Unfortunately it was impossible to relieve her of the parcels as I had all my work cut out to manipulate those confounded crutches.

"There's only the toy department," returned Pamela, leading the way with her armful of packages. "I do hope you're not frightfully tired." Of course it seemed ridiculous, but I had not been out of hospital many days, and as yet I had not grown used to stumping about in this manner.

"Do you happen," asked Pamela at the counter, "to have such a thing as a box of broken soldiers?"

The young woman looked astonished and even a little hurt, but offered, with condescension, to inquire.

"Do you want them for Dick?" I asked, Dick being Pamela's youngest brother.

"For Dick and Alice," said Pamela. Alice was her sister, younger still.

"Why shouldn't I buy them a box of whole ones?"

"That wouldn't answer the purpose. They have three large boxes already," answered Pamela, as a young man appeared in a frock coat, with a silver badge on the right lapel, "For Services Rendered." In his hand was a dusty cardboard box, and in the box lay five damaged leaden soldiers, up-to-date soldiers in khaki; two without heads, two armless, one who had lost both legs.

"Those will do splendidly," said Pamela, and the young man with the silver badge obligingly put the soldiers into my tunic pocket. It seemed to be understood that they and I had been knocked out in the same campaign.

"Why," I asked on the way home in the taxi, "did you want the soldiers to be broken?"

"I—I didn't," murmured Pamela, with a sigh.

"Why did Dick?" I persisted.

"The children are so dreadfully realistic now-a-days. You see, Father objected to his breaking heads and arms off his new ones. Dick was quite rebellious. He wanted to know what he was to do for wounded; and Alice was more disappointed still."

"I should have thought it was too painful a notion for her," I suggested.

"Oh!" cried Pamela, with a laugh, "Alice is a Red Cross nurse, you know. She's made a hospital out of a Noah's Ark. She only thinks of healing them."

"All the King's horses and all the King's men cannot put Humpty Dumpty together again," I said.

"Poor old boy!" whispered Pamela.

"I wonder whether broken soldiers have an interest for you as well," I remarked . . . and Dick and Alice were completely forgotten until they met us clamorously in the hall.

"Did you get any, Pam?" cried Dick.

"Only five," was the answer, as I took the small paper parcel from my pocket and handed it over.

"Is that all?" demanded Alice.

"There's one more," I said.

"Is that for me?" cried Alice; but Pamela shook her head and smiled very nicely as she took my arm.

"No, that's for me," she said.

A TRAGEDY OF THE SEA.

THE night was a very dark one, for a cold damp fog hung over the Channel. The few lights we carried reflected in-board only, and, leaning over the rail, it was with difficulty that I could distinguish the dark waters washing below. Shore-ward I could see nothing, though I knew that a good-sized town lay there.

I had soon had enough of the inclement night. Keeping my feet with some difficulty upon the wet boards, I groped my way to a door and, pushing it open, entered.

A strange scene met my gaze. A spruce man in the uniform of a naval officer was seated at a table. Before him stood a tall well-set-up young seaman. His dishevelled head was hatless, but otherwise he looked trim, and his garments fitted him better than a seaman's garments generally do. On each side of him stood an armed guard.

"Have you anything to say for yourself?" asked the officer sternly.

"No, Sir, only that I am innocent," answered the man. He held his head high, almost defiantly. I could not but admire his courageous bearing, and yet there was an air of unreality about the whole thing. I felt almost as if I were dreaming it, but I knew that this was not a dream.

"The evidence against you is overwhelming," said the officer. "I have no alternative but to sentence you to death. The sentence will be carried out at dawn. Remove the prisoner."

The seaman took a step forward. For a moment he seemed to be struggling with himself, anxious to speak, yet forcing himself to silence. Then he bowed his head, and, turning, placed himself between the guards and was marched away.

The officer sighed. "It's a bad business," he said. "He's the best man I ever had on my ship."

He was speaking to himself, and again I had that strange sense of unreality, as indeed I well might, for this was the Third Act of *True to the Death*, a melodrama in the pavilion at the end of the pier.



THE RETORT CELESTIAL.

[China has threatened to break off relations with the German Government on account of its barbarity. It will be recalled that the KAISER once designed an allegorical picture entitled "The Yellow Peril."]

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FROM SOMEBODY WHO OUGHT TO BE IN PRISON.

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SAUCE FOR THE GANDER.

Grocer. "A LITTLE SUGAR WITH MY TART, PLEASE."

Waitress (late grocer's assistant). "CERTAINLY, SIR, IF YOU WILL ALSO TAKE MUSTARD, PEPPER, SALT, YORKSHIRE RELISH AND SALAD DRESSING."

WEATHER-VANES.

IT was 2 A.M. The mosquitoes were singing their nightly chorus, and the situation reports were coming in from the battalions in the line. With his hair sizzling in the flame of the candle, the Brigade Orderly Officer who was on duty for the night tried to decipher the feathery scrawl on the pink form.

"Situation normal A-A-A wind moderate N.E.," it read.

"Great Scott!" said the O.O. "North-East!" (Hun gas waits upon a wind with East in it). "Give me the message book."

Laboriously he wrote out warnings to the battalions and machine gun sections, etc., under the Brigade's control. Then he turned to the next message.

"Situation normal A-A-A wind light S.W."

"South-West?" said the O.O. blankly, viewing his now useless handiwork. "Which way *is* the wind then?"

The orderly went out to see, and returned presently with a moistened forefinger and the information that it was "blowing acrossways, leastways it seemed like it." The O.O. got out of his little wire bed, searched in his pyjamas for the North Star, and, finally deciding that if there was any wind at all (which was doubtful) it was due South, reported it as such. The responsibility incurred kept him awake for some time, but when the Brigade on the right flank reported a totally different wind he concluded there must be a whirlwind in the line, and, putting up a barrage of bad language, went to sleep.

In due course the matter came to the ears of the Staff Captain, who broached the subject at breakfast as the General was probing his second poached egg.

"This," said the General, who is rather given to the vernacular, "is the limit. A North-South-East-West report is preposterous. Something must be done. Haven't we got a weather-vane of our own? Pass the marmalade, will you?"

Four people reached hastily for the delicacy, and the O.O. feeling out of it passed the milk for no reason. (Generals really get a very good time. People have been known to pass things to them unasked.)

"What about those two vanes in our last headquarters, Sir?" said the Staff Captain brightly—he is very bright and bird-like in the mornings—"the ones the padre thought were Russian fire-guards. Can't we get them? They aren't ours, but then they aren't anybody's—they've been there a year, the old woman told me."

"Where's the Orderly Officer?" (He was there with a mouthful of toast.) "Take the mess limber and fetch 'em back if the Heavy Group Artillery will let you—they're in there now, aren't they?"

"And if you're g-going into the town g-get some fish for dinner," said the Brigade Major; "everlasting ration beef makes my s-stammer worse."

"Why?" said the General.

"Indigestion — nerves, Sir; I can hardly talk over the telephone at all after dinner."

"Good heavens!" said the General; "bring a turbot."

* * * * *

"Fish!" said the B.M. at dinner. "Bong!"

"I brought the vanes, Sir."

"Have any trouble?"



AT OUR COMPANY SMOKER.

The Major (sings). "AND WE DIDN'T CARE A BUTTON IF THE ODDS WERE ON THE FOE TEN—TWENTY—THIRTY—FORTY——"

Colonel (roused from surreptitious snooze). "AS YOU WERE!—NUMBER!"

"No, Sir. I saw the A.D.C., and said we had 'left them behind,' which was true, you know, Sir." (The O.O. for once felt himself the centre of interest and desired to improve the occasion). "We *did* leave them behind,' so it wasn't a lie exactly . . ."

"I don't care if it was," said the General; "you've got 'em, that's the main thing."

"Where will you have one put, Sir?"

"In the fields," said the B.M.

"Not too low," said the Captain.

"Or too high," said Signals.

"Or too far away," said the attached officer.

"Well, now you know," said the General, "pass the chutney."

They all passed it as well as several other things until he was thoroughly dug-in.

* * * * *

"Another N.S.E.W. report, Sir," said the Staff Captain next morning.

"——!" said the General. (I think I mentioned his partiality for the vernacular). "Where's our vane?"

"It's up, Sir," said the O.O., shining proudly again, "and I——"

"We'll have a look at it," and out they all went—General, Brigade Major (enunciating pedantically after a fish breakfast), Staff Captain (bright and birdlike), and the O.O. It was a brilliant spectacle.

"North is—there!" said the General in his best field-day manner, "and this is pointing—due East!" He touched the vane gently. It did not budge. He touched it again. A cold sweat broke out on the forehead of the O.O.

"Paralysed," said the B.M.

"Give it a 'stand-east,' Sir," said the Staff Captain.

"It's stiff!" said the General; "wants oil" (pause); "wants *oil*!" and the O.O. slid away, returning at once with oil (salad, bottle, one).

"Now pour it over the top—top, boy, top!"

A flood sprayed over the top flange, and the B.M. searched hastily for a handkerchief.

"Making a salad of you?" said the General. "Ha! ha!"

The B.M. smiled a smile (sickly, one).

"That's better!" The General spun it round. "What's it say now? East!"

"Better wait," said the B.M., "it'll change its mind in a minute."

"It's going!" cried the General excitedly. "There! Well, I'm—— West!"

"The padre was right—it must be a fireguard, after all," said the Staff Captain.

"Or a s-sundial," muttered the B.M.

I believe the meteorological report was finally entered as: "Wind light to moderate (to strong), varying from East to West (*via* North and South)."

"Of course," said the General kindly to the O.O., "it's not quite perpendicular, it's a bit too low; wants a stronger prop, wires are a bit slack, the vane itself wants looking to, and the whole thing is in rather a bad position, but otherwise it's all right—quite all right."

"Yes, Sir," said the O.O.

"And there's too much oil," added the General, as he moved off.

"There is," said the B.M., discover-

ing another blob on his shiny boots, "and on m-me!"

* * * * *

The Staff were unaccountably late. The O.O. breakfasted alone. For three days he had been the despair of the small and perspiring body of pioneers, who towards the end had fled at the mere sight of him. But at last the vane was working.

"Well," said the General when he came in, "how 's the wind, expert?"

"N.N.E.," said the O.O. proudly. (It was the first thing he had done since he came on the Brigade three weeks before, and he was pleased at the interest the Staff had taken in his little achievement.) "I 've had the pioneers working on it, and we 've got it up another four feet, Sir, tightened the pole, and wired it on to the supports on every side. It 's quite perpendicular now. I 've marked out the points of the compass on it, and fixed up a little arrangement for gauging the strength of the wind—that flap thing, you know, Sir——"

"Yes, yes," said the General, who seemed to have lost his first keenness, "I 'm glad it 's working all right. By the way, we shall be moving from here to-morrow; the division's going back."

The O.O. drained the teapot in silence, and was glad it was strong and bitter.

Result of the Blockade.

Notice on a railway bookstall:—

"MEN AROUND THE KAISER.
MUCH REDUCED."

"On the pier a man was arrested who declared excitedly that he was Frederick Hohenzollern, the Kaiser's nephew, but he appeared quite harmless."—*Daily News.*

Obviously an impostor.

"The khaki-clad boys were as merry as a party of undergraduates celebrating some joyous event at the college tuck-shop."
Yorkshire Herald.

What memories of the Junior Common Room are recalled by this artless phrase.

The Super-Submarine.

"The Lyman M. Law was stopped by a gunshot fired by a submarine, which boarded the American boat, took the names of all on board, and then authorised the continuation of the voyage."—*Evening News.*

Experiences of Mr. GERARD's party:—

"Our first surprise on reaching Paris was to find taxi-cabs, and taxi-cubs with pneumatic tyres."—*Scots Paper.*

We suggest that our M.F.H.'s should import a few of these in time for next season's cubbing. They give an excellent run for the money—a mile for eightpence or so.

THE MISSING LEADER.

WHAT is Master WINSTON doing?
What new paths is he pursuing?
What strange broth can he be
brewing?

Is he painting, by commission,
Portraits of the Coalition
For the R.A. exhibition?

Is he Jacky-obin or anti?
Is he likely to "go Fanti,"
Or becoming shrewd and canty?

Is he in disguise at Kovel,
Living in a moujik's hovel,
Making a tremendous novel?

Does he run a photo-play show?
Or in *sæva indignatio*
Is he writing for HORATIO?

Fired by the divine afflatus
Does he weekly lacerate us,
Like a Juvenal *renatus?*

As the great financial purist,
Will he smite the sinecurist
Or emerge as a Futurist?

Is he regularly sending
HAIG and BEATTY screeds unending,
Good advice with censure blending?

Is he ploughing, is he hoeing?
Is he planting beet, or going
In for early 'tato-growing?

Is he writing verse or prosing,
Or intent upon disclosing
Gifts for musical composing?

Is he lecturing to flappers?
Is he tunnelling with sappers?
Has he joined the U-boat trappers?

Or, to petrify recorders
Of events within our borders,
Has he taken Holy Orders?

Is he well or ill or middling?
Is he fighting, is he fiddling?—
He can't only be thumb-twiddling.

These are merely dim surmises,
But experience advises
Us to look for weird surprises,
Somersaults, and strange disguises.

* * * * *

Thus we summed the situation
When Sir HEDWORTH MEUX' oration
Brought about a transformation.

Lo! the Blenheim Boanerges
On a sudden re-emerges
And, to calm the naval *gurges*,
FISHER's restoration urges.

A Work of Supererogation.

"At an interval in the evening some carols were sung by members of our G. F. S., and a collection was taken on behalf of a fund for providing Huns for our soldiers."
Parish Magazine.

INFORMATION WANTED.

No one can answer the question, and I have not the pluck—being a law-abiding citizen—to try for myself. But I do so want to know. I ask everyone. I ask my partners at dinner (when any dinner comes my way). I ask casual acquaintances. I would ask the officials themselves, only they are so preoccupied. But the words certainly set up a very engrossing problem, and upon this problem many minor problems depend, clustering round it like chickens round the maternal hen. But I should be quite content with an answer only to the hen; the rest could wait. Yet there is an inter-dependence between them that cannot be overlooked. For example, did someone once do it and meet with such a calamity that everyone else had to be warned? Or is it merely that the authorities dislike us to be comfy? Or is it thought that the public might get so much attracted by the habit as to convert the place into a house where a dance is in progress? I wish I knew these things.

Will not some Member ask for information in the House, and then—arising out of this question—get all the other subsidiary facts? We are told so many things that don't matter, such as the enormous number of Ministers in the new Government, which was formed, if I remember rightly, as a protest against too large a Cabinet; such as the colossal genius of each and every performer in Mr. COCHRANE's theatrical companies; such as the best place in Oxford Street to contract the shopping habit; such as the breaks made day by day all through the War by billiard champions; such as the departure of Mr. G. B. SHAW on his bewildering and, one would think, totally unnecessary visit to the Front and his return from that experience; such as—but enough. I am told by the informative Press all these and more things, but no one tells me the one thing I want to know.

Perhaps YOU can.

I want to know why we may not sit on the Tube moving staircases, and I want to know what would happen if we did.

What to do with Our Dogs.

"FOR SALE.—Pure Bred Irish Terrier Dog, right thing to wear now. Seamless, comfortable. All Wool."—*Bedford Daily Circular.*

"Bread embroideries encircle the figure."
Glasgow Citizen.

An appropriate adornment for the bread basket, no doubt, but too extravagant in these times.

BUNNY'S LITTLE BIT.

THIS scheme of keeping rabbits
To fatten them as food
Breaks up the kindly habits
Acquired in babyhood;
For we, as youthful scions,
Were taught to love the dears
And bring them dandelions
And lift them by the ears.

We learned how each new litter
That came to Flip or Fan
Grew finer and grew fitter
With tea-leaves in the bran;
We learned which stalks were milky
And which were merely tough,
What grass was good for Silky
And what was good for Fluff.

Such moral mild up-bringing
Now makes me much distressed
When little necks need wringing
And little paws protest,
Lest wraiths from empty hutches
Should haunt me, hung in pairs,
And ghosts—'tis here it touches—
Of happy Belgian hares.

However, with my morals
I manfully shall cope,
And back my country's quarrels,
But none the less I hope
Before poor Bunny 's taken
As stuff for knife and fork
The hedge-hog will be bacon,
The guinea-pig be pork.

W. H. O.

PROBLEMS FOR PÉTROLEUSES.

THE Metropolitan Commissioner of Police having decided to sanction women taxicab-drivers, we understand that all applicants for licences will be required to pass a severe examination in "knowledge of London." As, however, this will be concerned mainly with localities and quickest routes, we venture to suggest to the examiners a few supplementary questions of a more general character:—

(I.) How far should a cab-wheel, revolving at fifteen miles an hour, be able to fling a pint of London mud?

(II.) Has a pedestrian any right to cross a road? and, if so, how much?

(III.) With three toots of an ordinary motor-horn indicate the following:—(*a*) contempt, (*b*) rage, (*c*) homicidal mania.

(IV.) Under what circumstances, if any, should the words "Thank you" be employed?

(V.) Having been engaged at 11.35 P.M. to drive an elderly gentleman, wearing a fur-coat, to Golder's Green, you are tendered the legal fare plus twopence. Express, within ladylike limits, your appreciation of this generosity.



Old Lady (buying records to send to France—to assistant in Gramophone Department). "IF THAT ONE IS THE SONG CALLED, 'THERE'S A SHIP THAT'S BOUND FOR BLIGHTY,' I'LL TAKE IT. BUT WILL YOU FIRST LET ME KNOW IF IT CONTAINS ANY INFORMATION WHICH COULD BE OF ADVANTAGE TO THE ENEMY?"

(VI.) On subsequently discovering the same gentleman to be a member of the Petrol Control Committee, revise your answer accordingly.

(VII.) Sketch, within ten sheets of MS., your idea of a becoming and serviceable uniform for a lady-driver.

(VIII.) Who said, and in what connection—

"The hand that stops the traffic rules the world"?

"This flag shall not be lowered at the bidding of an alien"?

(IX.) At the top of St. James's Street you are hailed simultaneously by two spinster ladies with hand luggage, wishing to be driven to Euston, and by a single unencumbered gentleman whose destination is the Savoy Grill. Well?

(X.) At what hour do performances at the London theatres end, and which do you consider the best places of concealment in which to secrete yourself at that time?

(XI.) What would be your correct procedure on receiving a simple direction to "The Palace" from—

(*a*) The PRIME MINISTER?
(*b*) The Bishop of LONDON?
(*c*) Any Second-Lieutenant?

A Prophet of Evil.

"SIR EDWARD CARSON ON THE ADMIRALTY'S NEW FIGHTING POLICY.
'IT CAN AND WILL BE DEFEATED.'"
Headlines in "The Daily Chronicle."

From an official circular relating to the British Industries Fair:—

"Information regarding the best means of reaching the Fair from all parts of London will be obtainable at the Fair, but will not be available before the opening day."

You must get there first, if you want to be told how to get there.



The Vicar (to Mrs. Bloggs, who has been describing the insulting behaviour of the lady next door). "WELL, WELL, IT MUST BE MOST UNPLEASANT BEING SHOUTED AT OVER THE WALL, BUT I SUPPOSE THE BEST THING IS TO TAKE NO NOTICE."

Mrs. Bloggs. "THAT'S WHAT I SHOULD LIKE TO DO, SIR. BUT O' COURSE I 'AS TO GIVE 'ER A ANSWER BACK NOW AND AGAIN —JUST TO KEEP THE PEACE, LIKE."

THE ACTING BOMBARDIER.

WHEN JOOLIUS CÆSAR took 'is guns along the pavvy road
An' strafed the bloomin' 'eathens on the Rhine,
The men 'oo did 'is dirty work an' bore the 'eavy load
Was the men 'ose job did correspond to mine.
When NAP. dug in 'is swossung-kangs be'ind the ugly Fosse
And made the Prooshians sweat their souls with fear,
The men 'oo 'elped 'im most of all to slip it well across
Was the men with actin' rank o' bombardier.

Oh, the Colonel strafes the Old Man, an' 'e strafes the Capting too,
Then to the subs the 'eavy language flows;
They comes an' calls their Numbers One an inefficient crew
An' down it comes to junior N.C.O.'s;
An' then the B.S.M. chips in an' gives 'em 'oly 'ell,
An' the full edition 's poured into the ear
Of the man that 's got to be ubeek (an' you be—blest as well),
The man with actin' rank o' bombardier.

Or, if there 's nothin' doin' of a winter afternoon,
The Old Man 's at 'eadquarters 'avin' tea,
The section subs is feedin' up with oysters in Bethoon,
The Capting 's snorin' out at the O.P.;
The Sergeant-Major 's cleaned 'is teeth an' gone a prom-mynard,
The N.C.O.s is somewhere drinkin' beer,
An' the man they 've left to work an' drill an' grouse an' mount the guard
Is of course your 'umble actin' bombardier.

Oh, I 'm the man that takes fatigues for bringin' stores at night,
Conductin' G.S. wagons in the snow,
An' I 'm the man that scrounges round to keep the 'ome fires bright
("An' don't you bloomin' well be pinched, you know");
An' I 'm the man that lashes F.P.1.'s up to the gun,
An' acts the nursemaid 'alf the ruddy day;
An' fifty other little jobs that ain't exactly fun
Accompany one stripe (without the pay).

But no, we never grouses in the Roy'l Artillerie,
Of cheerful things to think there 's quite a lot;
Old Sergeant Blobbs is goin' 'ome the end of Februroe
To do instructin' stunts at Aldershot;
The S.M.'s recommended ('Eavens!) for commissioned rank,
An' little changes means a step up 'ere,
So if I keep me temper an' go easy with vang blank,
I 'll soon drop "*actin'*" off the "bombardier."



WHO FOLLOWS?

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



OPPOSITION APPROVAL OF THE NEW BOYS.

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL *(patting Sir EDWARD CARSON on the back)*
MR. HERBERT SAMUEL *(patting Mr. BONAR LAW on the back)* } "HE'S BEEN TALKING SENSE."

Monday, February 19th.—The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER announced that the "new money" subscribed for the War Loan amounted to at least seven hundred millions. Being a modest man he refrained from saying, "A loan, I did it," though it was largely due to his faith in the generosity and good sense of his fellow-citizens that the rate of interest was not more onerous to the State.

Mr. LYNCH thinks it would be a good idea if Ireland were specially represented at the Peace Conference, in order that her delegates might assert her right to self-government. I dare say, if pressed, he would be prepared to nominate at least one of her representatives. Having regard to the Nationalist attitude towards military service Mr. BALFOUR might have retorted that only belligerents would be represented at the Peace Conference, but he contented himself with a simple negative.

There is an erroneous impression that Mr. LLOYD GEORGE sits in his private room scheming out new Departments and murmuring like the gentleman in the advertisement of the elastic bookcase, "How beautifully it grows!" Up to the present, however, there are only thirty-three actual Ministers of the Crown, not counting such small fry as Under-Secretaries, and their salaries merely amount to the trifle of £133,500. It is pleasant to learn that a branch of the Shipping Controller's department is appropriately housed in the Lake Dwellings in St. James's Park; and, in view of Mr. KING'S objection that the members of the Secret Service with whom he has come into contact make no sort of secret about their business (one pictures them confiding in this gentleman), it is expected that the Board of Works will shortly commandeer a strip of Tube Railway to conceal them in.

Tuesday, February 20th.—In one respect the two representatives of the War Office in the House of Commons are singularly alike. When answering their daily catechism both wear spectacles—Mr. FORSTER an ordinary gold-rimmed pair, Mr. MACPHERSON the fearsome tortoise-shell variety which gives an air of antiquity to the most youthful countenance; and each, when he has to answer an awkward "supplementary," begins by carefully taking off his glasses and so giving himself an extra moment or two to frame a telling reply.

This afternoon Mr. MACPHERSON'S spectacles were on and off half-a-dozen times as he withstood an assault directed from various quarters against the refusal of the War Office to admit the profession of "manipulative surgery" to the Army Medical Service. In vain he was informed of wonderful cures effected by this means on generals and admirals, and even members of the Government; in vain Mr. LYNCH sought from him an admission that the life of one private soldier was more valuable than that of the two Front Benches put together. All these attempts at manipulative surgery quite failed to reduce Mr. MACPHERSON'S obstinate stiff neck; and at last the SPEAKER had to intervene to stop the treatment.

The persistence with which a little knot of Members below the Gangway advances the proposition that all Germany is longing to make an honourable peace, and that it is only the insatiate ambition of the Allies which stands in the way, would be pathetic if it were not mischievous. Mr. PONSONBY,

Mr. TREVELYAN, and Mr. SNOWDEN once more argued this hopeless case with a good deal of varied ability. A small house listened politely, but was more impressed by a masterly exposé of the facts by Mr. RONALD M'NEILL, and an Imperialist slogan by Sir HAMAR GREENWOOD; while later in the debate Mr. BONAR LAW restated the national aims in the War with a cogency that drew from Mr. SAMUEL a generous pledge "on behalf of those who sit opposite the Government" to give Ministers their whole-hearted support.

Wednesday, February 21st.—The House learned with satisfaction that crews of our river gun-boats in Mesopotamia are to get their hard-lying money; and when the authors of the Turkish *communiqués* hear of it they are expected to put in a similar claim.

Lord FISHER was in his customary place over the Clock—his friends all tell us that he is superior to Time; Lord BERESFORD was at a suitable—I had almost said respectful—distance from him in the Peers' Gallery; and conspicuous among the Distinguished Strangers was Sir JOHN JELLICOE. They and all of us listened intently while for over an hour Sir EDWARD CARSON, now as much at home on the quarter-deck as ever he was at quarter sessions, discoursed eloquently and frankly on the wonderful and never-ending work of the Senior Service.

He did not underestimate the danger of the submarines, or pretend that the Admiralty had yet discovered any sovran remedy for their attacks. Nor could he say — for reasons which seemed to satisfy the House — how many of them had already been captured or sunk. But he told us enough to convict Admiral VON CAPELLE, who was at that moment declaring that not a single U-boat had been lost since the opening of the new campaign, of being either singularly misinformed or highly imaginative.

Thursday, February 22nd.—A strange sympathy seems to exist between the SPEAKER and Mr. GINNELL. Each, I fancy, has a soft spot somewhere. Mr. LOWTHER'S is in his heart, and makes him go out of his way to help the wayward Member for North Westmeath. Mr. GINNELL, whose soft spot seems to be higher up, wanted to show that he did not approve of Mr. MACPHERSON, and called him an impertinent Minister. Ordered to withdraw the expression, he substituted "impudent." That would not do either, and there seemed danger of a deadlock and another expulsion until Mr. LOWTHER suggested that "incorrect" was a Parliamentary epithet which might suit the hon. Member's purpose. Mr. GINNELL handsomely accepted this variation in the spirit in which it was offered.



The Big 'Un. "MY DEAR FELLOW! IS IT REALLY TRUE THAT YOU HAVE TO JOIN UP?"
The Little 'Un. "YES; BUT DON'T LET IT GET ABOUT. YOU SEE, THE IDEA IS TO SPRING IT ON THE GERMANS, AS IT WERE, IN MARCH."

Sir GEORGE CAVE is the Ministerial maid-of-all-work. Whenever there is a disagreeable or awkward measure to introduce it falls to the Quite-at-Home Secretary, if I may borrow an expression coined by my friend, TOBY, M.P., for one of Sir GEORGE'S predecessors. So judiciously did he accentuate the good points and soften the possible asperities of the National Service Bill that even Sir CHARLES HOBHOUSE, who had come to condemn, remained to bless.

Friday, February 23rd.—Owing to a variety of causes, we are short of tonnage, and unless we manage to grow more and consume less we shall before very long be within reach of the gaunt finger of Famine. That was the burden of the PRIME MINISTER'S appeal to the Nation. The farmer is to have a guaranteed minimum price for his produce, the agricultural labourer is to be raised to comparative affluence by a minimum wage of 25*s.* a week, and the rest of us are to go without most of our imported luxuries and a good many necessities. So impressed were Members by the gloominess of the prospect that the moment the speech was over they rushed out to secure what they felt might be their last really substantial luncheon, and Mr. DAVID MASON, who had nobly essayed to fill the breach caused by Mr. ASQUITH'S absence, was soon talking to empty benches.



ACROBAT, HAVING BEEN OFFICIALLY INFORMED THAT HE BELONGS TO ONE OF THE NON-ESSENTIAL PROFESSIONS, DETERMINES NEVERTHELESS TO DEVOTE HIS TALENT TO THE CAUSE OF HIS SUFFERING FELLOW-COUNTRYMEN.

THE COMPLIMENT.

WE all know the man with a grievance and avoid him. But there is another man with a grievance whom I rather like, and this is his story. I must, of course, let him tell it in the first-person singular, because otherwise what is the use of having a grievance at all? The first-person-singular narrative form is the grievance's compensation. Listen.

"I am an old Oxonian who joined the Royal Naval Division as an ordinary seaman not long after the outbreak of the War, and being perhaps not too physically vigorous and having a certain rhetorical gift, developed at the Union, I was told off, after some months' training, to take part in a recruiting campaign. We pursued the usual tactics. First a trumpeter awakened the neighbourhood, very much as Mr. HAWTREY is aroused from his coma in his delightful new play, and then the people drew round. One by one we mounted whatever rostrum there was—a drinking fountain, say—and spoke our little piece, urging the claims of country.

"As a rule the audience was either errand-boys, girls or old men; but we did our best.

"Sometimes, however, there would be an evening meeting in a public building, and then the proceedings were more formal and pretentious. The trumpeter disappeared and a chairman would open the ball. The occasion of which I am thinking was one of these meetings in the East End, where the Chairman was a local tradesman. He said that this was a war for liberty and that England could never sheathe the sword until Belgium was free; he told the audience how many of his relations were fighting; and then he made way for our gallant boys in blue who were to address the company.

"Well, we addressed the company, I by no means the least of the orators, and then the Chairman wound up the meeting. He said how much he had enjoyed the speeches and how much he hoped that they would bear good fruit; and indeed he felt confident of that, because 'we 'ere in the East End are plain straight-forward folk, who like plain straight-forward talk, and we would rather listen to the honest 'omely sailors who 'ave been talking to us this evening than any fine Oxford gentleman.'"

That is the story of my friend with a grievance. And yet, now I come to think about it again, and his manner of telling it, I'm not sure I ought not rather to call him a man with a triumph.

"Farmer's Daughter wanted, to learn daughter Cheddar cheesemaking for 1 month, from March 25th; 25 cows; treated as family."—*Bristol Times and Mirror.*

A little less than kin and more than kine.

"Washington, Thursday.

The representatives of thirty leading American railways have agreed virtually to an embargo on eastern shipments of freight for export until the present congestion on the eastern sideboard is relieved."

Evening Standard.

This is all very well for the Americans, but what we are concerned about is the depletion of our own sideboard.

From an official advertisement in favour of tillage:—

"An acre of Oats will feed for a week	. .	100 people.
An acre of Potatoes	.	200 "
" " of Beef	. .	8 " "

Irish Times.

We understand that Lord DEVONPORT accepts no responsibility for the last statement.



Father. "YOU'RE VERY BACKWARD. THERE'S NORMAN SMITHERS, THE SAME AGE AS YOU, AND HE'S TWO FORMS HIGHER. AREN'T YOU ASHAMED?"

Hopeful. "NO. HE CAN'T HELP IT—IT'S HEREDITARY."

THE MAMMAL-SAURIAN WAR.

A PARABLE OF GERMANY'S COLONIES.

LONG ages ere the Age of Man,
While yet this earthly crust was thinnish,
The War of Might and Right began,
Proceeding swiftly to a finish;
And this provides in many ways
An object-lesson nowadays.

The Saurians, clad in coats of mail,
Shone with a most attractive lustre;
Strong claws, long limbs, a longer tail—
They pinned their faith to bulk and bluster;
They laid their eggs in every land
And hid them deftly in the sand.

The Mammals, small as yet and few,
Relying less on scales and muscles,
Developed diaphragms, and grew
Non-nucleated red corpuscles;
They walked more nimbly on their legs
And learnt the art of sucking eggs.

The Saurians, spoiling for a fight,
Went off in high explosive fashion;
They lashed themselves to left and right
Into a pre-historic passion;
The Mammals, on the other hand,
Ate all their eggs up in the sand.

Those precious eggs, a source of pride
On which the Saurian hopes depended,
Kept all their enemies supplied
With life by which their own was ended;
And where they fondly hoped to spread
The Mammals lived and throve instead.

And so the Saurians passed from view,
Leaving behind the faintest traces,
No longer bent on hacking through,
Though looking still for sunny places;
Dwarfed to a more convenient size
They spend their time in catching flies.

The Non-Stop Linguist.

"To O.C. . . . From . . . Brigade.—Corps requires services of an officer who can speak Italian fluently for four or five days."

"Under the auspices of the Women's Reform Club, a Ladies' Fancy Dress Ball will be held at the Residential Club, Main Street. No Gentlemen. No Wallflowers. Ladies may appear in mail attire."—*Bulawayo Chronicle.*

In their "knighties," so to speak?

Another Impending Apology.

"Bosley and district churchmen have thus a gaol set before them which it should be and, no doubt, will be their aim to reach as soon as possible."—*Congleton Chronicle.*

"A few minutes later, with his suit-case in one hand and his type-writer in the other, he let himself out at the front-door."

Munsey's Magazine.

Another case of the Hidden Hand.

"HORSE (vanner), thick set, 16 hands, 7 years, master 2 tons, reason sale, requires care when taken out of harness."

Birmingham Daily Mail.

Any horse might be excused for kicking up his heels on getting rid of a master of that weight.

"FURNISHED room wanted; preferable where chicken run."—*Enfield Gazette.*

Our landlady won't let us keep even a canary in ours.

"BARONY UNITED FREE CHURCH.—Special Lecture—'The Great War Novel, Mr. Bristling Sees it Through.'"—*Glasgow Evening News.*

Mr. WELLS ought to have thought of this.

HELPING LORD DEVONPORT.

"Francesca," I said, "what are you doing to help Lord DEVONPORT?"

"Lots of things," she said. "For one thing, we're living under his ration-scheme, and we're doing it pretty well, thank you."

"Yes, I know," I said; "I've heard you mention it once or twice. It seems to consist very largely of rissoles and that kind of food."

"Well," she said, "we must use up everything; and, besides, you'd soon get tired of beefsteak if I gave it to you every day."

"Tired of beefsteak?" I said. "Never. The toughest steak would always be a joy to me."

"I've come to the conclusion," she said, "that men really like their eatables tough."

"Yes, they want something they can bite into, you know."

"But you can't bite into our beefsteak, now can you?"

"Perhaps not," I said, "but you can't help feeling it's there, which is a great help when you're being rationed."

"That," she said, "may be all very well for a man, but women don't care for that feeling. They like their food light but stimulating."

"They do," I said, "and they prefer it all brought in on one tray and at irregular hours. Lord DEVONPORT's scheme is to them a sort of wicked abundance. To a man it is——"

"Plenty and to spare," she said. "Why, you won't have to tighten your belt even by one hole. Now admit, if you hadn't known you were being rationed you'd never have found it out."

"I will admit," I said, "that if the privations we have suffered this last week in the matter of beefsteaks and that kind of food are the worst that can happen to us we shan't have much to complain of—but I should like a chop to-night instead of a rissole."

"You can call it a chop if you like, but it's going to be a cutlet."

"Well, anyhow," I said, "we don't seem to be doing as much as we might for Lord DEVONPORT."

"You're wrong," she said; "I'm keeping hens in the stable-yard."

"Hens? What do you know about hens?"

"For the matter of that, what do you?"

"That's not the question," I said, "but I'll answer it all the same. I know that most hens are called Buff Orpingtons, and that they never lay any eggs unless you put a china egg in their nest just to coax them along and rouse their ambition. Francesca, have you put a china egg where our Buff Orpingtons can see it?"

"Frederick is looking after these domestic details. He seems to think that if he goes to the hen-house every ten minutes or so the laying of eggs will be promoted. Won't you go round with him next time?"

"No," I said, "I've never seen a hen lay an egg yet, and I'm not going to begin at my time of life. Besides, I've already said they never lay eggs even when you don't watch them."

"Wrong again," she said. "We got one egg this morning."

"Francesca," I said, "this *is* exciting. Did the happy mother announce the event to the world in the usual way?"

"Yes, she screamed and cackled for about a quarter-of-an-hour, and Frederick came along and seized the subject of her rejoicing. You're going to have it to-night, boiled, instead of soup and fish."

"Isn't that splendid?" I said. "At this rate we shall soon be self-supporting, and then we can snap our fingers at Lord DEVONPORT."

"I never snap my fingers," she said. "No well-brought-up hen-keeper ever does. Besides, it's our duty to help the Government all we can, so that Lord DEVONPORT may have so much more to play with."

"Why should he want to play with it?" I said. "He doesn't strike me as being that kind of man at all."

"I daresay he plays in his off-hours."

"A man like that," I said, "hasn't any off-hours. He's chin-deep in his work."

"Anyhow," she said, "I should like him to know that we're pulling up the herbaceous border and planting it with potatoes, and that we've started keeping hens, and that we've already got one egg, and that when the time comes we shall not lack for chicken, roast or boiled."

"Francesca," I said, "how can you allude so flippantly to the tragedies which are inseparable from the possession of Buff Orpingtons? In the morning a young bird struts about in his pride, resolved to live his life fearlessly and to salute the dawn at any and every hour before the break of day. Then something happens: a gardener, a family man not naturally ruthless, comes upon the scene; there is a short but terrible struggle; a neck (not the gardener's) is wrung, and there is chicken for dinner."

"Don't move me," she said, "to tears, or I shall have to countermand your egg. Besides, I don't think I could ever make a real friend of a fowl. They've got such silly ways and their eyes are so beady."

"Their ways are not sillier nor are their eyes beadier than our Mrs. Burwell's, yet she is honoured as a pillar of propriety, while they—no matter; I hope the chicken when its moment comes will be tender and succulent."

"Hark!" said Francesca.

"Yes," I said, "another egg has come into the world, and there's Frederick rushing round like a mad thing with a basket, to find himself once more too late. Never mind," I said, "I can have two boiled eggs to-night with my chop—I mean cutlet."

"No," she said.

"Yes," I said, "and you can have all the rissoles."

R. C. L.

ON PROMOTION TO FIELD RANK.

I REMEMBER a day when I felt quite tall
Because of a gift of five whole shillings;
I was Johnson major then, I recall,
And didn't I swank and put on frillings!

Well, we know that children are parents of men;
And, now that I'm getting an ancient stager,
Here am I pleased with a crown again,
And signing myself as Johnson, Major.

"Experienced General disengaged 1st March, one lady; no washing; would take England." *Irish Times.*

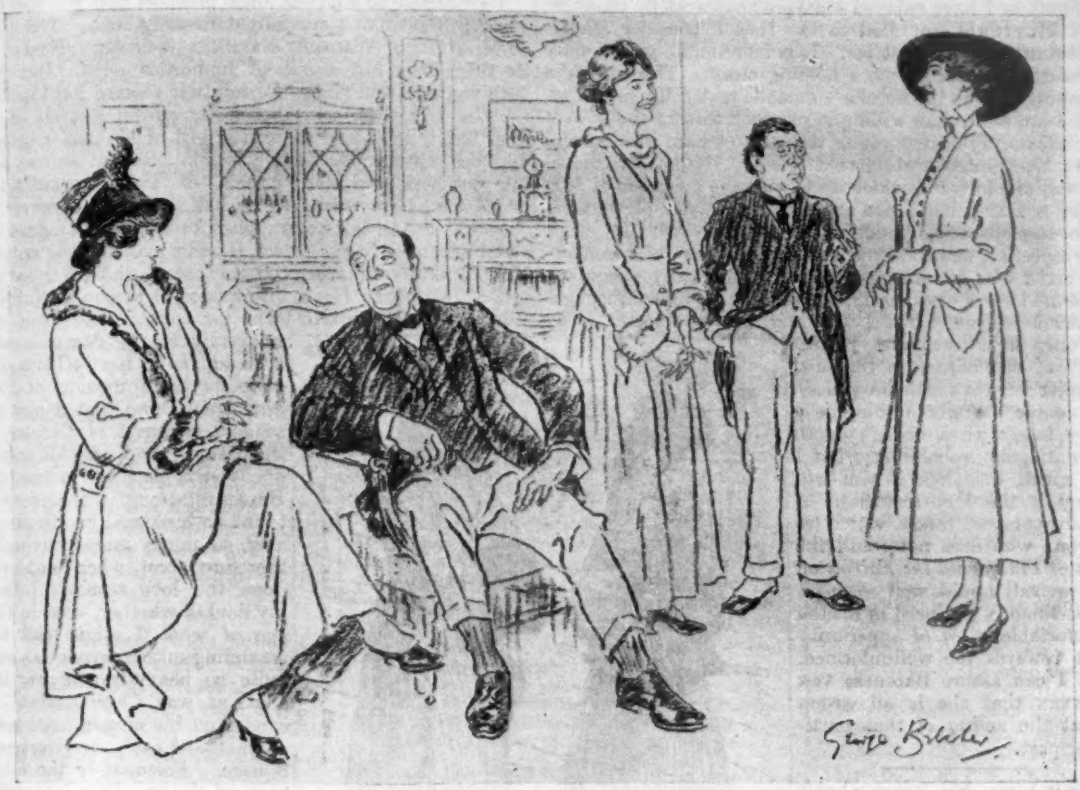
The advertiser should wire to KAISER, Potsdam.

"During the night an enemy raiding party in the neighbourhood of Guendecourt was driven off by our baggage before reaching our line."—*Continental Daily Mail.*

There is no end to our warlike inventions. First the Tanks, and now the Trunks.

"The Tigris, immediately above Kut, runs South-East for about four miles. Then there is a sharp bend, and its course is almost due South for about the same distance. Then against the stream it goes due North for about the same distance."—*Glasgow Citizen.*

With the river behaving in this unnatural fashion General MAUDE deserves all the greater credit for his success.



She (*referring to host*). "YOU KNOW, THERE 'S SOMETHING RATHER NICE ABOUT MR. TOMKINS-SMITH."
He. "YES—I THINK IT MUST BE HIS WIFE."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

War and the Future (CASSELL), by Mr. H. G. WELLS, is not a sustained thesis but just jets of comment and flashes of epigram about the War as he has seen it on the French, Italian and British fronts, and has thought about it in peaceful Essex. A characteristic opening chapter, "The Passing of the Effigy," suggests that "the Kaiser is perhaps the last of that long series of crowned and cloaked and semi-divine personages which has included Cæsar and Alexander and Napoleon the First—and Third. In the light of the new time we see the emperor-god for the guy he is." Generalissimo JOFFRE, on the other hand, he found to be a decent most capable man, without fuss and flummery, doing a distasteful job of work singularly well. There is some particularly interesting matter about aeroplane work, and the writer betrays a keen distress lest the cavalry notions of the soldiers of the old school should make them put their trust in the horsemen rather than the airmen in the break-through. As for "tanks," he offers the alternative of organised world control or a new warfare of mammoth landships, to which the devastation of this War will be merely sketchy; but I doubt if he quite makes his point here. And finally this swift-dreaming thinker proclaims a vision which he has seen of a new world-wide interrelated republicanism founded on a recognition of the over-lordship of God . . . You put the book down feeling you have had a long, desultory and intimate conversation with a very interesting fellow-traveller.

Really, if Mr. ROBERT HICHENS continues his present spendthrift course, whatever Board controls the consumption of paper will have to put him on half rations. I believe that his literary health would benefit enormously by such a régime. This was my first thought in contemplating the almost six hundred pages of *In the Wilderness* (METHUEN), and it persists, strengthened now that I have turned the last of them. Here is a direct and moving tragedy of three lives, much of the appeal of which is lost in a fog of superfluous words. Of its theme I will tell you only this, that it shows the contrasting loves, material and physical, of two widely divergent types of womanhood. Probably human nature, rather than Mr. HICHENS, should be blamed for the fact that the unmoral *Cynthia* is many times more interesting than the virtuous but slightly fatiguing *Rosamund*. The former is indeed far the most vital character in the tale, a figure none the less sinister for its clever touch of austerity. Possibly, however, her success is to some extent due to contrast; for certainly both *Rosamund* and *Dion*, the husband whom she alienated by her unforgiving nature, embody all the worst characteristics of Mr. HICHEN'S creations. Perhaps you know what I mean. Chiefly it is a matter of super-sensibility to surroundings, which renders them so fluid that often the scenery seems to push them about. It is this, coupled with the author's own lingering pleasure in a romantic setting, that delays the conflict, which is the real motive of the book, over long. But once this has come to grips the interest and the skill of it will hold you a willing captive to Mr. HICHENS at his best.

Much as I have enjoyed some previous work by Baroness VON HUTTEN I am glad to say that I consider *Magpie* (HUTCHINSON) her best yet. It is indeed a long time since I read a happier or more holding story. The title is a punning one, as the heroine's name is really *Margaret Pye*, but I am more than willing to overlook this for the sake of the pleasantly-drawn young woman to whom it refers and the general interest of the tale. Briefly, this has two movements, one forward, which deals with the evolution of *Mag* from a fat, rather down-at-heel little carrier of washing into the charming young lady of the cover; the other retrospective, and concerned with the mystery of a wonderful artist who has disappeared before the story opens. I have no idea of clearing up, or even further indicating, this problem to you. But I will say that the secret is so adroitly kept that the perfect orgy of elucidation in the final chapter left me a little breathless. Of course the whole thing is a fairy tale, with a baker's dozen of glaring improbabilities; but I am much mistaken if you will enjoy it the less for that. A quaint personal touch, which (to anyone who does not recall the cast of *Pinkie and the Fairies* on its revival) might well seem an impertinence, produced in me the comfortable glow of superiority that rewards the well-informed. But I can assure Baroness VON HUTTEN that she is all wrong about the acting of that particular part.

As it is not Mr. Punch's habit to admit reviews of periodical publications, I ought to say that the case of *The New Europe* (CONSTABLE), whose first completed volume lies before me, is exceptional. In thirty years' experience of journalism I never remember a paper containing so much "meat"—some of it pretty strong meat, too—in proportion to its size. In hardly a single week since its first issue in October last have I failed to find between its tangerine-coloured covers some article giving me information that I did not know before, or furnishing a fresh view of something with which I thought myself familiar. And I take it there are many other writers—and even, perhaps, some statesmen—who have enjoyed the same experience. Dr. SETON-WATSON and the accomplished collaborators who march under his orange oriflamme may not always convince us (I am not sure, for example, that *Austria est delenda* may prove the only or the best prescription for bringing freedom to the Jugo-Slavs of South-Eastern Europe), but they always furnish the reader with the facts enabling him to test their conclusions; and that in these times is a great merit. My own feeling is that if they had begun their concerted labours a few years earlier the War might never have happened; or at least we should have gone into it with a much more accurate notion of the real aims of the Central Powers, and a much better chance of quickly defeating them. The tragedies of Serbia and Roumania would almost certainly have been averted.



A CASE FOR RATIONING.

"YOUR LITTLE DOG DOESN'T SEEM TO MIND THE WEATHER. I SUPPOSE HIS COAT KEEPS HIM WARM."

"I DON'T THINK IT'S THAT ALTOGETHER. YOU SEE, HE HAS RUM-AND-MILK WITH HIS CUTLET EVERY MORNING BEFORE HE GOES OUT."

I am unable to hold out much prospect that you will find *Frailty* (CASSELL) a specially enlivening book. The scope of Miss OLIVE WADSLEY'S story, sufficiently indicated by its title, does not admit of humorous relief. But it is both vigorous and vital. Certainly it seemed hard luck on *Charles Ley* that, after heroically curing himself of the drug habit, he should marry the girl of his choice only to find her a victim to strong drink. But of course, had this not happened, the "punch" of Miss WADSLEY'S tale would have been weakened by half. Do not, however, be alarmed; the author knows when to stop, and confines her awful examples to these two, thereby avoiding the error of Mrs. HENRY WOOD, who (you may recall) plunged the entire cast of *Danesbury House* into a flood of alcohol. Not that Miss WADSLEY herself lacks for courage; she can rise unusually to the demands of a situation, and I have seldom read chapters more moving of their kind than those that depict the gradual conquest of *Charles* by the cocaine fiend, and his subsequent struggle back to freedom. Here the "strong" writing seemed to me both natural and in place; ever so much more convincing therefore than when employed upon the love scenes. I have my doubts whether, even in this age of what I might call the trampling suitor, anyone was ever quite so heavy-booted over the affair as was *Charles* when he carried off his chosen mate from a small-and-early in Grosvenor Square. Fortunately the other parts of the story are less melodramatic, and make it emphatically a book not to be missed.

Happy is the reviewer with a book which gives him so much delightful information that he tries to ration himself to so many pages per day. This is what I resolved to do with *In the Northern Mists* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON); but I could not keep to my resolution, so attractive was the fare. These sketches are the work of a Grand Fleet Chaplain, and are packed with wisdom from all the ages. If you haven't the luck to be a sailor you will learn a lot from this admirable theologian about the men and methods and the spirit of the Grand Fleet. His book fills me with pride; yet I dare not express it for fear of offending the notorious modesty of the senior service. So shy indeed is our Fleet of praise that I feel my apologies are due to their Chaplain for my perfectly honest commendation of his book. But he seems human enough to pardon the more venial sins.

"Peterborough's youngest investor was Herbert Trollope Gill, barely three months old, who subscribed the whole of his life's savings. He arrived at the bank with his mother, and there was poured out before the astonished gaze of the officials four hundred threepenny pieces."—*Weekly Dispatch.*

We congratulate HERBERT on his patriotism and regret that it should have compelled him to go into liquidation.

CHARIVARIA.

"A MOTOR car repairer," says Mr. Justice BRAY, "is like a plumber. Once you get him into the house you cannot get him out." . . . Unless, of course, you show him a burst bath pipe, when he will immediately go out to fetch his mate.

* * *

According to Herr WILDRUBE, a member of the Reichstag, Germans should "rejoice at the departure of Mr. GERARD and his pro-Entente espionage bureau." They have some rubes in the U.S.A., but nothing quite so wild as this.

* * *

An historical film, called "The Discovery of Germany," is being exhibited widely through the Fatherland under the auspices of the Government. A further discovery of Germany—that she has been fatally misled by her rulers—has not at present received the approval of the Imperial House.

* * *

The German Army authorities have issued an urgent warning to the public not to discuss military matters. Their own communiqués are to be taken as a model of the right kind of reticence.

* * *

An American film syndicate have overcome their difficulty in finding a man to take the place of CHARLIE CHAPLIN. They have decided to do without.

* * *

In Vienna, so as not to infuriate the indigent poor, tables are no longer placed near the window of the dearer restaurants. Similar establishments in Germany for the same reason were long ago made soundproof.

* * *

We note that German and Turkish diplomats have been engaged in conference for the purpose of drawing the two countries closer together. Any little pressure from outside (as on the Tigris and the Ancre) is doubtless welcome as contributing to this end.

* * *

"The right way to dissipate the submarine nightmare" is how a contemporary describes the new restrictions on imports. The embargo on tinned lobster should certainly have that effect.

* * *

A museum is to be established at Stuttgart "to interest the masses of the people in overseas Germans and their conditions of life." Several Foreign Governments, it is understood, have expressed their willingness to supply specimens in any reasonable quantity.

* * *

Lively satisfaction is being expressed among members of the younger set at the appointment of Mr. ALFRED BIGLAND, M.P., as Controller of Soap. They are now discussing a resolution calling for the abolition of nurse-maids, who are notorious for using soap to excess.

* * *

A Bill has been introduced into the House of Lords with the object of admitting women to practise as solicitors. The raising of the statutory fee for a consultation to 6s. 8*d*. is also under consideration.

* * *

At Old Street Police Court a man charged with bigamy pleaded that when a child he had a fall which affected his head. It is not known why other bigamists do it.

* * *

At Haweswater, Westmoreland, some sheep were recently dug out alive after being buried in a snow-drift forty days. It is thought that a morbid fear of being sold as New Zealand mutton caused the animals to make a supreme struggle for life.

* * *

A lady correspondent of *The Daily Telegraph* suggests that tradesmen should economise paper by ceasing to send out a separate expression of thanks with every receipted bill. A further economy is suggested by a hardened creditor, who advocates the abolition of the absurd custom of sending out a quarterly statement of "account rendered."

* * *

Beer bottles are now said to be worth more than the beer they contain, and apprehension is being felt lest the practice shall develop of giving away the contents to those who consent to return the empty bottles.

* * *

Difficulty having been found in replacing firemen called up for military service, the Hendon Council, it is rumoured, are requesting the residents not to have any conflagrations for the present at least.

* * *

Mr. JOHN INNS, of Stevenage, has just purchased the whole parish of Caldecote, Herts; but the report that he had to do this in order to obtain a pound of sugar proves incorrect.

NOTICE.

In order to meet the national need for economy in the consumption of paper, the Proprietors of *Punch* are compelled to reduce the number of its pages, but propose that the amount of matter published in *Punch* shall by condensation and compression be maintained and even, it is hoped, increased.

It is further necessary that means should be taken to restrict the circulation of *Punch*, and on and after March 14th its price will be Sixpence. The Proprietors believe that the public will prefer an increase of price to a reduction of matter.

Readers are urged to place an order with their Newsagent for the regular delivery of copies, as *Punch* may otherwise be unobtainable, the shortage of paper making imperative the withdrawal from Newsagents of the "on-sale-or-return" privilege.

In consequence of the increase in the price of *Punch* the period covered by subscriptions already paid direct to the *Punch* Office will have to be proportionately shortened.

APOLOGY OF A WARRIOR MINSTREL.

Lucasta, don't be cruel
If my bewildered lyre
Amidst such stores of fuel
Seems reft of sacred fire.

For if you know what France is
You know how it is hard
To blend, as in romances,
The warrior with the bard.

The troubadours of story
Knew no such woes as we,
Whose hopes of martial glory
Are built on F.A.T.*

With songs and swords and horses
They learned their careless rôle,
While we are sent on courses
That starve the poet's soul.

With gay anticipations
They feasted ere a fight,
But we in calculations
Wear out the chilly night.

And if some hour of leisure
Permits a lyric mood
My wretched Muse takes pleasure
In nothing else but food.

Thus when I am returning
Ice-cold from some O.P.,
And in the East is burning
Aurora's heraldry,

That spark she fails to waken
With which of yore I glowed,
Who, fain of eggs and bacon,
Tramp ravening down the road,

Aware, with self-despising,
Which interests me most—
The silvery mists a-rising
Or marmalade and toast.

Such are the War-bard's passions—
Rank seedlings of a time
That chokes with maths and rations
The bursting buds of rhyme.

* Field Artillery Training.

A ROMANCE OF RATIONS.

"Not like to like, but like in difference."
"*The Princess.*"

I HAVE always misjudged Victorine—I admit it now with shame. While other girls have become engaged—and disengaged quite soon after—she has remained unattached and solitary. As I watched the disappointed suitors turn sadly away I put it down to pride and self-sufficiency, but I was wrong. I see now that she always had the situation well in hand.

As for Algernon, he is the sort of man who writes sonnets to lilies and butterflies and the rosy-fingered dawn—this last from hearsay as he really knows nothing about it. He is prematurely bald and suffers from the grossest form of astigmatism, and I thought that no woman would ever love him. I never dreamt that Victorine had even noticed he was there.

One day I heard that they were engaged. It was too hard for me to understand.

On the third morning I went to see her.

"Victorine," I said, "you have never loved before?"

"Never," she assented softly.

"Now, this man you have chosen—you do not care overmuch for lilies and butterflies and rosy-fingered dawns?"

"Not overmuch," she admitted sadly.

"Then what is it brings you together? What strange link of the spirit has been forged between you? To speak quite plainly, what do you see in him?"

"Yesterday we lunched together, and two days before that he got here in time for breakfast."

"And the engagement still holds?" I am no optimist.

"Before that we dined. Yes, I do not exaggerate. It was my suggestion. One sees so much unhappiness now-a-days, and I wished to be quite sure we were suited to one another."

"And you are convinced of the sincerity of the attachment?"

"Why, I feel for him as Mother does for the knife-and-boot boy, and Uncle Stephen for the charlady. We cannot be separated. It would be monstrous."

I ceased to be articulate. Victorine suddenly became radiant.

"We must always be together—at any rate for the duration of the War, you see. I eat under my meat and he is over. In flour and sugar—oh, how can I confess it?—I *exceed*. He is far, far below his ration. Apart we are failures; together we are perfect. We both saw it at once."

I realised suddenly the inevitability of this mutual bond.

"So marriage is the only thing?" I asked; but I was already conquered.

She assented with a regal air.

As I went away I saw a new and strange beauty in the problem of Food Shortage.

SONGS OF FOOD-PRODUCTION.

THE FARMER'S

THE Hun was se
For lack of foo
When up there r
In gaiters trim
"Oh, just tell m
Where I can g
To plough and s
And be a farm
And be a farm

"In khaki dight
I wish that I
But since the la
There 's work
Though you cal
labour well
I 'm aware it
To plough and s
And be a farm
And be a farm

The farmer quo
But the farm
And I do declar
Any farming hands to lack;
So if you 've got grit and be middlin' fit
An 'll larn to cry, 'Ut hoy!'
And to plough and sow for PROTH-ER-O,
You shall be a farmer's boy,
You shall be a farmer's boy."

Bold farmers all, obey the call
Of townsfolk game and gay!
And you City men put by the pen
And hear me what I say:—
Get straight enrolled with a farmer bold,
And the Hun you 'll straight annoy,
If you plough and sow for PROTH-ER-O
And be a farmer's boy,
And be a farmer's boy.

The Sex-Problem Again.

"FOR SALE.—A 3-year-old Holstein gentleman cow."—*Canadian Paper.*

"A Liverpool master carter told the Tribunal that the last 'substitute' sent him for one of his men backed a horse down a tip and landed him in an expense of £50."
Yorkshire Evening Post.

Many men have lost more by backing a horse *on* a tip.

A Bare Outlook.

"THINGS YOU HAVE GOT TO DO WITHOUT. CLOTHES AND FOOD."
Daily Sketch.

This seems to bring the War even closer than the PREMIER intended.

MORE OR LESS.

THE fleet of Dutch merchantmen which has been sunk by a waiting submarine sailed, it now appears, under a German guarantee of "relative security": and the incident has been received in Holland with a widespread



tional) reserves of men; he has (theoretically) blockaded Great Britain, and his final victory is (controvertibly) at hand.

But his most impressive argument, which cannot fail to come home to hesitating Neutrals, is to be found in his latest exhibition of offensive power, namely, in his (putative) advance upon the Ancre.

Realism.

From a cinema announcement:—

"The management regret that 'The Lost Bridegroom' missed the boat on Sunday."
Guernsey Evening Express.

A Family Affair.

From an account of a "gift sale":—

"Alderman —— advised the Committee to sell the donkey in the evening, when there would be a lot present."—*Provincial Paper.*

More Impending Apologies.

I.

"Mr. —— writes from New Cross:—'Sir,—I was pleased to see that you do not intend increasing the price of "The Daily News," and hope that you will not have to reconsider your decision. If necessary I, for one, would be quite content with four pages only.'"—*Daily News.*

II.

"The nurses who have a seven minutes' walk to their home quarters, have never had a rude word said to them, 'even,' she added, 'when they have had too much to drink.'"
Daily Province (*Vancouver, B.C.*).



"THE FREEDOM OF THE SEA."

Holland. "YOU 'VE TAKEN A GREAT LIBERTY WITH ME."
Germany. "OF COURSE I HAVE. I'M THE APOSTLE OF LIBERTY."

A ROMANCE OF RATIONS.

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SONGS OF FOOD PRODUCTION.

IV.

THE FARMER'S BOY (NEW STYLE).

THE Hun was set on making us fret
For lack of food to eat,
When up there ran a City man
In gaiters trim and neat—
"Oh, just tell me if a farm there be
Where I can get employ,
To plough and sow for PROTH-ER-O,
And be a farmer's boy,
And be a farmer's boy.

"In khaki dight my juniors fight—
I wish that I could too;
But since the land 's in need of hands
There 's work for me to do;
Though you call me a 'swell,' I would
labour well—
I 'm aware it 's not pure joy—
To plough and sow for PROTH-ER-O
And be a farmer's boy,
And be a farmer's boy."

The farmer quoth, "I be mortal loth,
But the farm 'tis goin' back,
And I do declare as I can't a-bear
Any farming hands to lack;
So if you 've got grit and be middlin' fit
An 'll larn to cry, 'Ut hoy!'
And to plough and sow for PROTH-ER-O,
You shall be a farmer's boy,
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Bold farmers all, obey the call
Of townsfolk game and gay!
And you City men put by the pen
And hear me what I say:—
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MORE OR LESS.

THE fleet of Dutch merchantmen which has been sunk by a waiting submarine sailed, it now appears, under a German guarantee of "relative security": and the incident has been received in Holland with a widespread outburst of relative acquiescence. Germany, in the little ingenious arrangements that she is so fond of making for the safety and comfort of her neighbours, is so often misunderstood. It should be obvious by this time that her attitude to International Law has always been one of approximate reverence. The shells with which she bombarded Rheims Cathedral were contingent shells, and the *Lusitania* was sunk by a relative torpedo.

Neutrals all over the world who are smarting just now under a fresh manifestation of Germany's respective goodwill should try to realise before they take any action what is the precise situation of our chief enemy. He has (relatively) won the War; he has (virtually) broken the resistance of the Allies; he has (conditionally) ample supplies for his people; in particular, he is (morally) rich in potatoes. His finances at first sight appear to be pretty heavily involved, but that will soon be adjusted by (hypothetical) indemnities; he has enormous (proportional) reserves of men; he has (theoretically) blockaded Great Britain, and his final victory is (controvertibly) at hand.

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I.

"Mr. —— writes from New Cross:—
'Sir,—I was pleased to see that you do not intend increasing the price of 'The Daily News,' and hope that you will not have to reconsider your decision. If necessary I, for one, would be quite content with four pages only.'"—*Daily News.*

II.

"The nurses who have a seven minutes' walk to their home quarters, have never had a rude word said to them, 'even,' she added, 'when they have had too much to drink.'"
Daily Province (*Vancouver, B.C.*).



"THE FREEDOM OF THE SEA."

Holland. "YOU 'VE TAKEN A GREAT LIBERTY WITH ME."
Germany. "OF COURSE I HAVE. I'M THE APOSTLE OF LIBERTY."

THE SOLACE.

Mr. William Wood, grocer, of Acton, was very tired. And no wonder, for not only had he lost his two assistants, both having been called up, but the girls who had taken their places were frivolous and slow. Moreover his errand boy had that day given notice. And, furthermore, the submarine campaign was making it every day more difficult to keep up the stock, and the rise in prices meant anything but the commensurate increase of profit of which he was accused by indignant customers.

Mr. Wood, therefore, was not sorry when, the shutters up, he could retire to his sitting-room upstairs and rest. His one hobby being reading, and his favourite form of literature being Lives and Letters, he had normally no difficulty in dismissing the shop from his mind. He would open the latest memoir from the library and lose himself in whatever society it reconstructed, political for choice. But to-night the solace could not so easily be found. For one thing, he had no new books; for another, the cares of business were too recent and too real.

He sank into his armchair, covered his eyes with his hand, and pondered.

Then suddenly he had an idea. If there were no letters of the Great to read, he would himself write to the Great and thus escape grocerdom and worry. If he were not a person of importance, he would at least pretend to be, and thus be comforted.

Seating himself at the table and taking up his pen, he composed with infinite care the following chapter from a biography of himself:—

The year 1916 was a comparatively uneventful one in the life of our hero. The principal events were the marriage of his youngest daughter with the son of the Bishop of Brighton and the rebuilding of The Towers after the fire. Perhaps the most important of his new friends were the Archbishop of CANTERBURY and Sir HEDWORTH MEUX, but unfortunately Sir HEDWORTH has not kept any of the letters. Nor is there much correspondence; but a few letters may be printed here, all testifying to the multifarious interests of this remarkable man, who not only knew everyone worth knowing, but projected himself into their careers with so much sympathy and keenness. The first is to the then Prime Minister:—

To the Right Hon. H. H. ASQUITH, M.P.

MY DEAR ASQUITH,—This is only a line to remind you that you lunch with me at the Primrose Club on Monday at one o'clock. I have asked two or three friends to meet you, all good fellows. With regard to that matter on which you were asking my advice, I think that the wisest course at present is (to use the phrase, now a little stale, which I invented for you) to wait and see. Let me say that I thought your speech at the Guildhall a fine effort. Kindly remember me to the wife and Miss ELIZABETH, and believe me,

Yours sincerely,
WILLIAM WOOD.

P.S.—I wish you would call me William. I always think of you as Herbert.



THE THEATRE OF WAR.

To the Earl of ROSEBERY.

MY DEAR ROSEBERY,—It is a great grief to me to have to decline your kind invite to Dalmeny, but there is an obstacle I cannot overcome. My youngest daughter is to be married next week to the son of the Bishop of Brighton, a most well-bred young fellow with perfect manners. Nothing but the necessity of my presence at the feast of Hymen could deprive me of the pleasure of seeing your country place. Do not stay away too long, I beg. The town is dull without you.

I am, dear ROSEBERY,
Yours most affectionately,
WILLIAM WOOD.

To Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING.

MY DEAR KIPLING,—Just a line to say how much I admire your poem in this morning's *Times*. You have never voiced the feeling of the moment with more force or keener insight. But you will, I am sure, pardon me when I say that in the fifty-eighth stanza there is a regrettable flaw, which could however quickly be put right. To me, that fine appeal to Monaco to give up its neutrality is impaired by the use of the word "cope," which I have always understood should be avoided by good writers. "Deal" has the same meaning and is a truer word. You will, I am sure, agree with me in this criticism when you have leisure to think it over.

Believe me, my dear KIPLING,
Yours sincerely,
WILLIAM WOOD.

To His Grace the Archbishop of CANTERBURY.

MY DEAR ARCHBISHOP,—That was a very delightful dinner you gave me last night, and I was glad to have the opportunity of meeting Lord MORLEY and discussing with him the character of MARLBOROUGH. While not agreeing with everything that Lord MORLEY said, I am bound to admit that his views impressed me. Some day soon you must bring her Ladyship down to The Towers for a dine and sleep.

I am, my dear Archbishop,
Yours cordially,
WILLIAM WOOD.

To Lord NORTHCLIFFE.

MY DEAR ALFRED,—You cannot, I am sure, do better than continue in the course you have chosen. What England needs is a vigilant observer from without; and who, as I have so often told you, is better fitted for such a part than you? You have all the qualities—high mobility, the courage



Friend (to Professor, whose lecture, "How to Stop the War," has just concluded). "CONGRATULATE YOU, OLD MAN—WENT SPLENDIDLY. AT ONE TIME DURING THE AFTERNOON I WAS RATHER ANXIOUS FOR YOU."

Professor. "THANKS. BUT I DON'T KNOW WHY YOU SHOULD HAVE BEEN SO CONCERNED ON MY BEHALF."

Friend. "WELL, A RUMOUR *DID* GO ROUND THE ROOM THAT THE WAR WOULD BE OVER BEFORE YOUR LECTURE."

to abandon convictions, and extreme youth. If you lack anything it is perhaps ballast, and here I might help you. Ring me up at any time, day or night, and I will come to you, just as I used to do years ago when you were beginning.

Think of me always as
Yours very sincerely,
WILLIAM WOOD.

To Sir ARTHUR WING PINERO.

MY DEAR PINERO,—I am glad you liked my suggestion and are already at work upon it. No one could handle it so well as you. I write now because it has occurred to me that the proper place for Lord Scudamore to disown his guilty wife and for her impassioned reply is not, as we had it, the spare room, but the parlour.

I am, dear old fellow,
Always yours to command,
WILLIAM WOOD.

Having written thus far, Mr. William Wood went to bed, perfectly at peace with himself and the world.

THE GREAT BETRAYAL.

'Twas night, and near the Boreal cliff
The monarch in seclusion lay,
A wondrous human hieroglyph,
Worshipped from Chile to Cathay;
When lo! a cry, "Sire, up and fly!
The pirate ships are in the bay!"

"Begone, ye cravens," straight replied
The monarch with his eyes ablaze;
"No pirate on the ocean wide
Can fright me, for I know their ways.
Shall I do less in times of stress
Than soldiers who have earned My praise?

"Yet stay," he paused awhile, and then—
"Let messengers the country scour
On pain of death forbidding men
To speak, in hut or hall or tower,
Of what I said this night of dread,
Or where I spent its darkest hour."

Swift flew the minions to obey;
The wearied monarch slumbered late;
Yet, in the Capital next day,
Writ large upon his palace gate,
A mighty scroll to every soul
Blazoned the words that challenged Fate.

The monarch's rage surpassed all bounds
When of this treachery he read;
A price of several million pounds
Was placed upon the miscreant's head;
But sceptics jibe—an odious tribe—
And swear that he will die in bed.

A New Way to Pay Old Debts.

"The Inventor of British and American Patents is desirous to Sell or License to Manufacturers, &c., &c. . . . The above Inventor and Patentee will be greatly obliged if anyone that he owes money to will forward the amount not later than this month, otherwise he will not acknowledge after."
Financial Times.

"LITTLE WAR PICTURES.
A NOBLE ARMY OF OPTIMISTS IN TRANCE."
Straits Times (Singapore).

We wish our pessimists would join them.

THE WATCH DOGS.

LVII.

My dear Charles,—St. John, in 1914 a light-hearted lieut., advancing and retiring with his platoon as an all-seeing Providence or a short-spoken Company Commander might direct, and in 1915 a Brass-hat with a vast amount of knowledge and only a hundred buff slips or so to write it down on, is now Second in Command of his regiment. He tells me he is encamped with his little lot on the forward slope of a muddy and much pitted ravine. On the opposite slope are some nasty noisy guns, and at the bottom of the ravine are the cookers.

When, after much forethought, he has found something to do and has begun doing it, there is a cry of "Stand clear!" and, with that prudence which even an Englishman will learn if you do not hustle him but give him a year or two to find by experience that care should sometimes be taken, all get to earth. The guns fire; the neighbourhood heaves and readjusts itself, and a man may then come out again. By the time, however, he has collected his senses and his materials there is another "Stand clear!" and back he must go to earth. This is what is technically known as Rest.

It was not good enough for one of the battalion cooks. No man can do justice to a mess of pottage by lying on his belly at a distance and frowning at it. After many movements to and fro, he eventually said be damned to guns and "Stand clears;" stood on the top of his cooker (there was nowhere else to stand), and, holding a dixie lid in his hand and bestowing on the contents of the dixie that encouraging smile without which no stew can stew, defied all the artillery of the B.E.F. to do its worst. It did.

The cook recovered to find himself among his dixies, frizzling pleasantly and browning nicely in certain parts. Even so, professional interests overcame any feeling of personal injury. Rising majestically, he stepped down and advanced upon the nearest gun crew. "Now you've done it, you blighters!" he shouted, waving an angry fist at them. "You've been and gone and blown all the pork out of the beans."

The same man went on holiday to the neighbouring town, which is in reality an ordinarily dull and dirty provincial place, but to the tired warrior is a haven of rest and a paradise of gaiety and good things. Here he came into contact with the local A.P.M. in the following way. The latter was in his office after lunch, brooding no doubt, when in came a French policeman greatly excited in French. There was, it appeared, promise of a commotion at the Hotel de Ville. A British soldier had got mixed up in the queue of honest French civilians who were waiting outside for the delivery of their legal papers. There were no bi-linguists present, but it had been made quite clear to the Britisher that he must go, and it had been made quite clear by the Britisher that he should stay. Always outside the Hotel de Ville at 2.30 of an afternoon was this queue of natives, each waiting his turn to be admitted to the joyless sanctum of the Commissaire, there to receive those illegible documents without which no French home is complete. Never before had a British soldier fallen in with them, and, when requested to dismiss, showed signs of being obstreperous.

The A.P.M. buckled on his Sam Browne belt and prepared for the worst, which he assumed to be but another example of the frailty of human nature when suddenly confronted with unaccustomed luxuries. When he got to his prey he found him not quite in the state expected. Usually at the sight of an A.P.M. a soldier, whatever the strength of his case, will express regret, promise reform, and make ready to pass on. This one stood his ground; on no account would he leave the queue. He explained to the A.P.M. that he was too used to the manifold and subtle devices of people who wanted to snaffle other people's places in queues. He was however quite prepared to parley, and was only too glad to find a fellow-countryman, speaking the right language and having the right sense of justice, to parley with.

He said he had taken his proper place in the line, with no attempt to hustle or jostle anyone else. He meant to do no one any harm, and he was prepared to pay the due price, in current French notes, whatever it might be. But having got his place by right he refused to give it up to anyone else, be he French or English, Field Officer or even gendarme. He had been excessively restrained in resisting the unscrupulous attempts of the gendarme to dislodge him. If he had made any threat of knocking the gendarme down he had not really intended to take that course. The threat was only a formal reply to the gendarme's proposal to stick a sword through his middle.

He was, he said most emphatically, not drunk. If the A.P.M., in whom he had all confidence, would occupy his place in the queue and keep it for him, he would demonstrate this by a practical test. In any case he ventured to insist on his point. Without claiming any special privileges for a man fighting (and cooking) for his country, he claimed the right of any human being, whatever his nationality, to witness any cinema show which might be in progress.

The underlying good qualities of both nations were evidenced in the sequel. When the A.P.M. had interpreted the matter the gendarme insisted on an embrace, and the cook permitted it. Later, I have reason to believe, they witnessed a most moving cinema play together, but not in the Commissaire's office at the Hotel de Ville.

Yours ever, Henry.

CHILDREN'S TALES FOR GROWN-UPS.

I.

Cause and Effect.

It hadn't rained for forty days and forty nights.

"The reason it doesn't rain," said the guinea-fowl, "is that the barometer is very high."

But no one listened to her.

"The reason is," said the duck with the black wings, "that the pond is nearly empty. When the pond is empty it doesn't rain."

"It's the hen-house," said the black hen. "Whenever the roof drips there is rain."

"It is certainly the hen-house," said all the hens.

"It comes from the trees," said the turkey. "The leaves drip and then there is rain, and the more they drip the heavier it rains."

"It is my kennel," chuckled Bruno, the wise old dog. "The more it leaks the more it rains."

At that very moment it began to rain in torrents.

"The pond is full," quacked the ducks. "Look at the pond."

"Oh, do look at the hen-house roof—dripping!" shrieked the hens.

"The leaves—look at the leaves," gurgled the turkeys.

"And my kennel leaks. I can feel it on my back," chuckled Bruno.

"The barometer has gone down," said the guinea-fowl.

But no one took any notice of her—quite properly.

The Housing Problem.

"Three chicken coops, also pigeon-house, for pole; suitable for lady."—*The Lady.*

The Open-Air Cure.

"The *Telegraaf* learns from its correspondent at the frontier that on yesterday (Monday) afternoon a fresh air attack was made on Zeebrugge."—*Morning Post.*

A pleasant change from stuffy shells.



THE ETERNAL FEMININE.

"THAT SHADE WOULDN'T 'ALF SUIT ME."
"LOR LUMMY, LIL! WOT TISTE—AN' YOU A BLONDE!"

THE SONG OF THE MILL.

[Most of our water-mills have fallen into decay and disuse owing to the unsuitability of their machinery to grind imported grain. Will the revival of English grain production bring about a renewal of their usefulness?]

As by the pool I wandered that lies so clear and still
With tall old trees about it, hard by the silent mill
Whose ancient oaken timbers no longer creak and groan
With roar of wheel and water, and grind of stone on stone,

The idle mill-race slumbered beneath the mouldering wheel,
The pale March sunlight gilded no motes of floating meal,
But the stream went singing onward, went singing by the weir—
And this, or something like it, was the song I seemed to hear:—

"By Teviot, Tees and Avon, by Esk and Ure and Tweed,
Here 's many a trusty henchman would rally to your need;
By Itchen, Test and Waveney, by Tamar, Trent and Ouse,
Here 's many a loyal servant will help you if you choose.

"Do they no longer need us who needed us of yore?
We stood not still aforetime when England marched to war;
Like those our wind-driven brothers, far seen o'er weald and fen,
We ground the wheat and barley to feed stout Englishmen.

"You call the men of England, their strength, their toil, their gold,
But us you have not summoned, who served your sires of old;
For service high or humble, for tribute great and small,
You call them and they answer—but us you do not call.

"Yet we no hoarded fuel of mine or well require,
That drives your fleets to battle or lights the poor man's fire;
We need no white-hot furnace for tending night and day,
No power of harnessed lightnings to speed us on our way.

"By Tavy, Dart and Derwent, by Wharfe and Usk and Nidd,
Here 's many a trusty vassal is yours when you shall bid,
With the strength of English rivers to push the wheels along
And the roar of many a mill-race to join the victory song."

C. F. S.

"The Berlin Municipality has issued the following order. 'Despite the present unfavourable conditions of production, it has become possible that from Friday this week one shss will be available for every citizen of Berlin.'"—*Egyptian Gazette.*

Judging by the mystery surrounding it we infer that "shss" must be some kind of sausage.



FOOD RESTRICTION.

SCENE: *Hotel.*

Little Girl. "OH, MUMMY! THEY'VE GIVEN ME A DIRTY PLATE."
Mother. "HUSH, DARLING. THAT'S THE SOUP."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"MINSTREL BOY."—You are confusing TENNYSON'S "Brook" with the Tigris. Also it is the Turkish Army and not the river (which flows the other way) that is speaking in the famous lines—

"I come from haunts of Kut (return);
I make a sudden sally."

"ANXIOUS INQUIRER."—No, we are without reliable news of FERDIE. But it is rumoured that he is preparing to conform to the general movement of the Central Allied Powers, and is therefore taking a little gentle running exercise in the Vulpedrome at Vienna.

"V.T.C."—We rejoice with you that already—not more than 2½ years since the revival of the Volunteer Force—the War Office has recognised the desirability of giving the Volunteer a rifle to shoot with; and it now seems almost certain that he will receive one, *free of charge*, before the conclusion of peace. We welcome this wise and generous decision, for though we have never pretended to be a military authority we have always held the view that in a tight corner a man with a rifle has an appreciable advantage over an unarmed man.

"FORTUNE-TELLER."—Like you, we are greatly impressed by the convincing arguments advanced by our military experts in support of the view that the Germans are likely to put forth a great effort this year at some point on one of their fronts; and we share your belief that the time has come when the Government should supply a long-felt want by establishing a Department of Intelligent Anticipation. It is a happy suggestion of yours to offer, for a reasonable consideration, to place at the disposal of such a Department your admirably-equipped premises in Bond Street.

"SCHNAPPS."—The correct version is:—

"In the matter of U-Boats the fault of the Dutch
Is protesting too little and standing too much."

"CARILLON."—You ask how the Germans will manage for their joy-peals now that the military authorities have commandeered the church bells. It was very bright of you to think of this. The answer is that, in view of pressing national needs, they are going to give up having victories. After all, this is an age of sacrifice. EDITOR.

Commercial Candour.

"Abandon housekeeping and live in comfort at the hotel ——.
Not too large to give the best of service, and not too small to be uncomfortable."
Morning Paper.

We feel it to be our patriotic duty to call the attention of the FOOD CONTROLLER to the conduct of a well-known restaurant which blatantly describes itself on a bill of fare as

"THE GORGE AND VULTURE."

"Women lamplighters will shortly be seen in the submarine districts of London."
Bradford Daily Argus.

But to prevent disappointment we ought to mention that this phenomenon can only be witnessed by the *Argus*-eyed.



ALSO RAN.

WILHELM. "ARE YOU LURING THEM ON, LIKE ME?"

MEHMED. "I'M AFRAID I AM!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, February 26th.—The new Member for Roscommon has not yet appeared in the House, but he is nevertheless doing his bit more effectively, perhaps, than some of his compatriots. The SPEAKER's ruling is "No seat, no salary"; so Count PLUNKETT will have the satisfaction of knowing that by his self-sacrificing absence he is paying the expenses of the War for at least five seconds.

With suitable solemnity Sir EDWARD CARSON gave a brief account of the exploits of the German destroyer squadrons. One of them, comprising several vessels, had engaged a single British destroyer for several minutes before cleverly executing a strategic movement in the direction of the German coast; while another had simultaneously bombarded the strongholds of Broadstairs and Margate, completely demolishing two entire houses. The damage would have been still more serious but for the fortunate circumstance that the fortresses erected on the foreshore last summer by an army of youthful workpeople had been subsequently removed.

Any gloom engendered by the foregoing announcement was quickly dissipated by Mr. BONAR LAW, who read a telegram from General MAUDE, announcing the fall of Kut-el-Amara.

The rest of the afternoon was chiefly occupied by a further combat over the merits of Lord FISHER. Although, as Dr. MACNAMARA subsequently remarked, "this is not the time for fighting battles along the Whitehall front," I am afraid the House thoroughly enjoyed Sir HEDWORTH MEUX's discursive account of his relations with the late FIRST SEA LORD, who really seems to be quite a forgiving person. At least it is not everybody who, after being greeted at a garden-party with "Come here, you wicked old sinner," would afterwards invite his accuser to lunch at the Ritz.

In the first statement of policy made by Mr. LLOYD GEORGE after his appointment as Prime Minister he said that the primary step towards a settlement of the age-long Irish trouble would be the removal of the suspicion of Irishmen by Irishmen. Mr. DILLON's notion of contributing to that desirable end is to accuse Sir BRYAN MAHON, who has had to deport certain recidivist Sinn Feiners, of being the tool of a Dublin Castle gang. Not, of course, that Mr. DILLON is in sympathy with Sinn Feiners; on the contrary he dislikes them so much that he would like to keep St. George's Channel between them and himself. But by his own speeches he has hypnotized himself into the belief that everything done by the British Government in Ireland must have a corrupt motive. His colleague from West Belfast is not much wiser, to judge by the tone of his speech to-night; and I think Mr. DUKE, who is doing his best to reconcile the irreconcilable, must have been tempted to adapt one of Mr. DILLON's phrases and to say that Ireland was between the DEVLIN and the deep sea.

Tuesday, February 27.—The capture of Kut has had an exhilarating effect upon Lord CREWE. Not long ago he was warning us against excessive jubilation over the British advance in that region. Now he justified his title by coming out as a regular *Chanticleer*, and invited Lord CURZON to tell the assembled Peers that we might be confident of regaining predominance in the whole of Mesopotamia.

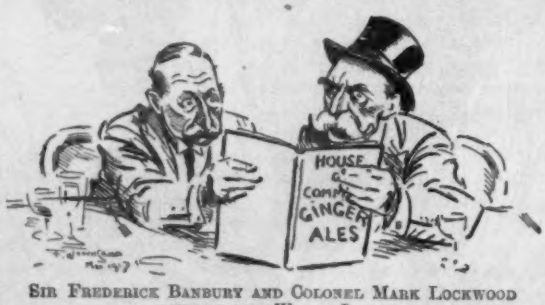
In these times the Lords can refuse nothing to the Ladies. In moving the second reading of a Bill to enable women to become solicitors Lord BUCKMASTER may have approached his subject in the spirit of a cautious knight-errant, as Lord SUMNER said, but he carried his argument. He owed something, perhaps, to the unintentional assistance of his opponents. Lord BUCKMASTER had incidentally mentioned that a woman once sat on the Woolsack, and there administered such very odd law that the City of London rose in mutiny. This shocked the historical sense of Lord HALSBURY, who hastened to point out that the lady in question had left the Woolsack for a reason entirely creditable to her sex, namely to become the mother of one of our greatest Kings. Then Lord FINLAY, who now occupies the seat alleged to have been filled by ELEANOR of Provence, endeavoured to frighten their Lordships by the thin end of the wedge argument. If women were admitted solicitors they would next want to practise at the Bar, and even become Judges. But the Peers refused to be intimidated, and gave the Bill a second reading.

Mr. MACCALLUM SCOTT's colossal intellect, like the elephant's trunk, can grapple with the most minute objects. Yesterday it was the shortage of sausage-skins; this afternoon it was the grievance of Scottish bee-keepers, who are deprived of sugar for their charges, and compelled to put up with medicated candy at twice the price. In spite of the FOOD CONTROLLER, I understand that Mr. SCOTT has no intention of parting with the very promising swarm that he carries in his national headgear.

Wednesday, February 28th.—Mr. WATT was seized with a bright idea



LORD BUCKMASTER'S DREAM OF A BRIGHTENED HOUSE OF LORDS.



SIR FREDERICK BANBURY AND COLONEL MARK LOCKWOOD CONSULT THE WATER LIST.



Maid. "THE DOCTOR HAS CALLED TO SEE YOU, SIR."
Government Official (faintly). "TELL HIM TO FILL UP A FORM, STATING THE NATURE OF HIS BUSINESS AND IF BY APPOINTMENT."

this afternoon. The CHIEF SECRETARY FOR IRELAND had explained to Mr. GINNELL that certain men had been convicted of having attempted to cause disaffection by singing disloyal songs. "Will the right hon. and learned gentleman give the House a sample?" interjected Mr. WATT. The notion of Mr. DUKE, *vir pietate gravis*, if ever there was one, indulging in ribald melody, caused much laughter, which was increased when the right hon. gentleman in his most portentous manner implied that his only reason for not granting the request was fear that the SPEAKER might intervene.

A brief recrudescence of the MEUX-CHURCHILL duel was not much to the taste of the House, which is evidently of opinion that Lord FISHER might now be left alone both by foes and by friends. Members were glad to seek solace in the drink question, and gave a sympathetic hearing to the proposal of Mr. WING that they should voluntarily submit to the same restricted hours of consumption as they had imposed on the outside world. Mr. WING is a temperance reformer, but on this occasion he had the redoubtable assistance of Mr. GEORGE FABER, a stout friend of the "trade" whose hair had grown white, he declared (though in other respects he still looks delightfully juvenile), in fighting the Licensing Bill of 1908. In his opinion the House could no longer keep itself in a compartment apart—especially as it was not a water-tight compartment. Sir FREDERICK BANBURY, who is naturally a champion of cakes—and ale—made a despairing effort to preserve the privileges of the Palace of Westminster, but did not carry his protest to a division; and after a few valedictory remarks from Colonel LOCKWOOD, including two quotations from LUCRETIUS (derived from a crib, as he modestly explained), the House unanimously decided that its habits should be in conformity with its debates—dry with moist intervals.

Thursday, March 1st. — Copies of the unexpurgated edition of the Report of the Dardanelles Commission marked "confidential" are to be sent to the SPEAKER and to the leader of every political party in the House. If Mr. BONAR LAW thought by this announcement to allay curiosity he was disappointed. Requests for a definition of the term "political party" rained upon him from all quarters. It really is a rather nice point. Mr. ASQUITH, Mr. REDMOND and Mr. WARDLE will, of course, receive their copies of the *editio princeps*. But what about Mr. WILLIAM O'BRIEN, who commands a bare half-section, even if one includes Mr. T. M. HEALY as odd file? What, too, of the Peace-without-Victory party, which is all leaders? The case of Mr. PRINGLE and Mr. HOGGE, which was publicly mentioned, presents little difficulty. Much as they love one another, neither is prepared to acknowledge the other as his leader.

The greatest crux is furnished by Mr. GINNELL and Mr. PEMBERTON-BILLING. Each of them leads a distinct party, making up by its activity and volubility for its comparative lack of size. Logically they may look forward to receiving copies of the "confidential" document too sacred for the inspection even of Peers and Privy Councillors. But I should not encourage them to hope.



Boss (to typist, a war flapper, who is very late). "EH, YE'VE COOM AT LAST. WE WERE JUST TALKIN' ABOOT YE."
Typist. "AH, I WONDERED WHAT MADE MY EAR BURN."

CLASSICAL AMERICA.

[A correspondent of *The Westminster Gazette* remarks in a recent issue, "I am told American students sing their Pindar."]

A WRITER in the evening Press
Lays quite unnecessary stress
Upon the fact that youthful scholars,
Residing in the land of dollars,
Where men are shrewd and level-headed,
Sing songs to PINDAR'S verses wedded.
Yet why this wonder, when you think
How strongly welded is the link
That binds Columbia and its glory
To lands renowned in classic story?
There 's hardly any town of note
Mentioned by MOMMSEN or by GROTE—
Except Byzantium, perhaps—
Which doesn't figure in our maps.
Of Ithacas we have a score,
And Troys and Uticas galore;
Chicago has a Punic sound,
And pretty often, I'll be bound,
Austere Bostonians heavenward send a
Petition calling her *delenda;*
While Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
Betray the classicising mania.
We have a Capitol, also,
As fine as Rome's of long ago;
Pompey and Romulus and Remus
(I 'm not so sure of Polyphemus)
Are names with us more often worn
Than in the lands where they were born.
Then, as true classicists to stamp us,
Each College has its separate Campus,
And we have Senators whose mien
Might well have turned old BRENNUS green.
Why even the Bird that proudly soars
In majesty to guard our shores
Before migrating to these regions
Was followed by the Roman legions.
But we have writ enough to show
What everybody ought to know,
That, spite of hustle and skyscrapers,
And Tammany and yellow papers,
The spirit of both Greece and Rome
Has found a second lasting home
Across the wide Atlantic foam.

More War Economy.

"Perambulator, cheap, for cash, as new; cost £9 15s., receipt shown; owner getting rid of baby."—*Birmingham Daily Mail.*

"Turn to the annals of the period 1914-1917, everlastingly to be remembered by the Meuse of History."—*Jamaica Paper.*

The Meuse needs no reminder.

"DOING WITHOUT."

A VALUED correspondent writes:—"We are deluged in the Press just now with information on how to 'do without.' One morning a splendid recipe for making pancakes without eggs; another, a perfect Irish stew without potatoes; another, a Welsh rabbit without cheese. Meatless days are to be as natural as wireless telegraphy; and the other day we were asked seriously to consider the problem of a school without teachers! But there is a certain little corner of the daily paper headed, 'London Readings,' which could better, in war-time phrases, be expressed thus: 'Stern Facts must be Faced—How to do without Sunshine,' for all that the Meteorological expert can find to say is, 'Yesterday Sunshine, 0.0. Previous day Sunshine, 0.0.' O! O!"

What a Woman Notices.

"Sears succeeded in cashing two of the cheques at the bank, the woman cashier not noticing that they were crossed. When she came to the bank a third time, however, the cashier recognised the hat she was wearing, and caused her to be detained."—*Times.*

PRIVILEGE.

Mr. Jenkins, junior partner in the firm of Baldwin and Jenkins, antique dealers, Wigpole Street, was in the habit, on fine afternoons, of walking home from business to his flat in the Brompton Road.

He invariably chose the path which runs parallel to Park Lane, just inside the Park railings.

Being middle-aged and unmarried he walked slowly and methodically, and was careful, when he came level with an entrance, to note the particular gates marked "In" and "Out." He would, as he crossed the "Out" opening, look sharply to the right, and as he passed the "In" opening look sharply to the left. "Safety first" was a creed with him.

One mild Spring afternoon, as he was passing by an "Out" aperture, with his whole attention fixed to the right, he was aware, amid the sound of motor-horns and shouts, that the roadway had risen up and struck him on the back of the neck, and that something like the Marble Arch had kicked him at the same moment.

A week later Mr. Jenkins recovered consciousness in a beautiful clean ward of St. George's Hospital. A smiling nurse stood by his bed and, as he tried to sit up, she told him he must be quiet and not disturb the bandages.

"Your friend Mr. Baldwin is coming to see you to-day at two o'clock," she told him. "No, it is not serious; you are out of danger. Now you have only to be quiet; so when your friend comes you mustn't talk too much."

He lay still and thought, and it all came back to him. "But, good heavens!" was his reflection, "that car must have come *in* by the '*Out*' gate! In that case," he continued, not without pleasure, "I can claim damages—very severe damages too."

At two o'clock Mr. Baldwin, his grey-bearded friend and partner, entered. "Well, Jenkins," said he, "I'm glad to see you've turned the corner. You've had rather a narrow squeak."

Mr. Jenkins looked at his friend for a moment. "Look here," he said, "I'm not allowed to speak much, but did you know that that car, when it struck me, was coming in through an 'Out' gate, and, as that can be proved, don't you see that I can get pretty good compensation?"

His friend's face remained solemn. "I fear not," he said.

"But I must," said Jenkins. "It's as clear as can be. Scores of people must have seen it."

Mr. Baldwin shook his head horizontally.



Old Lady (ruminating). "WHAT A POOR SUPPLY OF GAS THERE IS! AH, WELL, I MUSTN'T GRUMBLE. PERHAPS WE ARE ATTACKING WITH GAS AT THE FRONT TO-DAY."

"Heavy damages," said Mr. Jenkins, "I repeat."

"I've gone into it," his partner replied, "and it's hopeless."

"Why?" asked the sick man.

"I'll tell you," said Mr. Baldwin. "Because that car belonged to the Duke of Mudcaster."

"The more reason," said Mr. Jenkins, "for heavy damages. Very heavy. The Duke's rolling."

"Maybe he rolls," said Mr. Baldwin. "But that is not all. Listen. The Duke of Mudcaster is the only representative of the Pennecuiks, whose founder had the good fortune to be of some service to KING WILLIAM III. For this service he and his posterity were allowed the privilege of entering places by gates marked 'Out' and leaving by gates marked 'In.'"

Mr. Jenkins sat half up, groaned and subsided again. He said nothing.

"Well, I must say good-bye now," said Mr. Baldwin. "Sorry I've depressed you about compensation, but you never had an earthly. See you again soon. So long."

For some minutes Mr. Jenkins remained as one stunned. Then he began to think again. "I wonder," he said once or twice, for he knew his partner,—"I wonder. Could it have been Baldwin himself in his old Ford? Could it?"

Extract from a schoolboy's letter:—

"Please do not send me a cake this term, or it will go to the Red Cross Soldiers."

"MANAGERESS wanted immediately, small Blouse Factory, Harrogate; able to cut out and control girls."—*Harrogate Advertiser.*

She will need to be careful. A girl who has been cut out is apt to be uncontrollable.

HEART-TO-HEART TALKS.

(The German KAISER and a wounded Belgian Officer, a Prisoner.)

The Kaiser. So, then, you are still in arms against me, still persisting in your insane desire for battle and bloodshed? Will nothing content you? Must you compel us to continue in our enmity when by a word peace might be established between us, and Belgium might take her place at the side of Germany as a sister-nation striving with us to promote the cause of true civilisation?

The Belgian. It is useless, Sir, to say such things to any Belgian.

The Kaiser. Why useless? Do you not wish that death and ruin and misery should cease?

The Belgian. Certainly we do. No one more ardently than the Belgians, for it was not we who desired war or began the contest. But when you talk of stopping we must remind you that it was by your deliberate choice that war was treacherously forced on us. What could we do except defend ourselves against the dastardly blow that you aimed at our life? And after that it was not by us that Louvain was destroyed, that old men and women and children were ruthlessly massacred. Do you think such scenes can be wiped out of the memory of a nation, so that her men shall turn round and kiss the bloodstained hand that has tried to throttle them? Surely you expect too much.

The Kaiser. You speak too freely. Remember in whose presence you are.

The Belgian. There is not much fear that I shall forget. I am in the presence of one who has desired at all costs to concentrate on himself the gaze of the world, caring nothing as to the means by which he accomplished his object. This man, for he is, after all, only a poor human creature prone to anger, suspicion and foolish jealousy—this man has always gone about arrogating to himself the attributes of a god, calling upon his own people to worship him, and on all other peoples to be humble before him. Stung by his own restless vanity and the servile applause of those who are ever ready to prostrate themselves before an Emperor, he has rushed hither and thither seeking to make others the mere foils of his splendour and his wisdom, making mischief wherever he went and striving to irritate and depress his neighbours. This man in peace was a bad neighbour, and in war a base and treacherous foe, sanctioning by his enthusiastic approval such deeds as the meanest villain would have contemplated with shame.

The Kaiser. This is too much. I gave you leave to speak, but not to revile me. You must not forget that you are in my power.

The Belgian. A noble threat! But it is right and proper that men like you, who think they are infallible because their cringing flatterers tell them so, should sometimes hear the truth. You dare, forsooth, to talk to a Belgian of your magnanimity and your desire for peace. Cannot you realise that our nation has been tempered by outrage and ruin; that exile and the ruthless breaking of their homes only serve to make its men and women more resolute; that even if others were to cease fighting against you, and if her sword were broken, Belgium would dash its hilt in your face till breath and life were driven out of her mangled body; that, in short, we hate you for your cruelty and despise you for your baseness; and that for the future, wherever there is a Belgian, there is one who is the enemy of the thing called KAISER.

The Kaiser. Enough, enough. I did not come here to be insulted. If you have suffered, you and your nation, it is because you have deserved to suffer for having dared to set yourself against Germany, whom our good old German god has appointed to lead the way in righteousness to the goal marked out for her.

The Belgian. Sir, when you speak like that you are no doubt a marvel in your own eyes, but to others you are a laughing-stock, a mere scare-crow dressed up to resemble a man, a thing of shreds and patches to whom for a time the inscrutable decrees of Providence have permitted a dreadful power. But we are resolute to endure to the end, and your blandishments will avail as little as your threats.

MY WATCH.

THE Sage who above a Greek signature nightly
Emits a succession of eloquent screeds,
Instructing us firmly but also politely
How best to supply our material needs,
Has specially urged us of late, in a shining
Example of zeal for his frivolous flock,
With the object of "speed" and "precision" combining
To "work with our eye on the clock."

The precept is sound, and its due application
Is fraught with undoubted advantage to some,
But I 'm free to remark that my own situation
Represents a recalcitrant re-sidu-um;
Clocks I cannot abide with their truculent ticking—
A nuisance I always have striven to scotch—
And I gain very little assistance in sticking
To work, if I 'm watching my watch.

For my watch, which I treasure with ardent affection—
'Twas given to me in my juvenile prime—
Exhibits a truly uncanny objection
To keeping an accurate count of the time;
In the matter of speed it 's a regular sprinter;
Repairs are a farce; it invariably gains;
And in Spring and in Autumn, in Summer and Winter
Precision it never attains.

Mathematics to me are a terrible trial,
They plague me in age as they floored me in youth,
Or I might, when observing the hour on my dial,
Allow for the error and guess at the truth.
Then why do I keep it? Because it 's a mascot,
And none of its vices can alter the fact
That the very first day that I wore it, at Ascot,
Three winners I happily backed.

"The annual meeting of the Court of Governors of the University of Birmingham was held yesterday at the University, Edmund Street. The Pro-Vice-Chancellor said the University had done its share in the present awful state of Europe."—*Birmingham Daily Post.*

We are sorry to hear this.

"The Government have apparently taken infinite pains to so 'cut their coast according to their cloth' as to provide for the least possible inconvenience and suffering to the people of these islands."

Cork Constitution.

Thanks to this wise provision there is still just enough coast to go round.

From the report of a schoolmasters' conference:—

"That we should spread our education wider, and not allow a boy to spend too much time on specialising is a good idea, but it is rather difficult to carry out in practice. It means switching the boy's mind from one subject to another. The whole day is spent in this way—switching from one subject to another, and therefore it is very difficult."—*United Empire.*

And it sounds painful too.



Jock. "AND ME GIVIN' YON MAN AT THE STATION TWA BAWBEES TAE MIND MA GREATCOAT!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IT is strange to find the inexhaustible Mr. W. E. NORRIS turning towards the supernatural. Yet there is at least more than a flavouring of this in the composition of *Brown Amber* (HUTCHINSON), which partly concerns a remarkable bead, having the property of bringing good or evil luck to its various owners. As (after the manner of such things in stories) the charm was for ever being lost, and as the kind of fortune it conferred went in alternations, possession of it was rather in the nature of a gamble. All I have to observe about it is that such hazards consort somewhat better with the world of HANS ANDERSEN or the *Arabian Nights* than with those quiet and well-bred inhabitants of South-Western London whom one has learnt to associate with the name of NORRIS. Thus, in considering the nice problem of whether *Clement Drake* (as typical a Norrisian as ever buttoned spats) would or would not escape the entanglements of *Mrs. D'Esterre*, it simply irritated me to suppose that the event might be determined by the machinations of djins. In a word, East is East and S.W. is S.W., and never the twain shall, or should, be mixed up in a novel that pretends to anything more serious than burlesque. I am not sure also that, for different reasons, I did not regret the introduction of the War; though as a grand climax it has, I admit, a lure that must be almost irresistible to the novelist. For the rest, if you do not share my objection to the (dare I say it?) amberdexterity of the plot, you will find Mr. NORRIS as pleasant as ever in his scenes of drawing-room comedy.

A volume of remarkable interest is *In Ruhleben* (HURST AND BLACKETT), into which Mr. DOUGLAS SLADEN has gathered a variety of information concerning the life of the English civilian prisoners in Germany, its many hardships and few ameliorations. The greater part of the book is filled with a series of letters sent by one of these prisoners to his mother. Perhaps (one suspects) the writer of these was not altogether an ordinary young man. From whatever reason, the fact remains that his letters are by no means uncheery reading; his books and study, most of all his friendships (with one fellow-captive especially), seem to have kept him contented and even happy. Of course some part of this may well have been coloured for the maternal eye; it is clear that he was greatly concerned that she should not be too anxious about him. A more impartial picture of the conditions at Ruhleben is given in the second part of the volume, and in a letter by Sir TIMOTHY EDEN, reprinted from *The Times*, on The Case for a wholesale Exchange of Civilian Prisoners. I should add that the book is illustrated with a number of drawings of Ruhleben made by Mr. STANLEY GRIMM, an artist of the Expressionist School (whatever that may mean). These are vigorous and arresting, if, to the unmodern eye, somewhat formless. But they are part of a record that all Englishmen can study with quickened sympathy and a great pride in the courage and resource of our race under conditions needlessly brutal at their worst, and never better than just endurable.

Nothing will ever persuade me that *This Way Out* (METHUEN) is an attractive title for a novel, however

effective it may be as a notice in a railway station. The book itself, however, is intriguing in spite of its gloominess. The grandfather of *Jane* and *John-Andrew Vaguener* committed a most cold-blooded murder—this in a prologue. Then, when we get to the real story, we find *Jane* tapping out popular fiction at an amazing pace, and her brother, *John-Andrew*, living on the proceeds thereof. *Jane* is noisy, vulgar, and successful in her own line, and gets on *John-Andrew's* nerves; and when he discovers that she has for once turned aside from tawdry fiction and written a play that is really good he decides that he can stand it and her no longer. While she was pouring out literary garbage he could just manage to endure his position, but the thought that she would be hailed as a genius while he remained an utter failure was the final stroke that turned him from a mendicant into a madman. I am not going to tell you exactly what happened, but *Jane* found a "way out," and with her departure from this life my interest in the book evaporated. Mrs. HENRY DUDENEY has notable gifts as a descriptive writer, and my only complaint against her is that vulgar *Jane* was not allowed to live, for in the Army or out of it she was worth a whole platoon of *John-Andrews*. The *Vagueners*, I may add, were not a little mad, but then they were Cornish, and novelists persist in treating Cornwall as if it were a delirious duchy.

I don't think I can honourably recommend Mr. HUGH ELLIOT'S volume on *Herbert Spencer* (CONSTABLE) as light reading, though the ungodly may wax merry over the philosopher's first swear-word, at the age of thirty-six, in the matter of a tangled fishing-line, and may be kindled at the later picture of a middle-aged sportsman shinning, effectively too, after a Neapolitan who had pinched his opera-glasses. Fine human traits these in a character which will strike the normal man as bewilderingly unlike the general run of the species. The serious-flippant reader, tackling Mr. ELLIOT'S elaborate and acute analyses, may get an impression of an obstinate old apriorist, a sort of White Knight of Philosophyland, with all manner of reasoned-out "inventions" at his saddle-bow (labelled "Homogeneity-Heterogeneity," "Unknowable," "Ghost Theory," "Presentative-Representative"), which don't seem, somehow, as helpful as their inventor assumes. And 'tis certain he took tosses into many of the pits of his dangerous deductive method. I don't present this as Mr. ELLIOT'S view. He is respectful-critical, and makes perhaps the best case for his old master's claim to greatness out of the assumption that SPENCER himself, stark enemy to authority and dogmatism, would have preferred his biographer's critical examination to any mere "master's-voice" reproduction of Spencerian doctrine. I wonder if he would!

Miss F. E. MILLS YOUNG'S newest story has at least this much merit about it, that no one who has seen the title can complain thereafter of having been taken unawares by the course of the narrative. That is perhaps as well, for, having discovered in the opening chapters a sufficiently charming *Pamela* living in perpetual honeymoon with a partner rich, good-looking and with no particular occupation to interfere with unlimited motor trips and dinner parties, we might have imagined the tale was going to remain a jolly meaningless thing like that all through, and so have been as much shocked as the heroine herself on reading the fatal letter. But, since we knew the book to be called straight out *The Bigamist* (LANE), we could have no possible difficulty in foreseeing the emergence of that other wife from the buried past ready to pounce down on poor little *Pam* at her happiest. And of course she duly appeared. Not that such happiness could in any case have lasted long, for the man was, flatly, a cur, not deserving the notice of any of the rather foolish women he managed to attract—there were three of them—and not particularly worth your attention either for that matter. Having said so much I can gladly leave the rest to your perusal, or, better perhaps, your imagination, only hinting that the conclusion has something of dignity that does a little to redeem the volume. But when all is said this is not Miss YOUNG at her best, the characters without exception being unusually stilted, the plot unpleasant, and the South African atmosphere, for which I have gladly praised her before now, so negligible that but for an occasional name and a page or two of railway journey the yarn might as well have been placed in a suburb of London or Manchester as in the land of delectable sunshine.



Tactful Customer (forestalling a rebuff at a coal order office). "OF COURSE, MISS, I DON'T EXPECT THAT YOU REALLY *SELL* COALS, BUT I SUPPOSE YOU WOULD HAVE NO OBJECTION TO MAKING THEM A SUBJECT FOR CONVERSATION?"

Mr. JOHN S. MARGERISON, in *The Sure Shield* (DUCKWORTH) sees to it that our national pride in our Fleet is thoroughly encouraged. Whether he is describing a race against the Germans in times of peace, or a fight against odds with them in these days of war, we always come out top dog. Very good. But, at the same time, I am bound to add that some of his stories compelled me to make considerable drafts on my reserves of credulity before I could swallow them. So improbable are the incidents in one or two of them that I am inclined to believe that they must be founded on fact. However that may be, their author is an expert in his subject, and writes with a v gour that is very bracing and infectious.

Music in Mesopotamia.

Among the songs which have recently exhausted their popularity in the music-halls of Baghdad is:—

"Come into the Garden of Eden, MAUDE."

"The White Star Company, the Dominion Shipping Company, and other Atlantic lines are now arranging to employ a certain number of Sea Scouts on their boats. The shipping companies will certainly be ducky."—*Manchester Guardian.*

Or perhaps they may even happen upon a DRAKE.

CHARIVARIA.

IT is rumoured that for his mismanagement of the Mexican affair the KAISER has decided to teach Herr ZIMMERMANN a terrible lesson. He is to be appointed Food Dictator.

* * *

"It is impossible to predict when the War will end," says Field-Marshal von HINDENBERG. Of course this is all nonsense. Many of our Military Experts have predicted it more than once.

* * *

A French journal is of the opinion that the War will end this year, but the Germans are not so pessimistic about it.

* * *

"Everything is going right for us," says the *Frankfurter Zeitung*. We can't speak for everything, but it is quite true as far as the British Army is concerned.

* * *

The Germans waste no time and are already dealing with the Unemployed question. The KAISER has decided to give a dinner to Count BERNSTORFF.

* * *

"In America," says Dr. OTTO FLAKE in the *Vossische Zeitung*, "the swindler and the cheat is a hero." It will be remembered how popular Count BERNSTORFF said he had been during his stay there.

* * *

Just to show the British Parliament that it can be done, it is rumoured that the KAISER is about to grant Home Rule to Mexico.

* * *

The Prussian Herrenhaus has passed a resolution demanding that the Imperial Government should conclude an immediate peace on terms consistent with Pan-German ideals, including annexation of Belgium and Poland, payment of indemnity by the Allies, etc. The GERMAN CHANCELLOR is understood to have replied in effect, "Go and do it yourselves."

* * *

Sofia announces that 35,000 Bulgarian geese are to be permitted to go to Germany. As in the case of the Bulgarian Fox who went to Vienna, there appears to be little likelihood that they will ever return.

* * *

After the bombardment of Margate, says the *Evening News*, rabbits were found dead from fright in their hutches. To avoid the suspicion of partisanship our contemporary should have explained that they were not at the time in Government employ.

* * *

The cost of brown paper is said to have advanced to forty shillings a ton, or four times its price in peace time. Its use as a substitute for "Havana" tobacco (from which it can often be distinguished only by its aroma) is probably responsible for the rise.

* * *

Allotment holders have been warned to be on their guard against wire-worms, and special constables are keeping a sharp look-out by the potato-beds. A still more efficacious method of protection is to enclose the allotment with barbed wire-wormless.

* * *

Two speakers at a Ramsgate meeting recalled that they were chums seventy-three years ago. The touching incident has resulted in a local appeal for them to be drafted to the same regiment when their class is called up.

* * *

The Cuckfield Council has appealed to householders not to put broken glass in their swill. With all imports of glass-ware cut off, it is felt that even our pigs must be required to forgo some of their accustomed delicacies.

* * *

"The heavy tread of policemen often keeps me awake," said the Willesden magistrate. He admits, however, that the darkened streets and the absence of parental discipline make it more than ever necessary that the Force should put its foot down firmly.

* * *

"Seagulls in Thanet," says a contemporary, "are coming to the backs of houses and sharing crumbs with the sparrows." It is doing no more than justice to a much abused bird to point out that the sparrows are also sharing crumbs with the seagulls.

* * *

It appears from a contemporary gossip-writer that Count PLUNKETT has definitely decided not to take his seat in the House of Commons until after the War. This will be a relief to the authorities, who had feared that the two events might clash.

* * *

The House of Commons Appeal Tribunal has just granted a brief exemption to an importer of Chinese eggs, which are used, it was explained, by bakers and for leather tanning. The bakers are believed to use them for dressing the surfaces of penny buns.

* * *

The North Somerset Liberal Association have passed a resolution asking Mr. JOSEPH KING not to offer himself as a candidate at the next election, and it is thought likely that Mr. KING will ask his constituents to resign.

* * *

A Llanelly correspondent writes to a morning paper to say that a parrot which he had kept for twenty years had just died. But surely the remarkable thing is that it didn't die before.

* * *

"No one admits taking drink because they like it," said Mr. D'EYNCOURT the other day. The popular idea is, of course, that the beastly stuff must be got rid of somehow.

* * *

Broadstairs Council has been offered six pounds for a sand-artist's pitch. The advance in price is attributed to the growing attraction of the place for foreigners on a flying visit.

* * *

"Women will not undertake to rock a cradle after learning to drive a van," says Father Vaughan. But we trust they will still handle the baby ribbons.

Mr. EDWARD BACKHOUSE, the Stockton-on-Tees Peace candidate, is reported to have had his first public meeting broken up. He is now of the opinion that it serves us right if the War goes on for the present.

* * *

Kent rat and sparrow clubs are offering one shilling a dozen for rats' tails. The price is small, but, as the President of a leading club points out, the vendor is permitted to retain the balance of the rat for his own purposes.

* * *

Some exception has been taken to Mr. H. W. FORSTER'S statement to the House of Commons that only 250,000,000 sandbags have been used by the Army in the current year. Several privates home on leave have assured us that they themselves have filled at least that number while waiting for a single counter-attack.

* * *

A Scottish allotment holder, in the course of digging the other day, discovered three sovereigns, a silver watch and a gold ring. Since this discovery the authorities have been so overwhelmed by applications for allotments that there is some talk of extending the Scottish boundary into England, in order to cope with the business.

* * *

"It is essential," says Mr. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN, "that there should be some light entertainment and amusement for the people." Several London magistrates have promised to be funnier.

NOTICE.

In order to meet the national need for economy in the consumption of paper, the Proprietors of *Punch* are compelled to reduce the number of its pages, but propose that the amount of matter published in *Punch* shall by condensation and compression be maintained and even, it is hoped, increased.

It is further necessary that means should be taken to restrict the circulation of *Punch*, and beginning with this issue its price is raised to Sixpence. The Proprietors believe that the public will prefer an increase of price to a reduction of matter.

Readers are urged to place an order with their Newsagent for the regular delivery of copies, as *Punch* may otherwise be unobtainable, the shortage of paper making imperative the withdrawal from Newsagents of the "on-sale-or-return" privilege.

In consequence of the increase in the price of *Punch* the period covered by subscriptions already paid direct to the *Punch* Office will be proportionately shortened; or the unexpired value will be refunded, if desired.

HERBS OF GRACE.

I.

BORAGE.

"Borage for courage,"
The old saw runs.
"Let's grow Borage
And we'll beat the Huns!
Whether for porridge
Or puddings or buns,
Let's go and forage
For tons and tons.

II.

DILL.

Water of Dill
Is good to distil
When babies are fractious and witches do ill.
But why should we waste
What gives such a taste
To Summer-time salads that with it are graced?
Old witch, work your will!
Sweet babe, take a pill!
And I'll eat my salad well flavoured with Dill.

Short Service.

"UNDER Housemaid wanted, for 25 minutes London."—*The Times.*

Another Impending Apology.

"To-morrow week . . . the Canadian regimental doctors will be deposited for safe keeping in Bristol Cathedral."—*Bristol Times and Mirror.*

The Art of Bathos.

"Mr. Justice LOW has proved himself one of the ablest and most expeditious of our judges. He was one of three judges who decided, in May, 1915, that a winkle is a fish."—*Daily Graphic.*

"London, 30th Jan.—The Food Controller states that . . . ."—*Indian Paper.*

We had not heard of the appointment of this Minister. But it has been made none too soon.

From a recent University examination paper:—

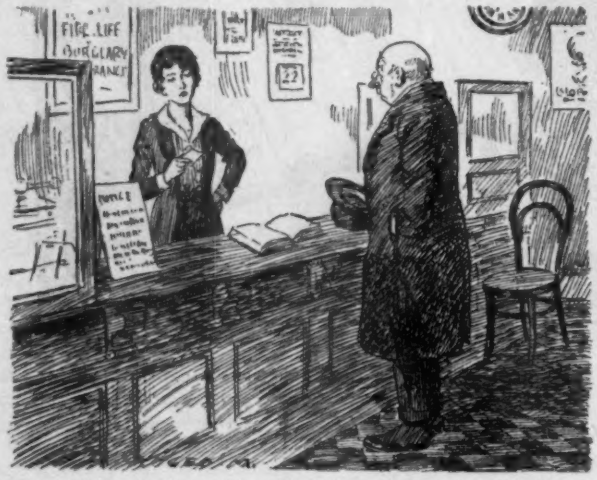
"Three persons have four coats, five vests and six hats between them. In how many different ways can they dress themselves with them?"

A problem for the coming Clothes Controller.

effective it may be as a notice in a railway station. The book itself, however, is intriguing in spite of its gloominess. The grandfather of *Jane* and *John-Andrew Vaguener* committed a most cold-blooded murder—this in a prologue. Then, when we get to the real story, we find *Jane* tapping out popular fiction at an amazing pace, and her brother, *John-Andrew*, living on the proceeds thereof. *Jane* is noisy, vulgar, and successful in her own line, and gets on *John-Andrew's* nerves; and when he discovers that she has for once turned aside from tawdry fiction and written a play that is really good he decides that he can stand it and her no longer. While she was pouring out literary garbage he could just manage to endure his position, but the thought that she would be hailed as a genius while he remained an utter failure was the final stroke that turned him from a mendicant into a madman. I am not going to tell you exactly what happened, but *Jane* found a "way out," and with her departure from this life my interest in the book evaporated. Mrs. HENRY DUDENEY has notable gifts as a descriptive writer, and my only complaint against her is that vulgar *Jane* was not allowed to live, for in the Army or out of it she was worth a whole platoon of *John-Andrews*. The *Vagueners*, I may add, were not a little mad, but then they were Cornish, and novelists persist in treating Cornwall as if it were a delirious duchy.

I don't think I can honourably recommend Mr. HUGH ELLIOT'S volume on *Herbert Spencer* (CONSTABLE) as light reading, though the ungodly may wax merry over the philosopher's first swear-word, at the age of thirty-six, in the matter of a tangled fishing-line, and may be kindled at the later picture of a middle-aged sportsman shinning, effectively too, after a Neapolitan who had pinched his opera-glasses. Fine human traits these in a character which will strike the normal man as bewilderingly unlike the general run of the species. The serious-flippant reader, tackling Mr. ELLIOT'S elaborate and acute analyses, may get an impression of an obstinate old apriorist, a sort of White Knight of Philosophyland, with all manner of reasoned-out "inventions" at his saddle-bow (labelled "Homogeneity-Heterogeneity," "Unknowable," "Ghost Theory," "Presentative-Representative"), which don't seem, somehow, as helpful as their inventor assumes. And 'tis certain he took tosses into many of the pits of his dangerous deductive method. I don't present this as Mr. ELLIOT'S view. He is respectful-critical, and makes perhaps the best case for his old master's claim to greatness out of the assumption that SPENCER himself, stark enemy to authority and dogmatism, would have preferred his biographer's critical examination to any mere "master's-voice" reproduction of Spencerian doctrine. I wonder if he would!

Miss F. E. MILLS YOUNG'S newest story has at least this much merit about it, that no one who has seen the title can complain thereafter of having been taken unawares by the course of the narrative. That is perhaps as well, for, having discovered in the opening chapters a sufficiently charming *Pamela* living in perpetual honeymoon with a partner rich, good-looking and with no particular occupation to interfere with unlimited motor trips and dinner parties, we might have imagined the tale was going to remain a jolly meaningless thing like that all through, and so have been as much shocked as the heroine herself on reading the fatal letter. But, since we knew the book to be called straight out *The Bigamist* (LANE), we could have no possible difficulty in foreseeing the emergence of that other wife from the buried past ready to pounce down on poor little *Pam* at her happiest. And of course she duly appeared. Not that such happiness could in any case have lasted long, for the man was, flatly, a cur, not deserving the notice of any of the rather foolish women he managed to attract—there were three of them—and not particularly worth your attention either for that matter. Having said so much I can gladly leave the rest to your perusal, or, better perhaps, your imagination, only hinting that the conclusion has something of dignity that does a little to redeem the volume. But when all is said this is not Miss YOUNG at her best, the characters without exception being unusually stilted, the plot unpleasant, and the South African atmosphere, for which I have gladly praised her before now, so negligible that but for an occasional name and a page or two of railway journey the yarn might as well have been placed in a suburb of London or Manchester as in the land of delectable sunshine.



Tactful Customer (forestalling a rebuff at a coal order office). "OF COURSE, MISS, I DON'T EXPECT THAT YOU REALLY *SELL* COALS, BUT I SUPPOSE YOU WOULD HAVE NO OBJECTION TO MAKING THEM A SUBJECT FOR CONVERSATION?"

Mr. JOHN S. MARGERISON, in *The Sure Shield* (DUCKWORTH) sees to it that our national pride in our Fleet is thoroughly encouraged. Whether he is describing a race against the Germans in times of peace, or a fight against odds with them in these days of war, we always come out top dog. Very good. But, at the same time, I am bound to add that some of his stories compelled me to make considerable drafts on my reserves of credulity before I could swallow them. So improbable are the incidents in one or two of them that I am inclined to believe that they must be founded on fact. However that may be, their author is an expert in his subject, and writes with a vigour that is very bracing and infectious.

Music in Mesopotamia.

Among the songs which have recently exhausted their popularity in the music-halls of Baghdad is:—

"Come into the Garden of Eden, MAUDE."

"The White Star Company, the Dominion Shipping Company, and other Atlantic lines are now arranging to employ a certain number of Sea Scouts on their boats. The shipping companies will certainly be ducky."—*Manchester Guardian.*

Or perhaps they may even happen upon a DRAKE.

CHARIVARIA.

IT is rumoured that for his mismanagement of the Mexican affair the KAISER has decided to teach Herr ZIMMERMANN a terrible lesson. He is to be appointed Food Dictator.

***

"It is impossible to predict when the War will end," says Field-Marshal VON HINDENBURG. Of course this is all nonsense. Many of our Military Experts have predicted it more than once.

***

A French journal is of the opinion that the War will end this year, but the Germans are not so pessimistic about it.

***

"Everything is going right for us," says the *Frankfurter Zeitung*. We can't speak for everything, but it is quite true as far as the British Army is concerned.

***

The Germans waste no time and are already dealing with the Unemployed question. The KAISER has decided to give a dinner to Count BERNSTORFF.

***

"In America," says Dr. OTTO FLABE in the *Vossische Zeitung*, "the swindler and the cheat is a hero." It will be remembered how popular Count BERNSTORFF said he had been during his stay there.

***

Just to show the British Parliament that it can be done, it is rumoured that the KAISER is about to grant Home Rule to Mexico.

***

The Prussian Herrenhaus has passed a resolution demanding that the Imperial Government should conclude an immediate peace on terms consistent with Pan-German ideals, including annexation of Belgium and Poland, payment of indemnity by the Allies, etc. The GERMAN CHANCELLOR is understood to have replied in effect, "Go and do it yourselves."

***

Sofia announces that 35,000 Bulgarian geese are to be permitted to go to Germany. As in the case of the Bulgarian FOX who went to Vienna, there appears to be little likelihood that they will ever return.

***

After the bombardment of Margate, says the *Evening News*, rabbits were found dead from fright in their hutches. To avoid the suspicion of partisanship our contemporary should have explained that they were not at the time in Government employ.

***

The cost of brown paper is said to have advanced to forty shillings a ton, or four times its price in peace time. Its use as a substitute for "Havana" tobacco (from which it can often be distinguished only by its aroma) is probably responsible for the rise.

***

Allotment holders have been warned to be on their guard against wire-worms, and special constables are keeping a sharp look-out by the potato-beds. A still more efficacious method of protection is to enclose the allotment with barbed wire-wormless.

***

Two speakers at a Ramsgate meeting recalled that they were chums seventy-three years ago. The touching incident has resulted in a local appeal for them to be drafted to the same regiment when their class is called up.

***

The Cuckfield Council has appealed to householders not to put broken glass in their swill. With all imports of glass-ware cut off, it is felt that even our pigs must be required to forgo some of their accustomed delicacies.

***

"The heavy tread of policemen often keeps me awake," said the Willesden magistrate. He admits, however, that the darkened streets and the absence of parental discipline make it more than ever necessary that the Force should put its foot down firmly.

***

"Seagulls in Thanet," says a contemporary, "are coming to the backs of houses and sharing crumbs with the sparrows." It is doing no more than justice to a much abused bird to point out that the sparrows are also sharing crumbs with the seagulls.

***

It appears from a contemporary gossip-writer that Count PLUNKETT has definitely decided not to take his seat in the House of Commons until after the War. This will be a relief to the authorities, who had feared that the two events might clash.

***

The House of Commons Appeal Tribunal has just granted a brief exemption to an importer of Chinese eggs, which are used, it was explained, by bakers and for leather tanning. The bakers are believed to use them for dressing the surfaces of penny buns.

***

The North Somerset Liberal Association have passed a resolution asking Mr. JOSEPH KING not to offer himself as a candidate at the next election, and it is thought likely that Mr. KING will ask his constituents to resign.

***

A Llanelly correspondent writes to a morning paper to say that a parrot which he had kept for twenty years had just died. But surely the remarkable thing is that it didn't die before.

***

"No one admits taking drink because they like it," said Mr. D'EYNCOURT the other day. The popular idea is, of course, that the beastly stuff must be got rid of somehow.

***

Broadstairs Council has been offered six pounds for a sand-artist's pitch. The advance in price is attributed to the growing attraction of the place for foreigners on a flying visit.

***

"Women will not undertake to rock a cradle after learning to drive a van," says Father Vaughan. But we trust they will still handle the baby ribbons.

Mr. EDWARD BACKHOUSE, the Stockton-on-Tees Peace candidate, is reported to have had his first public meeting broken up. He is now of the opinion that it serves us right if the War goes on for the present.

***

Kent rat and sparrow clubs are offering one shilling a dozen for rats' tails. The price is small, but, as the President of a leading club points out, the vendor is permitted to retain the balance of the rat for his own purposes.

***

Some exception has been taken to Mr. H. W. FORSTER'S statement to the House of Commons that only 250,000,000 sandbags have been used by the Army in the current year. Several privates home on leave have assured us that they themselves have filled at least that number while waiting for a single counter-attack.

***

A Scottish allotment holder, in the course of digging the other day, discovered three sovereigns, a silver watch and a gold ring. Since this discovery the authorities have been so overwhelmed by applications for allotments that there is some talk of extending the Scottish boundary into England, in order to cope with the business.

***

"It is essential," says Mr. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN, "that there should be some light entertainment and amusement for the people." Several London magistrates have promised to be funnier.

NOTICE.

In order to meet the national need for economy in the consumption of paper, the Proprietors of *Punch* are compelled to reduce the number of its pages, but propose that the amount of matter published in *Punch* shall by condensation and compression be maintained and even, it is hoped, increased.

It is further necessary that means should be taken to restrict the circulation of *Punch*, and beginning with this issue its price is raised to Sixpence. The Proprietors believe that the public will prefer an increase of price to a reduction of matter.

Readers are urged to place an order with their Newsagent for the regular delivery of copies, as *Punch* may otherwise be unobtainable, the shortage of paper making imperative the withdrawal from Newsagents of the "on-sale-or-return" privilege.

In consequence of the increase in the price of *Punch* the period covered by subscriptions already paid direct to the *Punch* Office will be proportionately shortened; or the unexpired value will be refunded, if desired.

HERBS OF GRACE.

I.

BORAGE.

"Borage for courage,"
The old saw runs.
"Let 's grow Borage
And we 'll beat the Huns!
Whether for porridge
Or puddings or buns,
Let 's go and forage
For tons and tons.

II.

DILL.

Water of Dill
Is good to distil
When babies are fractious and
witches do ill.
But why should we waste
What gives such a taste
To Summer-time salads that with it are graced?
Old witch, work your will!
Sweet babe, take a pill!
And I 'll eat my salad well flavoured with Dill.

Short Service.

"UNDER Housemaid wanted, for 25 minutes London."—*The Times.*

Another Impending Apology.

"To-morrow week . . . the Canadian regimental doctors will be deposited for safe keeping in Bristol Cathedral."—*Bristol Times and Mirror.*

The Art of Bathos.

"Mr. Justice Low has proved himself one of the ablest and most expeditious of our judges. He was one of three judges who decided, in May, 1915, that a winkle is a fish."—*Daily Graphic.*

"London, 30th Jan.—The Fool Controller states that . . . ."—*Indian Paper.*

We had not heard of the appointment of this Minister. But it has been made none too soon.

From a recent University examination paper:—

"Three persons have four coats, five vests and six hats between them. In how many different ways can they dress themselves with them?"

A problem for the coming Clothes Controller.



"FASTER? NO, I AIN'T GOIN' NO FASTER, YOUNG 'IGH VELOCITY. I AIN'T GOT BUT TWO SPEEDS, SLOW AND STOP."

THE FOOD OF LOVE.

A LYRIC OF MEATLESS DAYS.

EAT to me only with thine eyes
And I will munch with mine;
Or let my lips but brush thy locks
And I shall seem to dine;
The hollow 'neath my belt that lies
For flesh of beeves doth pine;
Yet, might I wolf a roasted ox,
I would, of course, decline.

I sent thee once a juicy steak
To prove thy troth and see
If in that stern ordeal's test
Stedfast thou still wouldst be;
And thou thereof one sniff didst take
And post it back to me,
Since when I wear it next my chest,
Potted, for love of thee. O. S.

A NATIONAL SKY-SCRAPER.

I HAVE been often asked why the Government, foreseeing the inevitable increase of Departments, had not the elementary imagination to build a colossal sky-scraper to accommodate them all.

The objections to such an act of apparently obvious intelligence may be briefly enumerated.

(1) With such a landmark whoever had business to conduct with a Government Department would know where to find it, for which reason alone the system of huts and hotels is to be preferred. The hotels are widely scattered and the huts hidden away in odd corners of public gardens and parks, and even in the bed of a lake. By the use of motor-cars (petrol being for official and not for private consumption) such co-operation as cannot be avoided between Departments is assured.

(2) Even in a single Department too close co-operation is not desirable. An hotel, divided into hundreds of small rooms and flats, enables the occupant of each room to be isolated, and each self-contained flat to have almost the status of a sub-department. Thus the vexatious supervision, the easy intercourse and rapid decision which are so disturbing to official routine are avoided.

(3) The express elevators, by which the visitor is shot up to the higher storeys of a sky-scraper, would suggest a certain directness and celerity in official methods that is calculated to arouse false hopes.

(4) With many or all Departments in one building there would be the temptation to place the entire clerical staff under Mr. Neville Chamberlain as Director-General, who would transfer them from one office to another according to the necessities of each day's work. Such mobility would be unpopular, while the inevitable creation of a central Press-Bureau, Publicity and Information Department would afford the Press a satisfaction that it has done nothing to deserve.

(5) On the top floor of a sky-scraper is usually a luncheon-club; here the various Ministers would meet daily, and could only with difficulty escape the exchange of ideas.

(6) If all Government offices were in a single building the PRIME MINISTER could make daily visits to each, and would find it hard to avoid comparison between the organization and methods of his various Ministers.

These considerations alone finally dispose of any merits which the plan for a national sky-scraper may seem superficially to possess.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"SCRUTATOR TEMPORIS ACTI."—You are not the only one who holds that Parliament could not be better or more patriotically occupied at the present stage of the War than in devoting their energies to a discussion of the Report of the Dardanelles Commission and the detailed evidence on which it was based. We understand that your view is shared by all the keenest patriots among the Central Powers.

"TUBER CAIX."—The earliest poet to sing of rationing was WILLIAM MORRIS, who repeatedly described himself as "The idle singer of an empty day."

"A LOVER OF 'BUSTER BROWN.'"—We gladly gave publicity to your indignant denial of any tribal relationship between "Buster Brown" and Filibuster STONE.

"Miss Adela Pankhurst attempted to-day at the Midland Junction, a strong Labour centre, to deliver a lecture directed against Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Hughes.

The audience sang her down with 'Rule Britannia' and 'Australia 5s. a box."

Pall Mall Gazette.

The latter song, no doubt, alluding to the entrance-fee charged by the famous Boxing Kangaroo.



CENTRAL ISOLATION.

German Kaiser. "YOU 'RE ABOUT THE ONLY ONE LEFT FOR ME TO TALK TO."
King of Spain. "AND I'M NOT FEELING VERY CHATTY."

[It is reported that communication between Berlin and America has been interrupted.]



Tommy. "Have yer got nothin' to do only watch us working?" *Loafer.* "No."
Tommy. "Then yer look like havin' a thunderin' idle time when we move from here, don't yer?"

THE FIRST WHIP.

As I wandered home
By Hedworth Combe
I heard a lone horse whinny,
And saw on the hill
Stand statue-still
At the top of the old oak spinney
A rough-haired hack
With a girl on his back,
And "*Hounds!*" I said, "for a guinea."

The wind blew chill
Over Larchley Hill,
And it couldn't have blown much colder;
Her nose was blue
And her pigtails two
Hung damply over her shoulder;
She might have been ten,
Or, guessing again,
She might have been twelve months older.

To a tight pink lip
She pressed her whip,
By way of imposing quiet;
I bowed my head
To the word unsaid,
Accepting the lady's fiat,
And noted the while
Her Belvoir style
As she rated a hound for riot.

A lean form leapt
O'er the fence and crept
Through the ditch, with his thief's heart quaking;
But the face of the maid
No hint betrayed
That she noticed the brambles shaking,
Till she saw him clear
Of her one wild fear—
The chance of his backward breaking.

Then dainty and neat
She rose in her seat
That the better her eyes might follow
Where a shadow of brown
Over Larchley Down
Launched out like a driving swallow;
And she quickened his speed
Through bunch-grass and weed,
With a regular Pytchley holloa!

Raging they came
Like a torrent of flame—
There were nineteen couple and over,
And a huntsman grey
Who blew them away
With the note of a true hound-lover,
While his Whip sat back
On her rough old hack
And called to the last in covert.

Then cramming down flat
Her quaint little hat,
And shaking the old horse together,
She was off like a bird,
And the last that I heard
Was a "Forrard!" that died in the heather,
As she took up her place
At the tail of the chase
Like a ten-season lord of the leather.

W. H. O.

"In those same eighteen days, Sir Edward tells us, 607 ships of over a hundred tons arrived and 5,873 left our shores. A German newspaper, it seems, has been asserting that the mere terror of the submarine has swept the seas clean at one blow. Twelve thousand ships, in and out, in eighteen days, does not look, Sir Edward dryly remarked, so very like paralysis."—*The Times.*

Our Thunderer seems to have imitated its Bosch contemporary, for it has swept the seas of some 6,000 ships by a stroke of the pen.

"THE SPECTATOR" AND "THE TRADE."

A Painful Rumour.

Last week one of our representatives had the honour of calling at the offices of *The Spectator* to inquire into the credibility of certain strange rumours that have recently been current in The Trade. They were to the effect that Mr. St. Loe Strachey, Editor of *The Spectator*, having gallantly volunteered under the National Service Scheme, had had allotted to him, by one of the Director-General's subordinates, a post of national importance at Messrs. Bassopp's Brewery. Mr. Strachey's fertile and forcible pen was (so the rumour went) to be employed by this firm in the drawing up of some pungent advertisements under the headings, "The Weakness of the Water Movement," "Up, Glasses!" etc., including a verse series, in Horatian alcoholics, entitled, "Bonnie D. T."

It was reported that in the ironic circumstances in which he found himself, Mr. Strachey felt it his duty to acquiesce loyally in the change of view imposed upon him, and to adopt a policy of "Down, Spectators!"

Our representative is happy to state that he has the highest authority for giving an unqualified denial to these sinister allegations.

From a description of a wedding-breakfast:—

"The toast of the presents was also duly honoured."—*South African Paper.*

After all, next to the bride and bridegroom they are perhaps the most important feature.

"Field Glasses, powerful magnification; sacrifice, 37/6; cost £175."—*New Zealand Paper.*

We don't know about the magnification, but the diminution is most remarkable.

THE EVERLASTING ROMANCE.

THE other day I did a perfectly dreadful thing: I intruded, all unconsciously but in the most blundering way, on a love scene. It was in the National Gallery, long famous as the meeting-place of affinities, in the big room where the pictures lent by the Duke of WESTMINSTER and the Duke of BUCCLEUCH are now hanging, and before I knew it I found myself standing between two young people whose eyes were fixed on each other. Naturally I moved away at once, but later I returned and made so bold as to study them a little, for it was clearly, if not yet a passion, a mutual interest of such tender depths that no outsider could affect it.

The boy—for he was no more—was one of the most beautiful that I have ever seen. His hair was perhaps a thought longer than we encourage to-day, but one always sees odd people in the National Gallery, where artists—most careless of men—are now constant visitors, drawn there by the many new pictures, and especially, perhaps, the modern French examples from Sir HUGH LANE'S collection. His hair was the more noticeable because he carried his hat in his hand; his clothes were noticeable too, being a shade too fanciful for London in winter—but then, who cares how people dress in London? I am sure I don't; and especially so when they have such eyes as this boy's, dark and rich, and such a curve to such lips.

There he stood, perfectly still, his steady gaze fixed on the lady opposite, while she in her turn never wavered in her gaze upon him. But whereas there was something bold in his homage there was a half-shy way with her. He was facing her squarely, but she looked at him a little sideways, and a little curiously, in demure dubiousness. One could see that she was enormously intrigued, but her interest was not expressed by any movement. In fact neither moved; they remained some twenty yards apart all the time I observed them: each, I suppose, leaving it to the other—the boy because he was so young, the girl because she was already woman, and woman likes to force advances from man.

I never saw a prettier thing than the little lady, with her cool white skin, and the faintest flush on her cheeks, and her eyes not less dark than the boy's but lacking the sensitive depths of his.

The odd thing was that, although they were so engrossed each in the other, both, I observed, looked also at me. It struck me as not the least strange part of this charming drama that its hero and heroine, while completely absorbed in their own sympathetic relationship, should be able to turn a calm survey upon a stranger too. This gift made them the more memorable and perhaps explains why, for all the rest of the day and at intervals in the night and morning following, I thought of these young people, speculating as to how they were getting on; and perhaps that is why, the next afternoon, drawn by invisible wires, I found myself in the National Gallery again.

Will you believe it?—they also were there.

This is an absolute fact. There they were, exactly as I had left them. And yet, not exactly, for I am certain that there was a hint more of seriousness in the lady's glance and a shade more troubled earnestness in his. But as regards actual distance, they were still as far apart, although certainly nearer in spirit.

Curiosity as to names is a foible which should be, I am convinced, discouraged; but on this occasion I could not resist the desire to know more of such assiduous habitués. Drawing one of the attendants aside, I asked him if he could tell who these romantic young things were. "To be sure," he said. "The young gentleman is 'The Blue Boy,' by GAINSBOROUGH, and the young lady is the Lady ELIZABETH MONTAGU, by REYNOLDS."

Only portraits after all, you say. But don't be too hasty. Go rather to the National Gallery and see for yourself. Maybe you will then realise that there is more there than paint . . .

Shallow people talk about accidents. But the wise know that accidents do not happen. The wise know that the War broke out in order that Grosvenor House, where "The Blue Boy" normally resides, and Montagu House, the home of this little Buccleuch lady with skin like an anemone, might be needed for War-work, so that when the pictures were sent to the National Gallery for safer keeping these two might be placed opposite each other in the same room. Chance? The only chance is destiny.



Munition Worker. "I'VE BOUGHT A PIANO.'

Foreman. "GOT ANYBODY AT HOME WHO CAN PLAY IT?"

Munition Worker. "NO, NOT AT PRESENT; BUT WE'VE A FRIEND COMING ROUND THIS EVENING TO PUT US IN THE WAY OF IT."

"FISH, or woman, for block work; must be exp. and accustomed to best class trade."—*Daily Paper.*

Why not combine the two and get a mermaid?

"MAN WHO WILL KEEP EYE ON POTATOES. MR. DENNIS AS VEGETABLE AND FRUIT DIRECTOR."
The Daily Mirror.

Mr. D. need not trouble; we prefer them without eyes.



A LEAN DAY.

Luncheon Hostess. "I DO HOPE YOU DON'T MIND, MRS. STOKER, BUT ON WEDNESDAYS WE ONLY HAVE MEAT AT DINNER."

Dinner Hostess. "I DO HOPE YOU DON'T MIND, MRS. STOKER, BUT ON WEDNESDAYS WE ONLY HAVE MEAT AT LUNCHEON."

MON SOLDAT ET MON CURÉ.

"DONNE un peu, Maman, s'il te plaît," said Jeanne eagerly.

Maman handed over the newspaper from which she had just read aloud and explained the passage so full of touching interest to them both, and Jeanne, with help at the difficult places, read out:—

"'*CITATIONS À L'ORDRE DU JOUR.*

Jacques Martin, soldat au 170e d'infanterie, grenadier d'élite, au cours des combats du 26 et du 27 novembre, 1916, a, par son mépris du danger et par son ardeur, assuré la progression dans un boyau défendu pas à pas par l'ennemi.

Le soldat Jacques Martin est Monsieur l'abbé Martin, curé de ——.'

"Oui, nous savons bien d'où il est curé!" cried Jeanne, in admiration and awe. "C'est bien beau, hein, Maman?" Then suddenly she became silent and thoughtful, remembering the subsequent fate of her friend and hero.

"Dire qu'il est maintenant prisonnier en Alle . . . en Bochie!" she said. They had known long ago that he was mentioned in despatches, and they had been on the look-out for the glorious details in print, but only this morning had they heard of his capture.

How proud they were of their gentle curé and brave soldier! Jeanne had at first been greatly perplexed by the strange dual personality, with its incompatibilities, and many were the questions that had arisen in her active little mind. "Le curé de Suzanne, c'est autre chose," she reflected, for though technically a soldier was he not a *brancardier* rescuing the wounded? Her own practical conclusions, however, and the answers to her questions smoothed away many difficulties, and perfect faith in her friend did the rest.

Still she had never been able quite to merge the *religieux* and the *poilu* into one picture; besides, she liked to play with the idea and confront the one with the other. "Que va dire Monsieur le curé lorsque le soldat tuera un homme?" And she had slipped into the habit of calling him "Mon soldat et mon curé," suddenly inspired to adapt the title of Cousin Juliette's absorbing book, *Mon Oncle et mon Curé*, and she refused to abandon it when told that they were two separate persons. For that matter so were the *soldat* and the *curé*.

"Maman, nous allons tout de suite préparer son paquet de conforts," urged Jeanne. And, thinking out what comforts had best be included in the parcel, her mind went off now in one channel, now in another, as she pictured the priest or the *piou-piou*. The latter presented no difficulty—for him good things to eat were the first necessity—but the *curé* would require spiritual comforts.

"Des livres de messe," she said to herself; and thereupon the image of the cold and hungry soldier arose before her, and "un poulet ou un bon bifteck!" she added. Then, her eye lighting upon an advertisement in the newspaper before her, "Maman, que veut dire por-ta-tif?" she asked. The explanation received, she clapped her hands with joy; yes, surely a *portable* one was the very thing! "Maman, si nous envoyions à mon curé un autel por-ta-tif?"

But Maman thought that, all things considered, it would be better to send only food in the first parcel. So Jeanne reconciled herself to the idea, although the *curé* still remained a shadowy figure in the background with his own especial need.

And prisoners were cold as well as hungry. What a pity something *hot* could not be sent.

"Tiens! J'y suis!" cried Jeanne. "Ô Maman, j'ai une si bonne idée! Si nous envoyions un bon repas bien chaud dans *l'auto-cuiseur!*" Perhaps it would keep hot for a day or two. *How* long did it take for a parcel to reach *Bochie?*

But Maman decided this plan could not be risked; there was often delay, and the moist food might turn sour.

A little chilled but nowise daunted, for she was sure the hay-box would come in somehow, Jeanne remained for some time plunged deep in thought. Then came light and her face grew radiant. Why not send the *auto-cuiseur* filled with dry food? *Les Boches* would surely give, or sell, some boiling water and let him just start cooking on their stove. And he would be able to use the cooker constantly, buying *des choses pas chères* to cook; and yes, why not slip into the package a copy of *Plats économiques*, the little cookery book whose recipes they had found so satisfactory?

"Et mon curé?" But now the two figures merged more nearly than ever before into one, and Jeanne felt that *his* first need was one with that of the soldier, and the *marmite* would hold enough for both.

"Mais *oui*," she exclaimed, "c'est cela! . . . Écoute, Maman! Envoyons l'auto-cuiseur *aux deux* . . . Ne vois-tu pas que mon soldat pourra alors manger tous les jours un bon repas bien chaud, et que mon curé pourra en donner aux autres affamés? C'est là tout juste l'affaire d'un curé. L'auto-cuiseur est comme ça deux cadeaux en un, comme mon soldat et mon curé sont deux hommes en un!"

"GERMANY IS STARVING.—THE REAL FACTS."
Cassell's Magazine of Fiction.

Not exclusively fiction, we trust.

From the Appendix to the Report of the Royal Commission on the Public Service in India:—

"The two last pensions depended entirely on the approval of Government, so that a man might retire after 35 years' service on Rs. 5000 pension only . . ."

And not before he had deserved it.

"Deptford Borough Council will recommend to the authorities that considering the brief period of darkness in May, June, July, and August resulting from the daylight saving scheme, it is desirable to dispense with street lighting during these months except at dangerous street crossings."
Daily Express.

Apparently by a slight amendment of the Summertime Act Great Britain might be transformed into the land of the Midnight Sun.



THE GREATER NEED.

Flora (*to Ceres*). "ENTER, AND TAKE MY PLACE. THIS IS YOUR YEAR."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, March 5th.—General cheers greeted Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S announcement that the Government of India had undertaken to pay the interest on a hundred millions of war-debt, but when he proceeded to say that part of the new revenue required would be obtained by an increase in the cotton duties there was a notable cooling of enthusiasm among Members from Lancashire. Mr. RUNCIMAN at once sounded the alarm on behalf of Manchester by asking if there would be a corresponding excise duty on Indian cottons. "All India is against it," replied Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, who is finding, as his father did before him, how difficult it is to get Englishmen to "think imperially" where their own particular trade is concerned.

There is no doubt that the FOOD CONTROLLER possesses a sense of judicial humour. Complaints have been made of late that while the ordinary British citizen was expected to confine himself to four pounds of bread per week the pampered German prisoner, instead of getting less, was given nearly three times that amount. Lord DEVONPORT has now approved a new dietary scale for prisoners, under which the bread ration will be cut down to sixty-three ounces, or just one ounce less than the allowance of the free and independent Englishman.

On the Army Estimates Mr. PRINGLE attacked the Salonika Expedition with a vigour which must have greatly pleased the Bulgar. By a curious lapse of memory, as Mr. CHURCHILL pointed out, he omitted all reference to the position of M. VENIZELOS and our honourable obligations to our Allies.

Mr. CHURCHILL was indeed more statesmanlike than he has been of late, His "amphibious intervention" was on this occasion quite justified. There was good sense in his warning that, while perseverance towards a definite objective was a virtue, "perseverance with an eye on the past" was an equally serious vice; and I hope it signifies a determination on his part not to allow his brilliant future to be all behind him.

Tuesday, March 6th.—Ever since the War began, Mr. SWIFT MACNEILL'S most cherished ambition—second, of course, to his desire to quit Westminster for College Green—has been to get the Dukes of CUMBERLAND and SAXE-COBURG deprived of their British titles. He has worried three successive Governments on the subject, and some time ago received a definite promise that it should be dealt with. A further question regarding it stood in his name to-day, but when he rose to put it Mr. GINNELL squeaked out, "May I ask you, Mr. SPEAKER, what this House has to do with these family matters?" Mr. MACNEILL, of course, like most of his countrymen, has royal blood in his veins, but nevertheless did not seem pleased with the allusion.

Further protests against the mutilation of the Dardanelles Report were made by Sir WALTER ESSEX, Sir CHARLES HOBHOUSE, and Sir JOHN JARDINE. Free disclosure to all Members of Parliament, and no preferential treatment of party-leaders, was their demand. Mr. BONAR LAW manfully resisted their assaults, and the SPEAKER declined to accept a motion for the adjournment. A word from Mr. ASQUITH would no doubt have quelled the storm, but as one of the favoured few who are to receive the full Report he felt himself, I suppose, precluded from saying it. The late Mr. LABOUCHERE would probably have suggested that the difficulty should be solved, on the analogy of a famous edition of MARTIAL, by issuing the Report as expurgated, together with an appendix containing all the omitted passages. But there is no LABOUCHERE in the House to-day—more 's the pity.

What Mr. HOGGE does not know about pensions is not worth knowing. He has already made havoc of more than one Government scheme, and unless he has an official ring put in his nose he will evidently do his best to upset the latest of them. On the whole, however, Mr. BARNES'S exposition of the new pension scheme was well received. Though not unduly generous—that would be impossible in the circumstances—it will at least, as Capt. STEPHEN GWYNN put it, "enable us to look disabled men in the face."



A TRUE IRISHMAN.

Mr. John Redmond. "I'VE FINISHED WITH THE BRITISH EMPIRE —

—EXCEPT, BEDAD, THAT WE 'RE GOING TO BEAT THE BOSCH!"

Wednesday, March 7th.—Lords SHEFFIELD and PARMOOR are much disturbed because British subjects have been interned without trial, and had to be reminded by the LORD CHANCELLOR that there was a war in progress, and that it was better that individuals should lose a portion of their liberties than that the community should lose them altogether.

A full appreciation of this truth might have prevented the Irish Nationalists from seeking at this moment to get Home Rule out of cold storage. If the attempt had to be made Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR was not perhaps the best person to make it. For over an hour he meandered through the more melancholy episodes of Irish history, from the Treaty of Limerick to the Easter Monday rebellion, rather in the manner of one of those film-dramas of which he is now the Censor. I am afraid his endeavour to prove that Ireland is not "an irrational country, demanding impossible things," was not entirely convincing.

It failed, at any rate—although backed by a brief appeal by Major WILLIE REDMOND, which touched the House by its manifest sincerity—to convince the PRIME MINISTER that this was the accepted time for plunging Ireland once more into civil strife. Those parts of Ireland that wanted Home Rule could have it to-morrow if they wished; neither he nor any other British statesman would force the people of N.E. Ulster under a government they disliked. When those two facts were thoroughly understood there might be a chance of a settlement.

Mr. JOHN REDMOND, refusing to continue what he regarded as a futile and humiliating debate, marched out of the House at the head of his supporters. This manœuvre, rather effective in the Gladstonian era, did not much impress the House on this occasion; for news that something of the kind was intended had leaked out; and Mr. HEALY'S subsequent allusion to it as "a dramatic skedaddle" was felt to be justified.

Thursday, March 8th.—I should have thought that the Dardanelles Report, which everyone is reading, contained enough sensations to satisfy the most *outré* taste. But Sir CHARLES HOBHOUSE is still anxious to know the real meaning of the tantalizing asterisks which occur here and there in it, and wants a day to discuss the matter. Mr. BONAR LAW did not absolutely refuse, but hoped that when his right hon. friend had examined the Report he would forgo his desire for further information. It may safely be said that the omitted passages, whatever they are, could hardly alter the public verdict on the extraordinary notions of conducting a war which seem to have prevailed in the Cabinet of which Sir CHARLES HOBHOUSE was himself a member.

The determining factor in the inception of the Dardanelles affair seems to have been the disastrous confidence of the then First Lord of the Admiralty in the 15-inch guns of the *Queen Elizabeth*. The outcome recalls a verse from a song popular when Master WINSTON was in petticoats:—

"I joined the Naval Demonstrat-i-on,
But we never fired so much as a gun,
And the Turk he laughed and said, 'Oh, what fun!
It 's all on account of Eliza!'"

Distressing Sequel to Early Marriage.

"An exciting scene on Waterloo Bridge was described at Bow-street yesterday when Lydia Wilderspin, aged 2, married, was charged with attempting suicide."—*Illustrated Sunday Herald.*

"RANK AND FILE.

The following casualties are reported under various dates:—

(The home team is Liverpool except where otherwise shown)."—*Liverpool Daily Post.*

But surely this is an "away" match?

Extract from interview with French journalist:—

"Mr. Lloyd George's face lit up proudly as he modestly replied."

Will the PRIME MINISTER please tell us how is is done? It might solve the problem of getting about in the darkened streets.

"JAMES KENNEDY,
Monumental Sculptor,

Having been called up for Military Service, Mr. Kennedy is forced to close down his Business, all the other male members of the family being already on Service. He begs to take this opportunity of thanking all patrons who have accorded him their support in the past, and he hopes that any who might have business requiring his attention may be able to hold over same until his return to business."—*Ayrshire Post.*

We shall do our best to oblige. "Live and let live" is our motto.

CHILDREN'S TALES FOR GROWN-UPS.

II.

BELLING THE CAT.

"THE only question is," said the old mouse, "who is to bell the cat?"

"An absurd question," said the strategist.

"It has finished the story for hundreds of years," said the old mouse crossly.

The strategist turned his back on the old mouse. "What is needed," he said, "is a plan. We must make the cat appear ridiculous, and the people of the house will see it is no use as a mouser. Then they will turn it into a pet cat and bell it themselves."

"Shall we send a deputation?" growled the old mouse.

"We must go out and hunt for food in the daytime," said the strategist.

"We shall all be killed," cried the mice, shivering with terror.

"No more than are killed now," said the strategist. "Less, in fact, because cats do not see so well in the daytime."

And it turned out as the strategist predicted. Mice ran about boldly everywhere, and though the cat caught some of them the people of the house were dissatisfied. "We might as well drown that cat at once and get a real mouser," said the master.

"Oh, don't drown poor pussy," said the little girl. "Do let me keep her."

"Well, mind you put a bell round her neck, then," laughed the master of the house, "so that she may know that she's not a real mouser."

That night there was joy unheard of among the mice. They scampered about happily, and ran away chuckling when pussy came tinkling along. The strategist was crowned king.

Next day the real mouser arrived. His first victim was the strategist.

Illumination.

"In my youth I had learnt, by sedulously imitating the pantaloons in the harlequinades, to drop flat on my face instinctively, and to produce the illusion of being picked up neatly by the slack of my trousers and set on my feet again."
Mr. Bernard Shaw in "The Daily Chronicle."

This revelation of youthful self-culture helps one to understand so much that Mr. SHAW does to-day.



THE SCARECROW.

A SONG OF FOOD-SAVING.

[Being a faithful effort to versify the article written by Dr. E. I. SPRIGGS, at the request of the FOOD CONTROLLER, on the food requirements of people of different ages and build.]

GOOD people, who long for a lead
On the paramount crux of the time,
I pray you give diligent heed
To the lessons I weave into rhyme;
And first, let us note, one and all—
Whether living in castles or "digs"—
"Large people need more than the small,"
For that 's the first maxim of SPRIGGS.

Now, as most of the food that we eat
Is wanted for keeping us warm,
The requisite quota of heat
Is largely a question of form;
And the ratio of surface to weight,
As anyone readily twigs,
Is the root of the point in debate
As sagely expounded by SPRIGGS.

Hence the more we resemble a sphere
Less heat on the surface is lost,
And the needful supply, it is clear,
Is maintained at less lavish a cost;
'Tis economy, then, to be plump
As partridges, puffins or pigs,
Who are never a prey to the hump,
So at least I interpret my SPRIGGS.

Next, the harder it freezes or snows
The greater the value of fat,
And the larger the appetite grows
Of John, Sandy, Taffy and Pat.
(Conversely, in Midsummer days,
When liquid more freely one swigs,
Less viand the appetite stays—
This quatrain 's a gloss upon SPRIGGS).

For strenuous muscular work
A larger allowance of grub
We need than is due if we shirk
Exertion, and lounge in a pub;
For the loafer who rests in a chair
Everlastingly puffing at "cigs"
Can live pretty nearly on air,
So I gather at least from my SPRIGGS.

Why children need plentiful food
He nextly proceeds to relate:
Their capacity 's larger than you 'd
Be disposed to infer from their weight;
They 're growing in bulk and in height,
They 're normally active as grigs,
And exercise breeds appetite—
This stanza is absolute SPRIGGS.

Last of all, with an eloquent plea
For porridge at breakfast in place
Of the loaf, and for oatcake at tea
A similar gap to efface;
For potatoless dinners—with rice,
For puddings of maize and of figs,
Which are filling, nutritious and nice—
Thus ends the Epistle of SPRIGGS.



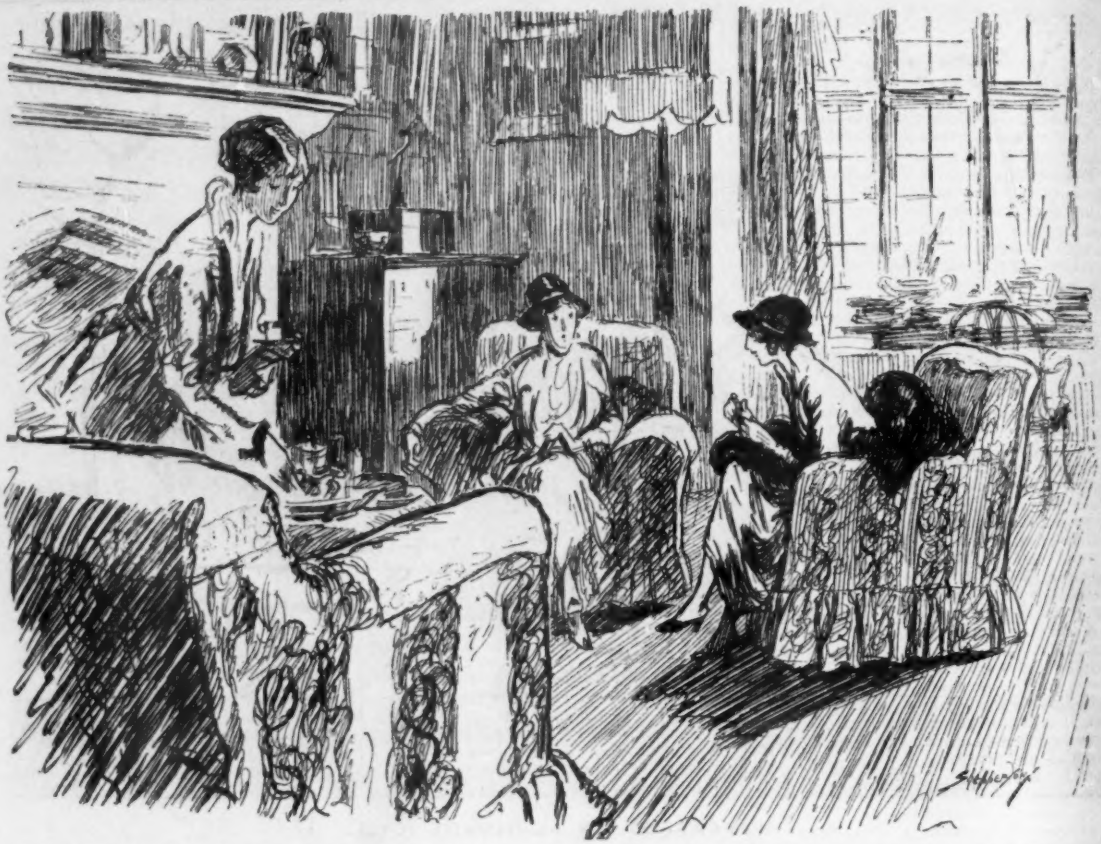
Short-sighted Lady. "THAT'S RATHER AN AFFECTIONATE COUPLE."
Her Friend. "THAT'S MY HUSBAND." *Short-sighted Lady.* "OH, I'M SO SORRY."
Her Friend. "AND I'M SORRY, TOO, FOR I SEE HE'S GOT HIS LIGHT OVERCOAT ON, AND I TOLD HIM NEVER TO WEAR IT WHEN BRINGING HOME THE COALS."

"The L.C.C. had decided to grant only £5,300 amongst £21,000 teachers, which would average a shilling a head per week. (Shame!)"—*Daily Paper.*

We agree. Why any War bonus at all to such bulging plutocrats?

"As I watched youths obediently obeying the whistle I wondered what football would be like after the war."—*Daily Paper.*

At present it seems rather redundantly redundant.



First Lady (*an old resident, gushingly*). "AH, MRS. ROBINSON, I AM SO ASHAMED OF MYSELF FOR NOT HAVING BEEN TO CALL UPON YOU. DO FORGIVE ME AND CONSIDER THIS AS MY CALL, WON'T YOU?"

Mrs. Robinson (*a new-comer, sweetly*). "OH, CERTAINLY; AND YOU WILL CONSIDER IT AS MY RETURN CALL, TOO, WON'T YOU?"

AT THE PLAY.

"THE MAN WHO WENT ABROAD."

THE authors of *The Man Who Stayed at Home* (I preserve their modest anonymity) have contrived a sequel to that exciting and veracious stage account of secret service activities. *The Man Who Went Abroad* on one of those famous State-paper chases, in which conspirators conspire in the least likely places, such as the promenade decks of liners, is the man who spent his time in chimneys at home in the earlier part of the War—*Kit Brent*.

He had a cousin, *Lord Goring*, Cabinet Minister, bound on a mission to Washington; and *Kit*, who was as like his cousin as clean-shaven KENNETH DOUGLAS was like KENNETH DOUGLAS with a toothbrush moustache, took his cabin while the important peer preceded him in another boat. On board *Kit* disports himself as a fatuous ass, of the kind that hyphenated Americans (in plays) would naturally assume to be the staple of a British Cabinet. Not that *Goring* really was such an ass; but it was *Kit's* plan to be so guileless as to induce the enemy agents to think they had a sitter. And I must say they were pretty easily induced.

Their general scheme was to get those inevitable papers, copy and return them, and delay *Goring's* visit to Washington, while the late lamented BERNSTORFF put in a suggestion which would make the British schemes, whatever they were—it was secret service, so we, rightly, never knew—look foolish. And they had the Hunnish idea of compromising the silly peer with an irresistible Austrian *danseuse* (*Ani Kiraly*), so that fear of exposure (by Hidden-Hand Press) of intrigue with enemy aliens would make him hand over the "papers."



THE MAN WHO STAYED IN HIS TENT.

Christopher Brent . MR. KENNETH DOUGLAS.
Ani Kiraly . . . MISS IRIS HOEY.

Brent played up to all this. But the lady of the ballet fell really in love with him, and besides was actually a Dalmatian and on the right side, a fact which she proclaimed at the top of her voice on the promenade deck, though, as she added, it meant death if discovered. In New York the *Kiraly* appears in *Kit's* bed-bathroom in the early morning, for devilment; to our loud enjoyment, for the great bath joke has an assured immortality. The *Kiraly's* husband appears too. Fat in fire. When *Kit* goes to the hyphenated's flat to exchange fake papers in his belt for letter acknowledging *Kiraly's* innocence, an agitated Hun appears with the news that the real *Goring* is in Washington, and the papers all spoof; which was annoying, as a reading-glass had already disclosed to the chief spy the British Government watermark, which obviously proved they were genuine.

Nothing for it but to clear out (through a portrait of the All-Highest), leaving *Kit* in the safe to suffocate. Enter police (comic). Where is *Kit*? Brain-wave. In the safe, behind secret panel. Problem: how to open it. The service was evidently so secret that it had never told one of its brightest young men about combination letter-locks. But the dancer remembers that the chief spy had carefully explained to her the letters of the combination. Release of *Kit* and a curtain which suggested that the initiative remained with the *Kiraly*.

The authors are to be congratulated. They provided a good unpretentious evening's entertainment. No dull and pedantic realism for



HOMEWARDS: AN ALLOTMENT IDYLL.

them. The dialogue was bright, occasionally to the sparkling point. The players were competent and zealous. Mr. KENNETH DOUGLAS gave the right variety to his three parts, *Goring* as he was, *Goring* as he was assumed to be for purpose of bluffing the enemy, and *Kit Brent*; and he played his great bathroom scene with humour and complete discretion. Miss IRIS HOEY was a charming innocent adventuress with heart of gold and eye of gladness; Mr. HIGNETT, as Kit's self-possessed man *Cosens*, quite admirable, with just the right mixture of friendliness without impertinence and restraint without servility. Mr. WENMAN as a superabundant gum-chewing impresario, and Mr. EILLE NORWOOD as head villain, were quite plausible in the interesting and unlikely situation. I must say I like this kind of nonsense immensely. T.

A Cautious Prophecy.

". . . One of the reasons of the satisfaction is that the huge yield of the Loan effectively postpones any further borrowings on a similar scale until the end of the War. By that time victory should either have been attained or be in sight."—*Irish Paper.*

"A well educated young lady, the daughter of a French interned prisoner of war, desires to make the acquaintance with an English or American family to mutually improve the languages."—*Daily Paper, Lausanne.*

The result will be awaited with interest in editorial circles.

SEED POTATOES FOR PATRIOTS.

(Garnered from the catalogue of the George Washington Seed Company.)

"*Adonis.*"—Strikingly handsome oval tuber of the fashionable nigger-brown shade. Never had a day's illness. Every "Adonis" potato is inoculated for wireworm before leaving our grounds.

"*Automatic.*"—Remarkable novelty; digs itself in, and jumps out of the ground when ready. Self-peeling; skin comes off in the saucepan. Immense boon to busy housewives.

"*Little Gem.*"—For window-boxes. Flowers closely resemble Odontoglossum. Much in demand for Mayfair mansions. Dainty electro-plated trowel given away with every order for a hundred-weight.

The "*Beanato.*"—Sensational discovery; the result of a cross between an Early Rose potato and a scarlet-runner. Will take the place of ramblers on pergolas. Blooms brilliantly all the summer; festoons of khaki fruit with green facings in the autumn. Retains the lusciousness of the bean with the full floury flavour of the tuber.

"*Argus.*"—The potato with a hundred eyes. Never sprouts in less than ninety-eight places. Should be put through the mincing-machine before planting.



"LOOK HERE, MISS! YOU'VE TAKEN A BIT OUT OF MY EAR!"

"SORRY, SIR; BUT, YOU SEE, I'VE BEEN ON THE DISTRICT RAILWAY FOR THE LAST THREE MONTHS PUNCHING TICKETS."

War-Work.

"LADY.—Will any lady exercise a terrier (good-tempered), daily, for a small remuneration?"
Bournmouth Daily Echo.

Kilties Dumbfounded.

Extract from Brigade Orders (Highland Brigade):—

"Socks must be changed and feet greased at least every 24 hours. Socks can be dried by being placed in trouser pockets."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Zella Sees Herself (HEINEMANN) is an unusual and very subtle analysis of a single character. The author, E. M. DELAFIELD, has made an almost uncannily penetrating study of the development of a *poseuse*. *Zella* posed instinctively, from the days when as a child she alienated her father by attitudinising (with the best intentions) about her mother's funeral. It became a habit with her. In Rome, before the Arch of Titus, she thought more of what she might acceptably say about it than of any wonder or beauty in the thing itself. She fooled the honest man who imagined he was in love with her by making herself, for the time, just what her fatal facility for such perception told her he would most like her to be. The skill of the book is proved by the increasing anxiety, and even agitation, with which one awaits the moment that shall fulfil the title. It comes, bringing with it that almost intolerable tragedy of the soul, the black loneliness that waits upon insincerity. Then poor deluded *Zella*, seeing herself, sees also the fate that eventually befalls those who have deliberately falsified the signals by which alone one human heart can speak to and assist another. That is all the plot of the story, told with remarkable insight and a care that is both sympathetic and wholly unsparing. I am mistaken if you will not find it one of the most absorbing within recent experience. But I am not saying that it may not leave you just a little uncomfortable.

BOYD CABLE is already one of the prose Laureates of the War, having earned his wreath by *Between the Lines* and *Action Front*. He now proves that he is still entitled to it by *Grapes of Wrath* (SMITH, ELDER). The two former books gave us detached articles all relating to the one great subject. The present book is a continuous story, the episodes of which are held together by the deeds and characters of a quartette of friends, *Larry Arundel*, *Billy Simson*, *Pug Sneath*, and the noble and adventurous American, *Kentucky Lee*, who had enlisted in our Army to prove that "too proud to fight" was a phrase which did not agree with the traditions of an old Kentucky family. These four and the rest of the regiment, the Stonewalls, are plunged into one of the big "pushes" of the British Army, and their achievements in one form or another are thick on every page of the book. The author has reduced the description of a modern battle to a fine art. No one can describe more vividly the noise, the squalor, the terror, the high courage, the self-sacrifice and again the nerve-shattering noise, that go to make up the fierce confusion of trench-fighting. How anyone succeeds in surviving when so many instruments are used for his destruction is a mystery. The book is very certainly one to be read and re-read.

Separation (CASSELL) is another of those intimate studies of Anglo-Indian life that ALICE PERRIN has made specially her own. The tragedy of it is sufficiently conveyed by the title. Separation, of husband from wife or parent from child, is of course the spectre that haunts the Anglo-Indian home. It was, chiefly at least, for the health of their child *Winnie* that *Guy Bassett* was forced to let her and his wife abide permanently in Kensington while he himself continued his Eastern career as a grass-widower. Very naturally, the result was all sorts of trouble. This first took the form of a flirtation, only half serious, with an artful young woman of the type with which Mr. KIPLING has made us familiar. Unfortunately poor *Bassett* escapes from this emotional frying-pan only to plunge into the fire of a much more scorching attachment. But I will not spoil for you an ingenious plot. For one thing at least the book is worth reading, and that is the picture, admirably drawn, of the half-caste *Orchard* family, whose ways and speech and general outlook you will find an abiding joy. Mrs. PERRIN has nothing better in her whole gallery, which is saying much.



Lady of rather uncertain age (filling in application form for employment). "COULD YOU TELL ME WHAT YEAR I SHOULD HAVE TO BE BORN IN TO MAKE ME TWENTY-EIGHT?"

You probably know Mr. BLACKWOOD'S elusive method of mystery-mongering by now. None of his characters can ever *quite* make out whether the latest noise is a mewing cat, the wind in the trees or the Great God Pan flirting with the Hamadryads. He meets in Egypt a Russian consumptive with a hooked nose and a rotten bad temper, and persists in seeing him as a hawk-man dedicated to the winged god, Horus. "No one could say exactly what happened." (They never can.) But it was something very solemn and important, and in the end the Russian, in a fancy dress of feathers, was found dead at the foot of the cliff, whither he had flown (or was it danced?—well, no one quite knew). He all but carried with him little golden-haired *Vera*, who was all but a dove. This is a quite characteristic sample out of *Day and Night Stories* (CASSELL). And the conclusion I came to was that Mr. BLACKWOOD must get a lot of fun out of staying in "cosmopolitan hotels." You need a special attitude for the proper enjoyment of these mystical yarns. I read them all conscientiously through, and I got far the best thrill out of "The Occupant of the Room," which, attempting less, was much more successful. "H. S. H.," His Satanic Majesty, of course, who was climbing the Devil's Saddle and turned in to the Club hut for desultory conversation about his lost kingdom with a stranded mountaineer, left me inappropriately cold. I suppose I am immune, a bad subject: but I feel as sure as I've felt about anything in the realm of light letters that a charming writer is overworking an unprofitable vein.

Mrs. Vernon's Daughter (METHUEN) is what one might call a story of situation. That is to say, it leads up to, and declines from, one big *scène à faire*. The scene, in this instance, is that in which *Demaris*, who has always previously imagined her mother to be an undervalued heroine, finds that on the contrary she is really no better (indeed a good deal worse) than she should be. And as if this disillusion were not enough the poor girl gets almost simultaneously the further shock of learning that the same adored parent, supposed by her to be a tragédienne of the first water, is in fact no more than a handsome stick, and unable (as they say) to act for nuts. Jesting apart, I am bound to admit that Lady TROUBRIDGE has risen admirably to the demands of her theme, and written a story both direct and appealing. Perhaps (dare I say?) its emotion is rather more secure than its grammar. The fact that she makes a duchess allude to "these kind of things" struck me at first as a subtlety of characterization, till I discovered that, some pages later, the author fell herself into the identical pit. But I suppose there is hardly any one of us wholly innocent of this offence; anyhow, it is only a small blemish upon a pleasant and (in its mild way) interesting story.

"A large assortment of real fur soft felt cats (Clerical)."
Advt. in "Glasgow Herald."

The tame kind, we suppose, so popular at tea-parties.

CHARIVARIA.

THERE is a convict at Pentonville who is said to be exactly like the KAISER. He feels that in view of the great inconvenience he has suffered it is the KAISER'S duty at once to remove his moustache or grow side whiskers.

* * *

The KAISER is in a bit of a hole. Attending a special service for the success of the War, he is reported to have "sung the *De Profundis* at the top of his voice." All the rest of him, including the lower part of his voice, seems to have been submerged.

* * *

The revolutionary spirit in Germany seems to have extended to the vegetable kingdom. In a riot at Barmen which occurred recently the chief of police was "seriously wounded" by a turnip.

* * *

The *Berliner Tageblatt* states that for appearing at a private concert a famous opera singer has been paid in food, including sixty eggs. The custom is not unknown to some of our own music-hall artistes, who however are usually more than content with receiving "the bird."

* * *

According to a *Globe* report Mr. CHARLES GULLIVER is giving at the Palladium "a programme of real entertainers." Enterprise and originality are always to be commended in a manager.

* * *

A telegram from Mexico City announces that General CARRANZA has been elected President of the Mexican Republic. It is expected that a full list of the casualties will be published shortly.

* * *

A Melbourne despatch states that Mr. HUGHES has been offered thirty-four seats in the forthcoming elections. The Opposition, it is understood, has expressed its willingness to allow Mr. HUGHES to occupy all thirty-four.

* * *

So effective has been the attempt to reduce circulation that we are not surprised to find a provincial paper advertising in *The Daily Telegraph* for "A Reader."

* * *

"There is no monument more enduring than brass," writes Mr. GEORGE BERNARD SHAW, War Correspondent. The general feeling, however, is that there is a kind of brass that is beyond enduring.

* * *

The idea of blaming *Queen Elizabeth* for the Dardanelles fiasco is so entirely satisfactory to all parties concerned that it is being freely asked why the Commission couldn't have thought of that itself.

* * *

The new order prohibiting newspapers from printing contents bills is bearing hardly in certain quarters, and it is rumoured that at least one sensational contemporary has offered to forgo publishing itself in return for the privilege of selling its posters.

* * *

By order of the General Officer Commanding the London District the Grafton Galleries have been placed out of bounds. Or, as they say in the best War-time dancing circles, out of leaps and bounds.

* * *

Kensington Council states that 300,000 tons of food are consumed annually by thousands of dogs which serve no useful purpose. The dogs, on the other hand, are asking what would become of the nation's womanhood if there were no dogs to take it out for exercise in the afternoon.

* * *

The Government, it appears, is determined to keep Charing Cross Railway Station on the North side of the river. All the objections to the present site, they point out, are easily outweighed by its proximity to the National Gallery.

* * *

At Highgate, says a news item, a man named YELLS was fined for having in his possession pork which was not sound. It was suggested that defendant had held back the squeal for his own purposes.

* * *

An applicant recently informed the House of Commons' Tribunal that cutting sandwiches was highly skilled work, which could not be done satisfactorily by women. The difficulty appears to consist not in the actual cutting, but in conveying the hammy taste from the knife to the bread without actually parting with the ham itself.

* * *

Skipping is recommended as a healthy recreation. Several Germans on the Ancre say they already owe their lives to this practice.

* * *

It is now proposed that Telephone Directories should be charged for. The idea appears to be to bring them into line with other light literature; but *Punch* fears no rivals.

* * *

It has been decided by Mr. PAUL TAYLOR at Marylebone that bacon is meat. Lord DEVONPORT, now that his suspicion has been judicially confirmed, has announced his intention of going ahead on that basis.

* * *

From a school-girl's examination paper:—"*Question.* What do you know of Tantalus? *Answer*: Tantalus suffered from continual hunger and thirst in the internal regions."



PROGRESS.

NOTICE.

In order to meet the national need for economy in the consumption of paper, the Proprietors of *Punch* are compelled to reduce the number of its pages, but propose that the amount of matter published in *Punch* shall by condensation and compression be maintained and even, it is hoped, increased.

It is further necessary that means should be taken to restrict the circulation of *Punch*, and its price has been raised to Sixpence. The Proprietors believe that the public will prefer an increase of price to a reduction of matter.

Readers are urged to place an order with their Newsagent for the regular delivery of copies, as *Punch* may otherwise be unobtainable, the shortage of paper making imperative the withdrawal from Newsagents of the "on-sale-or-return" privilege.

In consequence of the increase in the price of *Punch* the period covered by subscriptions already paid direct to the *Punch* Office will be proportionately shortened; or the unexpired value will be refunded, if desired.

The next issue of *Punch* (March 28th) will be a Navy Double Number, price Sixpence. The Proprietors regret that arrangements for this Number were completed before the further drastic restrictions in the paper supply were announced.

CHILDREN'S TALES FOR GROWN-UPS.

III.

ITS OWN REWARD.

"What fun!" cried the wasp.

"Where?" asked the bee looking up with a subdued smile.

"I mean I can't help laughing," said the wasp.

"A disgusting habit," said the bee.

"Look at those people nearly out of their wits. Here goes for old Bless-my-Soul again!" He flew off and buzzed round the old gentleman's neck and then flew back to the bee, laughing louder than ever at his purple rage.

"I don't know what you think of your conduct," said the bee severely, "but I think it is insects like you who give us all a bad name."

"Be hanged to your bad name," scoffed the wasp. "A short life and a merry one, say I."

"A busy life and a useful one, rather," said the bee. "I am proud to be the friend of man."

"Good heavens!" shouted the wasp. "Here comes old Bless-my-Soul bent on murder. Look out! I'm going for his neck."

Old Bless-my-Soul slashed wildly with his table-napkin and slew the bee. He went back triumphantly with his spoil.

"A bee!" shouted everybody. "I thought it was a wasp. I didn't know bees were like that."

"All insects are vicious," said old Bless-my-Soul.

Another Impending Apology.

"LONDON PAVILION. CHEERIO! at 8.30.—'Just the thing for a dull evening.'"—*Daily News.*

"A few of the waiting women abandoned hope of getting potatoes, and substituted the purchase by parsnips and swedes."—*Daily Mirror.*

In the circumstances who shall blame them?



Unlucky One (after perusing latest list of honours). "NEVER HAVE HAD ANY LUCK. MONTHS AGO I SAVED A SERGEANT CHAP FROM A ROTTEN PLACE—CARRIED THE FELLOW ALL THE WAY BACK—AND TOLD HIM NOT TO SAY A WORD ABOUT IT!"

Friend. "WELL, WHAT'S WRONG? HAS HE BEEN TALKING?"

Unlucky One. "NOT A WORD, CURSE HIM!"

THE MUD LARKS.

WHEN I was young, my parents sent me to a boarding school, not in any hopes of getting me educated, but because they wanted a quiet home.

At that boarding school I met one Frederick Delane Milroy, a chubby flame-coloured brat who had no claims to genius, excepting as a *littérateur*.

The occasion that established his reputation with the pen was a Natural History essay. We were given five sheets of foolscap, two hours and our own choice of subject. I chose the elephant, I remember, having once been kind to one through the medium of a bag of nuts.

Frederick D. Milroy headed his effort "THE FERT" in large capitals, and began, "The fert is a noble animal——" He got no further, the extreme nobility of the ferret having apparently blinded him to its other characteristics.

The other day, as I was wandering about on the "line," dodging Bosch crumps with more agility than grace, I met Milroy (Frederick Delane) once more.

He was standing at the entrance of a cosy little funk-hole, his boots and tunic undone, sniffing the morning nitro-glycerine. He had swollen considerably since our literary days, but was wearing his hair as red as ever, and I should have known it anywhere—on the darkest night. I dived for him and his hole, pushed him into it, and re-introduced myself. He remembered me quite well, shook my chilblains heartily, and invited me further underground for tea and talk.

It was a nice hole, cramped and damp, but very deep, and with those Bosch love-tokens thudding away upstairs I felt that the nearer Australia the better. But the rats! Never before have I seen rats in such quantities; they flowed unchidden all over the dug-out, rummaged in the cupboards, played kiss-in-the-ring in the shadows, and sang and brawled behind the old oak panelling until you could barely hear yourself shout. I am fond of animals, but I do not like having to share my tea with a bald-headed rodent who gets noisy in his cups, or having a brace of high-spirited youngsters wrestle out the championship of the district on my bread-and-butter.

Freddy apologised for them; they were getting a bit above themselves, he was afraid, but they were seldom dangerous, seldom attacked one unprovoked. "Live and let live" was their motto. For all that they *did* get a trifle *de trop* sometimes; he himself had lost his temper when he awoke one morning to find a brawny rat sitting on his face combing his whiskers in mistake for his own (a pardonable error in the dark); and, determining to teach them a lesson, had bethought him of his old friend, the noble fert. He therefore sent home for two of the best.

The ferrets arrived in due course, received the names Burroughs and Welcome, were blessed and turned loose.

They had had a rough trip over at the bottom of the mail sack and were looking for trouble. An old rat strolled out of his club to see what all the noise was about, and got the excitement he needed. Seven friends came to his funeral and never smiled again. There was great rejoicing in that underground Mess that evening; Burroughs and Welcome were fêted on bully beef and condensed milk, and made honorary members.

For three days the good work went on; there was weeping in the cupboards and gnashing of teeth behind the old oak panelling. Then on the fourth day Burroughs and Welcome disappeared, and the rats swarmed to their own again. The deserters were found a week later; they had wormed through a system of rat-holes into the next dug-out, inhabited by the Atkinses, and had remained there, honoured guests.

It is the nature of the British Atkins to make a pet of anything, from a toad to a sucking pig—he cannot help it. The story about St. George, doyen of British soldiers, killing that dragon — nonsense! He would have spanked it, may be, until it promised to reform, then given it a cigarette, and taken it home to amuse the children. To return to our ferrets, Burroughs and Welcome provided no exception to the rule; they were taught to sit up and beg, and lie down and die, to turn handsprings and play the mouth-organ; they were gorged with Maconochie, plum jam and rum ration; it was doubtful if they ever went to bed sober. Times out of number they were borne back to the Officers' Mess and exhorted to do their bit, but they returned immediately to their friends the Atkinses, rid their private route, not unnaturally preferring a life of continuous carousal and vaudeville among the flesh-pots to sapping and mining down wet rat-holes.

Freddy was of opinion that, when the battalion proceeded up Unter den Linden, Burroughs and Welcome would be with it as regimental mascots, marching behind the band, bells on their fingers, rings on their toes. He also assured me that if he ever again has to write an essay on the Fert, its characteristics, the adjective "noble" will not figure so prominently.

HERBS OF GRACE.

III.

SWEET MARJORAM.

"*Sweet Marjoram! Sweet Marjoram!*"
(Sang an old dame standing on the kerb);
"You may hear a thousand ballads,
You may pick a thousand salads,
Ere you light on such another herb.

"*Sweet Marjoram! Sweet Marjoram!*
(Let its virtues evermore be sung);
Oh, 'twill make your Sunday clo'es gay,
If you wear it in a nosegay,
Pretty mistress, like when I was young.

"*Sweet Marjoram! Sweet Marjoram!*
(Sing of sweet old gardens all a-glow);
It will scent your dower drawer, dear,
Folk would strew it on the floor, dear,
Long ago—long ago—long ago.

"*Sweet Marjoram! Sweet Marjoram!*
(*Sang the old dame standing on the kerb*);
"*You may hear a thousand ballads,*
You may pick a thousand salads,
Ere you light on such another herb."

"The recipients [of the medals] were:—Sergeant W. A. Norris, D.C.M. and Military Private A. Trichney, M.M., andtootompPUF. Medal . . ." *Daily Paper.*

Private TRICHNEY'S second distinction was awarded presumably for something extra good in the bombing line.

"Lord Beauchamp, opening an Economy Exhibition at Gloucester on Saturday, said that among many interesting exhibits was one described as 'Frocks for the twins from Uncle's pyjamas.' He hoped that the child who sent this exhibit would get the prize it deserved."—*Daily Mail.*

Uncle has probably seen to that.



THE BREAKING OF THE FETTERS.

ELLA REEVE.

ONE can't be too careful how one boasts, especially if there is the chance of the boast being put quickly to the proof. In fact, it is better perhaps not to boast at all.

I was sitting with a friend and a stranger in a London restaurant, having joined their table for coffee. The stranger, on introduction, turned out to be connected with the stage in some capacity as agent, and among his regular clients were the managers of various big provincial theatres, for whom he provided the leading lights of pantomime, or, as he would call it, panto. Panto was indeed the mainstay of his business; it was even the warp and woof of his life. He lived for panto, he thought panto, and he talked panto. No one, according to him, had a more abysmal knowledge of principal boys with adequate legs, principal (if that is still the word) girls with sufficient voices, contralto fairy queens with abundant bosoms, basso demon kings, Prince Dandinis, Widow Twankays, Ugly Sisters, and all the other personages of this strange grease-paint mythology of ours. Listening to him, I learned—as those who are humble in spirit may learn of all men. I learned, for example, that Ugly Sisters are at Christmas-time always Ugly Sisters, and very often use again the same dialogue, merely transferring themselves from, say, Glasgow to Wigan, or from Bristol to Dublin; and this will be their destiny until they become such very old men that not even the kindly British public will stand it any longer. England, it seems, is full of performers who, touring the halls from March to December, are then claimed for panto as her own, arriving a little before Christmas not less regularly than the turkey; and the aim of all of them is as nearly as possible to do the next Christmas what they did last Christmas.

Not only did my new acquaintance know all these people, their capabilities and the lowest salary that could be offered to them with any chance of acceptance, but he was also, it seemed, beloved by them all. Between agent and client never in the history of the world had such charming relations subsisted as between every pro. on his books and himself.

It was then that Ella Reeve came in.

Accompanied by two expensive-looking men, whose ancestors had beyond any doubt crossed the Red Sea with MOSES, this new and glittering star, who had but just "made good," or "got over," or "clicked" (my new acquaintance used all these phrases indiscriminately when referring to his own Herschellian triumphs as a watcher of the skies), walked confidently to a distant table which was being held in reserve for her party, and drew off her gloves with the happy anticipatory assurance of one who is about to lunch a little too well. (All this, I should say, happened before the War. I am reminded of it to-day by the circumstance that I have just heard of the death of the agent whom I then met.)

The impact of the lady on this gentleman was terrific.

"Look, look!" he said. "That's Ella Reeve, one of my discoveries. She was principal boy at Blackpool two years ago. I put her there. She got fifteen pounds a week, and to-day she gets two hundred. I spotted her in a chorus, asked her to call and see me, and this is the result. I made her. There's nothing she wouldn't do for me, she's so grateful. If she knew I was in the room she'd be over here in a jiffy."

Having told us all this, he, being a very normal man, told it again, all the while craning his neck in the hope that his old client (she had now, it seemed, passed out of his hands, having forsaken panto for London and revue) might catch sight of his dear face. But she was far too much occupied either with the lobster on her plate or with the yellow fluid, strange to me, that moved restlessly in a long-stemmed shallow glass at her side.

And then, being, as I say, not in any way an eccentric or exorbitant character, the agent told it us a third time, with a digression here and there as to the deep friendships that members of his profession could form and cement if only they were decent fellows and not mere money-grubbing machines out for nothing but their commission. "That's what the wise man does," he concluded; "he makes real friends with his clients, such as I did with Ella Reeve. The result is we never had any hitches, and there's nothing she wouldn't do for me. She's a darling!"

Getting a little tired of this, but obviously anything but unwilling to shake the new star's slender hand and listen to the vivacious flow of speech from such attractive lips, my friend said at last, "Well, as you and she are such pals, and as she has only to know that you are here to jump over the tables to get to you, why not send your card to her?"

The agent agreed, and we watched the waiter threading his way among the tables towards that one at which the new and grateful star was seated and hand the card to her.

The end of this story is so tragic that I should prefer not to tell it.

Ella Reeve took the card, read it, laid it down, and resumed conversation with her friends. She did not even glance in our direction.

I felt sorry for the agent, whose mortification was very real, though he made a brave effort to carry it off; and now that he is dead I feel sorrier. As for Ella Reeve (which is not really her name, but one which with great ingenuity I devised for her from the French: thus, *Elle arrive*) I often see her, under her true style, in her triumphs, and I always wonder whether her treatment of the agent, or his assurance of her dependence on his cordiality, represents more nearly the truth. She looks such a good sort. Some day, when the War is over, I must acquire a shiny tall hat and a glossy shirt front and a youthful manner and get someone to introduce me, and then, bit by bit, extract the truth.

Meanwhile the fact remains that it is dangerous to boast.



Tommy (back from Blighty). "YUS, I GRANT YER A BIT O' LEAVE'S ALL RIGHT. BUT IT'S AWFUL DEPRESSIN', TOO, AT HOME—NOTHIN' BUT WAR—WAR! IT GIVES YER THE FAIR 'UMP."

"JAPANESE POLITICS.
PRIME MINISTER'S ATTACK ON THE DIET."
Daily Paper.

We wouldn't be the Food Controller in Japan for anything.

"WANTED situation as Groom Coachman or Coachman General; disengaged early in March; can milk and care motor if required."—*Irish Paper.*

A modern improvement, we suppose, on "the cow with the iron tail."

"At a special meeting of the Duma held to-day, the Minister for Agriculture, M. Rittich, in reply to an urgent question on the measures for supplying Petrograd, stated the supplies were sufficient for the present. Difficulties in purchase are due to excessive building and storing by individuals in the shape of rusks."—*Daily Chronicle.*

No authority for this remarkable statement is given, but we suspect the *Russky Invalid*.

"A trifle of a trinket for his womenfolk is the only saving as an insurance for the poor against famine and starvation for a rainless day."
A Native Writer in "The Times of India."

KIPLING was right. East is East and West is West.

"The undersigned has great pleasure in informing all the ladies, gentlemen and the other travellers in the Station that a very nice comfortable motor car can be obtained on hire from him for a walk in or out of the Station for any period of time at very reasonable charges."—*Peshawar Daily News.*

The petrol shortage evidently extends to India.

"Ireland is accustomed to disappointment; she is accustomed to what she signalises as betrayal, but her spirit remains unbroken, and she goes on her way undaunted to seek, it may be by new methods and a new road, her appointed goal."
Manchester Guardian.

Irishmen may justifiably resent this cynicism on the part of an old friend.



A MODIFIED SALIENT.

The Old 'Un (surveying recently called-up warrior). "WELL, JARGE, YOU'M STILL TURR'BLE FAT, BUT THE ARMY DO ZEEM TO 'AVE REARRANGED IT, LIKE."

GOLD BRAID.

SAME old crossing, same old boat,
Same old dust round Rouen way,
Same old narsty one-franc note,
Same old "Mercy, sivvoo play;"
Same old scramble up the line,
Same old 'orse-box, same old stror,
Same old weather, wet or fine,
Same old blooming War.

Ho Lor, it isn't a dream,
It's just as it used to be, every bit;
Same old whistle and same old bang,
And me to stay 'ere till I'm 'it.

* * * * * *

'Twas up by Loos I got me first;
I just dropped gently, crawled a yard
And rested sickish, with a thirst—
The 'eat, I thought, and smoking 'ard . . .
Then someone offers me a drink,
What poets call "the cooling draft,"
And seeing 'im I done a think:
"*Blighty*," I thinks—and laughed.

I'm not a soldier natural,
No more than most of us to-day;
I runs a business with a pal
(Meaning the Missis) Fulham way;
Greengrocery—the cabbages
And fruit and things I take meself,
And she has daffs and crocuses
A-smiling on a shelf.

"Blighty," I thinks. The doctor knows;
'E talks of punctured damn-the-things.
It's me for Blighty. Down I goes;
I ain't a singer, but I sings;
"Oh, 'oo goes 'ome?" I sort of 'ums;
"Oh, 'oo's for dear old England's shores?"
And by-and-by Southampton comes—
"Blighty!" I says and roars.

I s'pose I thort I done my bit;
I s'pose I thort the War would stop;
I saw myself a-getting fit
With Missis at the little shop;
The same like as it used to be,
The same old markets, same old crowd,
The same old marrers, same old me,
But 'er as proud as proud . . .

* * * * * *



THE NEW POSTER.

The regiment is where it was,
I'm in the same old ninth platoon;
New faces most, and keen becos
They 'ope the thing is ending soon;
I ain't complaining, mind, but still,
When later on some newish bloke
Stops one and laughs, "A blighty, Bill,"
I'll wonder, "Where's the joke?"

Same old trenches, same old view,
Same old rats and just as tame,
Same old dug-outs, nothing new,
Same old smell, the very same,
Same old bodies out in front,
Same old *strafe* from 2 till 4,
Same old scratching, same old 'unt,
Same old bloody War.

Ho Lor, it isn't a dream,
It's just as it used to be, every bit;
Same old whistle and same old bang
And me out again to be 'it.

A. A. M.

"The important new development in the cotton situation is that the Prime Minister has consented to receive a deputation."—*Manchester Guardian.*

All the same, he refused to adopt a ½ measure.

"The history of the development of the Zeppelin is well-known."—*Daily Chronicle.*

Particularly since our airmen ceased to give it any quarter.

From an official notice of the sale of an enemy business:—

"Lot 2. The goodwill of the business of the company attaching to goods shipped from England to Nigeria, marked with the unregistered or common-law trade-marks known as 'Eagle on Rocks' and 'Lion and Flag.'"

We are not surprised to hear of the "Eagle on Rocks" when it had the "Lion and Flag" after it.



TILLERS OF THE SOIL.

STUDY OF URBAN DWELLERS PREPARING FOR THE WORST.

THE JOY-RIDER AT THE FRONT.

(Being a free version of Mr. BERNARD SHAW's articles in "The Daily Chronicle" on his visit to the seat of War.)

"SINCE the good man, RAMSAY MACDONALD, while touring in the East
Went out to shoot the tiger, that homicidal beast,
The most electrifying humanitarian stunt
Has been my khaki joy-ride along the British Front.

"It wasn't my own suggestion; I went as the Government's guest,
Invited to see how the brass-hats were running the show on the West;
I've never been sweet on soldiers, but I only went for a week,
And it gave me heaps of chances of studying war technique.

"If they really thought to convert me by the loan of a khaki suit,
Or by conferring upon me the right to claim a salute,
It wouldn't at all surprise me, for dullards have always tried
To bribe true men of genius to take the popular side.

"Well, I went, I saw, I 'joy-rode,' and my verdict remains the same;
There 's no use having a country unless she 's always to blame;
For of all the appalling prospects that human life can lend
The worst is to be unable to play the candid friend.

"Men talk of France, the Martyr; of her precious blood outpoured;
Of the innocent helpless victims of the brutal Hunnish horde;
Presuming, insensate idiots, to label as beast and brute
The race that has always held me in the very highest repute!

"While France has failed completely, at least in these later days,
To show appreciation of my Prefaces and Plays;
It wouldn't be therefore worthy of a genuine superman
To show undue compassion for the sorrows of 'Marianne.'

"And as for the sheer destruction of noble and ancient fanes
Which the prejudiced Hun-hater indignantly arraigns,
The simple truth compels me in honesty to state
That the style of some ruined buildings was utterly second-rate.

"But to quit these trivial matters—let weaklings wail and weep,
The loss of a few cathedrals will never affect my sleep—
What lifts this Armageddon to an altitude sublime
Is the crowning fact that it gave me a perfectly glorious time.

"As an ultra-neutral observer I entered the battle zone
And emerged unmoved, unshaken, with a heart as cool as a stone;
No sight could touch or daunt me, no sound my soul untune;
From pity or tears or sorrow I still remained immune.

"I own that before my arrival I felt an occasional qualm
Lest the shock of the unexpected might shatter my wonted calm;
But it gave me the richest rapture to find I was wholly free
From the crude and vulgar emotions that harass the plain V.C.

"I inspected the great war-engine, and, instead of its going strong,
I saw that in each of its workings there was always something wrong;
In fact, with the old black powder and the obsolete Brown Bess
The chances of missing your target were infinitely less.

"The so-called arm of precision scores only by lucky hits,
Though the 'heavies' and high explosives may possibly blow you to bits;
I saw one corpse on my 'joy-ride,' the head had been blown away,
And the thought of this painless ending produced in me no dismay."

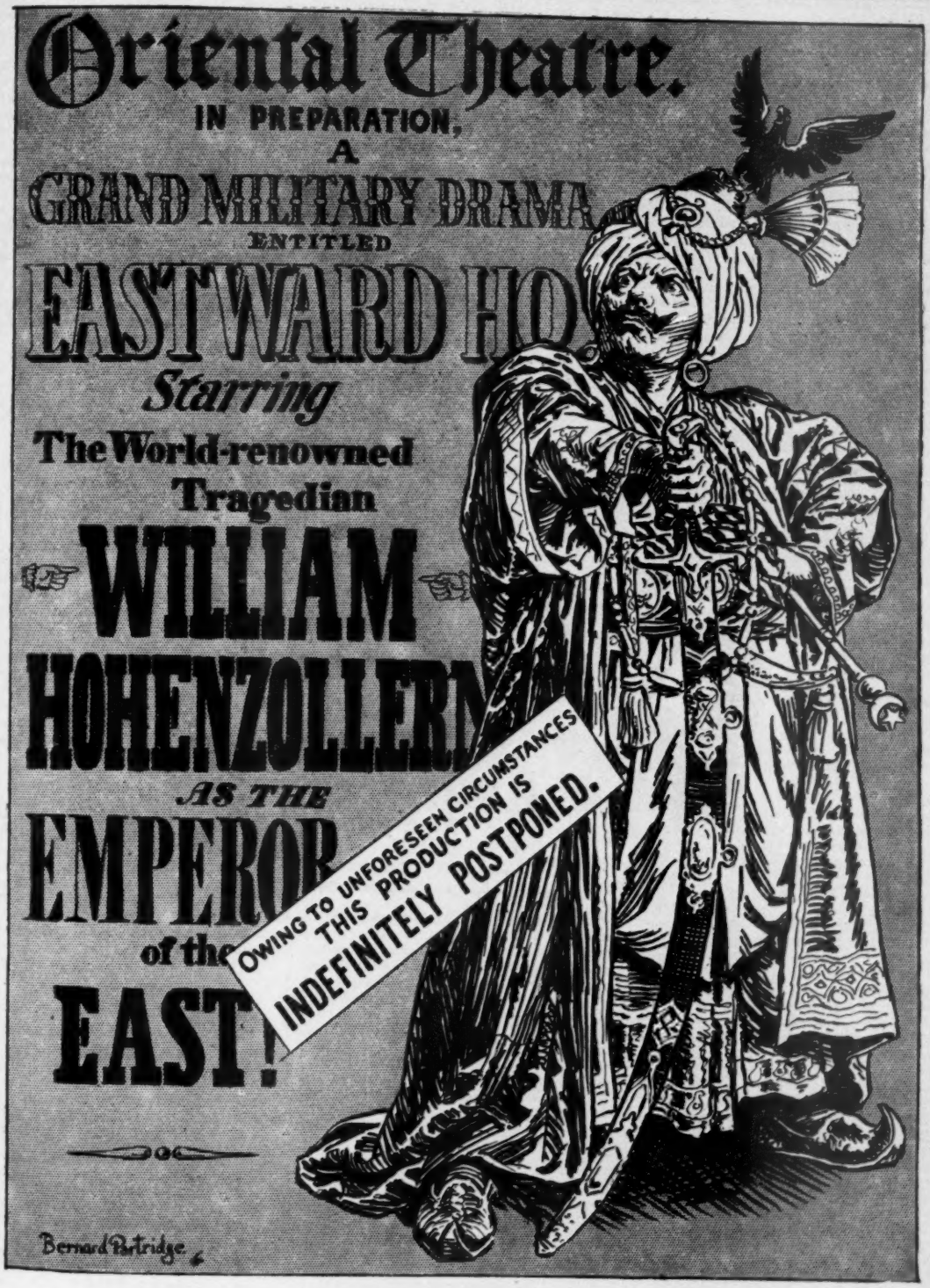
Now he's back in the finest feather from his holiday with the Staff,
And we're sure that no one will grudge him the meed of this epitaph:
"He went through the fiery furnace, but never a hair was missed
From the heels of our most colossal Arch-Super-Egotist."

"GREAT WHITE SALE.
UNREPEATABLE BARGAINS IN LINGERIE."—*Daily Paper.*

We respect this reticence.

"The public are responding but slowly to the appeal of the Post Office to facilitate the delay of correspondence in London by using the new numbered addresses."—*Daily Mail.*

If that is really the object, why hurry?



CANCELLED

BY ORDER OF THE COMPETENT MILITARY AUTHORITY.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, March 12th.—Having declared war upon the Government the Nationalists are seeking a suitable plan of campaign. The Home Rule demand never obtained much support among the Irish farmers until FINTAN EALON hitched it on to the Land question, and ever since Mr. WYNDHAM'S Land Purchase Act turned the tenants into prospective owners it has been steadily losing momentum. Mr. GINNELL, who made his reputation as a perverse species of cowboy, now witnesses with grim satisfaction the efforts of his colleagues to borrow his policy and break up the grass farms. It was rather hard on him that the Parliamentary printer should have ruined one of his questions on the subject by making him say "that the reason"—instead of the season—"for breaking this land is passing away."

The HOME SECRETARY is regarded by those who do not know him intimately as a somewhat austere person, but given the right atmosphere he can be as lively as anybody. Questioned about the reopening of Ciro's, he betrayed a minute acquaintance with the details of its programme. I was beginning to wonder if he were related to that famous Early-Victorian family, the Caves of Harmony, when his knowledge broke down. On being asked by his old friend Mr. BUTCHER to define a cabaret-entertainment he was nonplussed, and could only refer him to Colonel LOCKWOOD as a probable authority.

No one was more delighted at Mr. BONAR LAW'S announcement of the capture of Baghdad than the Member for Cockermouth, who knows the region well. Mesopotamia may or may not be the Garden of Eden, but Baghdad was at one time unquestionably the abode of BLISS.

Mr. CATHCART WASON was a little puzzled when Mr. FORSTER informed him that the peeling of potatoes by Army cooks is strictly forbidden, "except when the dietary of the troops makes it necessary." Why should there be any exception at all, he wondered, until a neighbour, better informed about the new meat-ration, whispered, "Sausages and *mashed*."

A grave statement by Mr. MACPHERSON as to the recent losses of the Royal Flying Corps on the Western Front, and the increased activity of the German airmen, created some natural depression, which might have been more pronounced had not Mr. PEMBERTON-BILLING seized the occasion to reiterate his charges of "Murder" already condemned as baseless by two judicial tribunals. The House will do anything in reason, but it refuses to accompany Mr. BILLING in his flights of imagination.

Tuesday, March 13th.—In the Lords, the Bill to deprive enemy peers of their titles was supported by Lord MIDLETON, who nobly offered to sacrifice his Red Eagle on the altar of patriotism. On the other hand Lord COURTNEY condemned it; but there is no truth in the story that the Yellow Waistcoat which he habitually wears was originally conferred upon him by the KAISER. It is, I understand, an example of protective colouring, designed to ward off the attacks of the Yellow Press.

Wednesday, March 14th.—The explosive qualities of cotton when suitably combined with other ingredients are well known. Of these ingredients the Lancashire spirit is perhaps the most potent. Mr. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN began his defence of the proposed Indian cotton duties with an appeal to Imperial sentiment based upon what India had done and was doing. The Maharajah of BIKANIR, seated in the Distinguished Strangers' Gallery, listened with appreciation to the praises of his famous Camel Corps. Then followed what might be called the Home Rule argument—we could not refuse what the Indian people so much desired—delivered with so much earnestness that Mr. JEREMIAH MACVEAGH loudly invited Mr. CHAMBERLAIN to "come over and sit on these benches."



MEGAPHONES FOR MINISTERS.
A SUGGESTION FROM THE PRESS GALLERY.

But his best card was his last, when, after a tribute to Mr. ASQUITH'S "loyalty to colleagues," which roused tremendous cheering from the Liberals, he invited the late Prime Minister to cast his vote with the Government. Mr. ASQUITH did even more, for at the end of a speech, critical but not censorious, he suggested an amendment to the Resolution which enabled his Free Trade followers to "save their face." A few stalwarts from Lancashire insisted none the less on taking a division, and were joined on general principles by the Nationalists and other habitual malcontents. But India, the Government and Mr. ASQUITH had the comfortable majority of 140.

Thursday, March 15th.—Under the present rules of procedure (the products of Irish obstruction in the past) the Nationalists find it difficult to put their declaration of war against the Government to much effect. Their best chance comes during the first hour of the sitting, and their most useful weapon is the Supplementary Question. No sooner has Mr. DUKE read the official reply to the inquiry on the Paper than there comes a strident "Arising out of that, Mr. SPEAKER-E." Fortunately the CHIEF SECRETARY possesses a Job-like patience, and is rarely betrayed into any departure from his polite if somewhat ponderous manner. To badger Mr. BIRRELL was an exciting pastime rather like punching the ball. To heckle Mr. DUKE is like hammering a sandbag.

It would be interesting to know how many Members of the House of Commons have volunteered under the National Service scheme. I only know of one; that is Dr. MACNAMARA, who modestly avowed the fact when challenged by Mr. PRINGLE, though I doubt whether the Admiralty will consent to dispense with his services. On the other hand I only know of one who has not; and that is Mr. PRINGLE himself, who, on the same challenge being put to him, replied, "No, and don't intend." There is evidently someone, possibly Mr. HOGGE, who thinks Mr. PRINGLE'S present services indispensable to the winning of the War.

The debate on the new Vote of Credit dragged along in a thin and somnolent House until Mr. BONAR LAW woke it up with the startling news that there had been a revolution in Russia, and that the TSAR had abdicated. Everybody seemed pleased, including Mr. DEVLIN, who was quite statesmanlike in his appreciation. But no one noticed that henceforward we must rank the late Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN among the prophets. Addressing the Members of the Inter-Parliamentary Conference assembled in the Palace of Westminster on July 23rd, 1906, just after the dissolution of Russia's first elected Parliament, he said, "*La Duma est morte; vive la Duma!*" For a Prime Minister this outburst was regarded as a little tactless; its essential wisdom has been justified by the event.

Friday, March 16th.—To-morrow being St. Patrick's Day, Mr. BONAR LAW seized the opportunity to address a little homily to Members from Ireland. Unless they mend their ways pretty soon they may have to go back to their constituents and tackle the Sinn Feiners themselves.

WINGED VICTORY.

"*Per ardua ad astra.*"

"One of our machines did not return."

I LIKE to think it did not fall to earth,
A wounded bird that trails a broken wing,
But to the heavenly blue that gave it birth
Faded in silence, a mysterious thing,
Cleaving its radiant course where honour lies,
Like a winged victory mounting to the skies.

The clouds received it and the pathless night;
Swift as a flame, its eager force unspent,
We saw no limit to its daring flight;
Only its pilot knew the way it went,
And how it pierced the maze of flickering stars
Straight to its goal in the red planet Mars.

So to the entrance of that fiery gate,
Borne by no current, driven by no breeze,
Knowing no guide but some compelling fate,
Bold navigators of uncharted seas,
Courage and youth went proudly sweeping by,
To win the unchallenged freedom of the sky.



Curate (to unfailing supporter). "OH, MISS TOOTSBY, IT'S GOOD TO SEE YOU HERE AGAIN. IT WOULDN'T SEEM LIKE A JUMBLE SALE WITHOUT YOU."

HEART-TO-HEART TALKS.

(*ENVER PASHA and the Sultan of TURKEY.*)

The Sultan. Then you want me to press the GERMAN KAISER to come to Constantinople and pay me a visit. Is that it?

Enver. Yes, your Majesty, that is about it. It would produce a splendid effect on the populace and would electrify the soldiers.

The Sultan. But I've already told you that I cordially dislike this KAISER of yours. Wherever he goes he turns everything upside down, and there's not a moment's peace or repose for anybody. He must have reviews of troops morning, noon and night, and it's all quite useless, for our Generals tell me that he doesn't really understand anything about soldiers and their movements. You know they've had to keep him away from the fighting, both in France and Russia, because he would insist on giving the most absurd orders, and when things didn't go right immediately he always broke out into shouting and cursing, and praying and crying until his Staff felt so ashamed of him and themselves that they didn't know which way to look. There's never any knowing what a man like that will do. He's as likely as not to want to preach a sermon in St. Sophia, or to ride his horse up the steps of the Palace.

Enver. These are certainly faults, but they are the faults of an enthusiastic nature.

The Sultan. Well, I don't like that kind of enthusiastic nature. I prefer something quieter. Besides, I am told that his behaviour in the house and his table-manners are dreadful. He's quite capable, if he doesn't like a dish, of throwing it at the attendants. Then he gets so angry when people don't agree with him; the least contradiction makes him purple, absolutely purple, with passion. My dear ENVER, you would have to pretend you knew nothing about Turkey when you talked with him—at any rate nothing in comparison with his knowledge—and I'm sure you wouldn't like that; nobody would. No, I can't say the prospect of having him here as my guest allures me, but of course, if you say it *must* be done, I'm ready to sacrifice myself. Only I warn you it will spoil everything for me to have him here prancing about in a Turkish uniform.

Enver. I didn't know your Majesty's feelings were so strong on the subject. Perhaps it will not, after all, be necessary. I will see what can be done.

The Sultan. Yes, do, there's a good fellow. If I had to entertain that man for a week I should suffer from indigestion for the rest of my life.

Enver. If possible we will see that your Majesty is spared such an affliction. With your Majesty's leave I will now withdraw.

The Sultan. Do by all means. No—stop; you haven't given me any of the War news. I keep on asking for it, but nobody pays any attention to my requests. Honestly, I don't see much use in being a Sultan if one can't get anyone to do what one asks.

Enver. Oh, you want to hear some War news, do you? Well, I may as well tell you now as later. Baghdad's gone.

The Sultan. What—captured?

Enver. Yes, the infernal English have got it.

The Sultan. I knew it was bound to happen. I told you so only last Tuesday—at least, if it wasn't you it was somebody else. "Baghdad," I said, "is sure to be captured. The English are in great force, and if we don't watch it carefully they're sure to snatch it from us." That's what I said; but you wouldn't have it. You were all so cock-sure, and now where are you?

Enver. Who can fight against treachery?

The Sultan. Treachery? It's simply stupidity and incompetence. You and your KAISER keep patting one another on the back, and then one fine morning you wake up and discover that Baghdad has fallen. ENVER, you'll find it rather difficult to explain this to the people. They know my advice hasn't counted for anything in this; they'll put it all down to you; and you can't murder them all, as you murdered poor old NAZIM.

Enver. Silence, or——

The Sultan. Yes, I know, but I will not keep silence. Rather, I will ask again, why have you sent my best regiments to help the Austrians and Germans on their own fronts? Even I could have managed better than that. And why are we fighting in this War at all? Answer me that.

Enver. We fight for the greatness of Turkey.

The Sultan. Well, we don't seem very successful. It was a good deal bigger before we lost Erzerum and Baghdad . . .

(*Left wrangling.*)

Conscience-Money?

"The Commissioners of Inland Revenue acknowledge the receipt of first half of £100 note from 'Berlin.'"—*Daily Paper.*

"Half-a-dozen deer escaped from Hatfield Park some weeks ago through a gate having been carelessly left open. A wholesale clearance of vegetables followed in the district, and the damage was so serious that, with the Marquis of Salisbury's approval, shooting parties of farmers went out, and the raiders have now been run to earth."
Manchester Paper.

It looks as if they were only rabbits, after all.

AT THE PLAY.

"REMNANT."

I WISH now that I had not been compelled to postpone my visit to the Royalty, for I think the fall of Baghdad must have put me a bit above myself. Anyhow, I was less moved than usual by the triumph of virtue and the downing of vice; and permitted myself to wonder how a play like *Remnant* ever found its way into the Royalty (of all theatres), and what Mr. DENNIS EADIE (of all actors) was doing in this galley, this melted-butter boat. And indeed there were moments when I could see that Mr. EADIE himself shared my wonder, if I rightly interpreted certain signs of indifference and detachment in his performance. I even suspected a sinister intention in the title, though, of course, Messrs. MORTON and NICCODEMI didn't really get their play off in the course of a bargain sale of superannuated goods.

Apart from the Second Act, where Miss MARIE LÖHR (looking rather like a nice Dutch doll) delivered the blunt gaucheries of *Remnant* with a delightfully stolid naïveté, the design of the play and its simple little devices might almost have been the work of amateurs. The sordid quarrels between *Tony* and his preposterous mistress (whom I took to be a model, till I found that he was only an artist in steam locomotives) were extraordinarily lacking in subtlety. In all this Bohemian business one looked in vain for a touch of the art of MURGER. What would one not have given for something even distantly reminiscent of the *Juliet* scene—"*et le pigeon chantait toujours*"! And it wasn't as if this was supposed to be a sham Americanised *quartier* of to-day. We were in the true period—under LOUIS PHILIPPE. Indeed I know no other reason (costumes always excepted) why the scene was the Paris of 1840. For the purposes of the play *Tony* might just as well have been a British designer of tanks (London, 1916). Nor was there anything even



REMNANT BARGAIN DAY.

Tony . . . . . MR. DENNIS EADIE.
"Remnant" . . . . MISS MARIE LÖHR.

conventionally French about the girl *Remnant*, who might have been born next-door to Bow Bells.

Miss MARIE LÖHR was the life and soul of the party. Her true comedy manner, when she was serious, was always fascinating. She said with great discretion her little Barriesque piece about the desirability of babies, and she did all she knew to keep the sentiment from being too sickly-sweet. Here she had strong assistance from Mr. EADIE as her lover *Tony*; for, though he got a fine flash out of the green eye of jealousy when he suspected his patron, *Jules*, of jumping his love-claim, it was obvious



THE TAILOR WHO DID NOT NEED TO PRESS HIS SUIT.

Sir Dennys Broughton . . . . . MR. NORMAN MCKINNEL.
Lady Broughton . . . . . MISS LILIAN BRAITHWAITE.
Edward Smith (tailor). . . . . MR. GEORGE TULLY.

at the end that the success of his professional ambitions was far more to him than any affair of the heart. And, after all, when *Remnant* complained of a curious *bourdonnement* in her ears, and *Tony* had to reply solemnly, "That which you hear is the beating of your heart to the music of your soul," you could hardly expect a man with Mr. EADIE's sense of humour to throw much conviction into the statement.

Mr. C. M. LOWNE was a very passable *beau*, and made love to *Remnant* with that rich fruitiness of voice of which he is a past master. It was her business (as she explained to *Tony* when he surprised their two faces within kissing distance of each other) to keep *Jules* in good humour since *Tony's* chances depended upon his patronage. But it couldn't have helped much to tell *Jules* with such appalling candour that the shiver produced by his kiss was the same kind as she had once felt when a rat ran over her face during sleep. However, *Jules* was not a *beau* for nothing and could afford this exceptional set-back to one of his many amours. There was, by the way, an excellent little comedy scene between him and his wife, played by Miss MURIEL POPE with a quiet humour as piquant as her gown.

As *Manon*, the querulous termagant that *Tony* had taken for mistress, Miss HILDA MOORE was not very kindly served by her part—so rudimentary that its highest flight was achieved when, with a Parthian shot, she referred to *Tony* as a geni-ass.

I will not forecast a limited success for this play, for who would dare to say that there is not always room in the broad British bosom for yet another triumph of sentiment over ideas—I speak of the play itself and not of the performance? If only for Miss LÖHR's sake I could wish that the best of fortune may attend it; for to have worn her hair as she did in the Second Act, out of regard for the period, was a sacrifice as fine as any that women have shown in the course of Armageddon (if I may judge of them by their portraits in the Photographic Press), and she ought to have her reward, bless her heart!

O. S.

"GENERAL POST."

IT would be easy to make fun of the exaggerations and ultra-simplifications of Mr. TERRY's new comedy. It is much pleasanter (and juster) to dwell on its wholesomeness, its easy humour and its effect of honest entertainment. Not a highbrow adventure, it is not to be judged by highbrow standards. It is decently in key, and an exceptionally clever cast carried it adroitly over any rough places. Remarkable, too, as almost the first popular testimonial since the War began to the too-much-taken-for-granted Territorials, who worked in the old days while we scoffed and golfed. That's all to the good.

Our author's hero is an excellent provincial tailor, who is also keen *Captain Smith* in the Sheffingham Terriers. As tailor his chief customer, as soldier his contemptuous scandalised critic, is *Sir Dennys Broughton*, whose wayward flapper daughter *Betty* is in the early fierce stages of revolt against the stuffiness of life at Grange Court, meets *Smith* over some boys' club work, and, finding brains and dreams in him (a formidable contrast to her loafing brother), falls into passionate first-love. *Smith* is just as badly if more soberly hit, and recognising the impossibility of the situation (quite apart from demonstrations by the alarmed *Broughtons*) decides to take his tape and shears to his London house of business. The date of all this being about the time of the misguided *Panther's* fateful leap on Agadir.

Act II. brings us to the second year of the War. Young *Broughton*, puppy no longer, is gloriously in it, and has just been gazetted to a Territorial regiment whose Colonel bears the not uncommon name of Smith. Our tailor, of course, and a rattling fine soldier too. Having discovered this latter fact and also formed a remarkably cordial relationship apparently in a single day, the enthusiastic cub subaltern (distemper and snobbishness over and done with) motors up his C.O., who is visiting his brother and partner, and brings him in to Grange Court on the way. *Sir Dennys*, now a brassarded private and otherwise a converted man, is still confoundedly embarrassed, and stands anything but easy in the presence of his youngster's Colonel. *Lady Broughton*, least malleable of the group, is frankly appalled by this new *mésalliance*. Perhaps Mr. TERRY's version of blue-blooded insolence and fatuity is for his stage purpose rather crudely coloured, but who shall say



Ethel (playing at grown-ups). "IS YOUR HUSBAND IN THE WAR, MRS. BROWN?" *Mabel.* "OH YES, OF COURSE, MRS. SMITH."
Ethel. "IS HE IN FRANCE?" *Mabel.* "NO, HE'S IN THE WAR LOAN."

that the doctrine that a man in khaki who has been an elementary schoolmaster or a tailor is a man for a' that, is quite universally accepted in the best circles even in this year of grace? *Betty*, now a grown girl in the cynical stage, revenges herself with feline savagery on the knight of the shears for the imagined slight of his defection.

Act III. is dated 19? just after peace is declared. The tailor is not (as I half expected) back in his shop, but a *Brigadier-General Smith, V.C.*, is being invested with the freedom of Sheffingham and is making a spirited attack on the defences of *Betty*. She puts up enough of a fight to ensure a good Third Act, and capitulates charmingly to the delight, now, of all the *Broughton* household—butler included. I hope Mr. TERRY is right and that the places taken in this great war game of *General Post* and the values registered will have permanence.

I won't deny that the excellent moral of the play goes far to disarm one's critical faculty. Why not confess that one lost one's heart to the nicest tailor since *Evan Harrington*? Indeed, Mr. TULLY (always, I find, quite admirable in characterisation, and that no mere matter of outward trick, but duly charged with feeling) made just such a decent, lovable, sideless officer as it has been the pride of the nation of shopkeepers to produce in the day of challenge. Whoever was it dared cast Mr. MCKINNEL for the part of a weak kindly old ass of a baronet, without any ruggedness or violence in his composition? Congratulations to the unknown perspicacious hero and to Mr. MCKINNEL! Miss MADGE TITHERADGE flapped prettily as a flapper; bit cleanly and cruelly in her biting mood; surrendered most engagingly. This is less than justice. She used her queer caressing voice and her reserves of emotional power to fine effect. Miss LILIAN BRAITHWAITE made her *Lady Broughton* nearly credible and less "unsympathetic" than was just. Mr. DANIELL is new to me. He played one of those difficult foil parts with a really nice discretion.

The audience was genuinely pleased. It dragged from the author a becomingly modest acknowledgment. He *did* owe a great deal to his players, but a writer of stage plays need not be ashamed of that. T.

THE PLOT PRECAUTIONARY.

(*The KAISER addresses his Transatlantic Faithful.*)

YE stalwart Huns and strident,
Who can't come home again,
Because base Albion's trident,
Though largely on the wane,
Still occupies successfully the surface of the main;

Give ear, my gallant fellows,
While I the truth declare;
Britain's expiring bellows
Will shortly rend the air;
Wiping the earth up then will be a simplified affair.

But, while at home our Hunnish
Valour obtains the day,
It must be yours to punish
The craven U.S.A.,
Debouching on them unawares from Sinaloa way.

I make the rough suggestion,
And it shall be your care
To solve the minor question
Of how and when and where,
Aided by Gen. CARRANZA, the party with the hair.

Some pesos and centavos
He will of course demand
Before he leads his bravos
Across the Rio Grande;
Offer the fellow all he wants—in German notes of hand.

Meanwhile the Hyphenated,
Busy with bomb and knife,
Will likewise hand the hated
Gringos a taste of strife,
Starting with Colonel ROOSEVELT and the Editor of *Life*.

These are, in brief, the vistas
That swim before my ken;
So tell the Carranzistas
To up and act like men;
And say the money 's coming on, but do not mention when.

Bid them with sword and fire wreck
The pale Pacific West;
And tell SYLVESTER VIERECK
And BARTHOLDT and the rest
To call the Lagerbund to arms and jump on WILSON'S chest.

There 'll be some opposition—
That I can quite foresee;
But bear in mind your mission
Must primarily be
To keep the swine-dog Yankees from jumping on to *me!*

ALGOL.

Our Commercial Stylists.

"——, SONS & CO., LTD.,

ARE SHOWING A DELIGHTFUL RANGE OF CORSETS, EMBRACING THE MOST APPROVED MODELS."
Glasgow Herald.

"Dover: Gas up 5d. a 1,000.
Tunbridge Wells: Gas up 3d. a 1,000.
Lord Selborne is up again, after a chill."
Evening News.

Good, but how much?

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

The Snare (SECKER) impressed me as a tale emphatically prededicate to the footlights. Actually, by the way, Mr. RAFAEL SABATINI has dedicated it "to LEON M. LEON, who told me this story"—which, of course, only strengthens my belief. Anyhow, it has every mark of the romantic drama—a picturesque setting, that of the Peninsular War, rich in possibilities for the scenic and sartorial arts; and a strongly emotional plot, leading up to a situation that could be relied upon to bring down the house. I shall, of course, not tell you the plot. It contains a jealous husband, an injudicious wife, a hero and heroine, a villain (of foreign extraction) and a god in the machine, who is none other than our IRON DUKE himself. And the situation in the last Act offers as pretty a piece of table-turning as any audience need desire. I wish I could explain how the DUKE plays with his enemies, and finally—but no, I said I wouldn't, and I will keep my word. Two little carpings, however. Surely it is wrong to speak of "catch half-penny" journalism in the time of WELLINGTON. My impression is that the journalists of those days caught at least fourpence by their wares. And I confess to an emotion of disappointment when the heroine bounced up at the court-martial and said that the hero couldn't have committed the murder because he was "in her arms" at the time. Of course he hadn't been; and I very much doubt whether any Court would have believed her for two minutes. But leading ladies love saying it, so I suppose the very out-worn device will have to be retained in the stage version. I look forward to this with much pleasure.

That clever lady, ELINOR MORDAUNT, has collected into the volume that she calls *Before Midnight* (CASSELL) a series of short stories of a psychic (though not always ghostly) character, which, while not very eerie, or on the same high level, are at their best both original and impressive. The first of them, which affords excuse for a highly-intriguing cover-picture, is at once the most spooksome and the least satisfactory. That is to say that, though it opens with a genuine and quite horrible thrill, the "explanation" is obscure and tame. Far more successful, to my mind, is "The Vision," a delicate little idyll of a Midland schoolmarm, to whom is shown the death of Adonis and the lamenting of his goddess-lover. The writing of this touches real beauty (the high-fantastic, instead of the merely high-falutin', which in such connection would have been so fatally easy). To sum up, though one at least of these "dreams before midnight" may quite possibly become a nightmare after it, I fancy that, to all lovers of the occult, the game will be found well worth the bed-room candle.

There are qualities in *The Bird of Life*, by GERTRUDE VAUGHAN (CHAPMAN AND HALL), which cause me to look forward to this lady's future work with very considerable interest. In the present novel she sets out the life story of *Rachel* up to a point boldly given as being beyond the conclusion of the War, in which, by the way, both her husband and the man whom she ought to have married are killed on the same day. The first eighty-four pages of the book raised my hopes very high. They describe with great simplicity and sympathy the thoughts and feelings, the romances and difficulties, of an affectionate and lonely little girl living with her *Uncle Matthew* and her *Aunt Elisabeth*, and loving them both with a childlike fervour. There is no exaggeration; the writing goes true to its mark, and the effect designed by the writer is admirably well made. Then *Uncle Matthew* dies and *Rachel* finds a new home in the Vicarage of *Mr. Venning*, a family man if ever there was one, for he has fifteen children. From this point the interest is slightly diluted, and the excellence of the book diminishes. One does not recognise in the more mature *Rachel* the girl one had expected to find after one's initiation into the secrets of her baby mind. She marries *Edward Venning*, and finds too late that he is, like his father, made up of convention and narrowness. She plans a disappearance, and leaves some of her belongings on the edge of a bottomless tarn. Then, being hypothetically dead, she begins to live her life in her own way. Later on she returns to *Edward*, "on approval for six months"; but this period was apparently not sufficient to break the chain that bound her to Another, and, the War intervening, she is left almost doubly widowed. I feel that I have not quite done justice to Miss VAUGHAN'S book, but, on the other hand, I am sure that she has not quite done justice to her unquestionable talent.

A volume entitled *Friends of France: The Field Service of the American Ambulance* (SMITH, ELDER) has appeared in a happy hour to remind one, if that were necessary, that in the great nation that awaits Mr. WILSON'S call there have always been found some eager to give their services and, if need be, life itself to prove their love for the other great Republic. I don't think either you or I will grudge such an affection at this date, founded historically though it may be on a mutual dislike of ourselves, and consequently it is a very pleasant impression that is produced by this record of American efficiency and courage in Red Cross work on the French front. This being clearly remembered one need not be afraid to admit that in detail the book will be of interest mainly to the friends of those concerned, since the method of multiple authorship adopted necessarily involves overlapping, and a good deal of the volume is given up to monotonous, though undoubtedly well-earned, "tributes and citations" from the French authorities. Neither is the bulk of the matter, most generously illustrated though it is, particularly intriguing, for by now one is sufficiently familiar with accounts of the removal of wounded under fire and the sort of work at which these four hundred American University men proved themselves so adept at half-a-dozen points between Flanders and Alsace. Americans, long at odds with "ruthlessness" (and at last forced to the inevitable logical conclusion in regard to it), may well be glad to be able to point, amongst other creditable things, to this history of service given without hesitation in acknowledgment of their debt to the civilisation of the Old World; and we also shall be no less glad to remember it.



Sympathetic Newsboy (to proprietor of Coffee Stall). "WOT YER TRYIN' TO DO WIV THE OLD 'OTEL, GUVNER? TAKIN' IT 'OME FOR FEAR OF 'AVIN' IT COMMANDEERED?"

It is perhaps natural that in *Winnowed Memories* (CASSELL), by Field-Marshal Sir EVELYN WOOD, V.C., one should look at first to see what references they contain to modern events. On these matters, as on all others covered by this volume, we are told nothing that is not invigorating and to the point, and the tributes here paid to the fighting qualities of our armies of to-day form a fitting conclusion to a book that is full of sound sense and good cheer. Sir EVELYN has had a vast experience and enjoys an evergreen vigour. What is rarer still, he has a kindly nature that admits no trace of the disappointments he must from time to time have suffered. As everyone knows, he was always an advocate of Compulsory Universal Service for Home Defence, but he casts no stone at those who so long and parlously delayed to learn their lesson. Like the true soldier that he is, he seems to have no time or taste for those recriminations which are best left to small political fry. And I rejoice that in a book of such authority the note is largely one of happiness and hope.

"Owing to congestion on the railways there is a food shortage in Petrograd, which has led some of the less irresponsible citizens to demonstrate during the session of the Council of the Empire and the Duma."—*Daily Sketch.*

Subsequent news shows that "less irresponsible" was not a misprint but a prophecy.

"It is claimed that about thirty Merman firms construct the Diesel motors originally used for submarines."—*Daily Telegraph.*

We wish these motors a speedy return to the fishy scenes of their origin.

"Several eligible sites for workmen's dwellings, of which some 300 are needed, have been selected by the Southport Town Planning Committee."—*Daily Paper.*

They must not be confused with "the rude forefathers of the hamlet" mentioned by GRAY.

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Torpedoed mine-sweeper (to his pal). "AS I WAS A-SAYIN', BOB, WHEN WE WAS INTERRUPTED, IT'S MY BELIEF AS 'OW THE SUBMARINE BLOKES AIN'T ON 'ARF AS RISKY A JOB AS THE BOYS IN THE AIRY-O-PLANES."

CHARIVARIA.

CHARGED at Kingston with being an absentee from military service, a man of retiring habits stated that he did not know the country was at war. When told that we were fighting the Germans he was greatly interested.

***

The Hamburg hotel-keepers have decided to abolish the practice of charging more for food in cases where wine or beer are not consumed. The reason given—that there was no wine or beer to be consumed—is so trivial that a deeper motive may well be suspected.

***

"That is how we lawyers live, because laymen have such queer ideas," said Judge CLUER in a recent case. Nevertheless, the view that lawyers shouldn't be allowed to live is not without its ardent supporters.

***

The Manchester Guardian has issued an "Empire number." It is pleasant to know that all differences between the Empire and our contemporary, due to the former's ill-advised participation in the War, have been satisfactorily adjusted.

***

Events have happened so swiftly of late that up to the time of going to press a contemporary had not decided who should be "*The Man who Dined with the Tsar.*"

***

Virginia-creepers are recommended by a contemporary as a "tasty vegetable." In one large house where the experiment was tried they were pronounced to be quite all right on the second floor, but rather tough in the basement.

***

The businesses of Southgate men called to the colours are being conducted by a committee. Small sons of these absent fathers are going very warily until they have ascertained exactly how far the powers of the committee extend.

***

Writing on the German retreat Major MORAHT says: "Only a personality like that of Marshal von Hindenburg could give proofs of so great an initiative." Possibly he has never heard of the Dukes of York and Plaza Toro.

***

A boy of eleven charged with the theft of clothes is said to have stolen the notebook of the policeman who arrested him. His first idea was to pinch his captor's whistle, but he rejected this plan on finding that the policeman was attached to it.

***

Russian soldiers under the new *régime* will be allowed to smoke in the streets, travel inside trains, visit clubs and attend political meetings. There is a very strong rumour that they will also be allowed to go on fighting.

***

A ten-months-old boy at Prescot, Lancashire, has been called up for military service. It is, however, authoritatively stated that this is merely a precautionary measure on the part of the War Office, and will not necessarily apply to other men in the same class.

***

A Bromley gentleman is advertising for a chauffeur "to drive Ford car out of cab-yard." Kindness is a great thing in cases of this sort, and we suggest trying to entice it out with a piece of cheese.

***

"You have lost the privilege of serving on the last grand jury during the War," said the judge at the London Sessions last week to a shipowner who arrived at the court late. We understand that the poor fellow broke down and sobbed bitterly.

***

Nearly every Russian newspaper contains congratulatory references to Free Russia, and poets are busy composing verses on the same theme. It is this latter item which is said to be keeping the Germans from having a similar revolution.

***

We understand that the new "No Smoking near Magazines" enactment is profoundly resented in editorial circles.

***

To fill the gap which will be left in the ranks of Parliamentary humorists by the retirement of Mr. JOSEPH KING, M.P., who has decided not to seek re-election, the Variety Artistes Federation have nominated a candidate for the Brixton Division.

***

"On whatever day you sow your wheat," says Miss MARIE CORELLI, "you cannot stop its growing on Sundays." Mr. HALL CAINE has not yet spoken on this point, and his silence is regarded as significant.

***

Incidentally we are not so sure that you cannot stop wheat growing on Sundays. There is good precedent for plucking its ears on the Sabbath, and that ought to stop it.

***

The KAISER, it appears, is much annoyed at the CROWN PRINCE and the way he has mismanaged so many brilliant opportunities. It is even suggested in some quarters that the KAISER has threatened, if LITTLE WILLIE does not improve, to abdicate in his favour.

***

A respectably dressed man was recently arrested for behaving in a strange manner in Downing Street. Others have done the same thing before now, but have escaped the notice of the police by doing it indoors.

***

With reference to the taxi-cab which stopped in the Strand the other day when hailed by a pedestrian, a satisfactory explanation is to hand. It had broken down.



Overheard by a distinguished singer, who has just concluded the first of two Scotch ballads.
Jock (to his neighbour). "A FINE VOICE, YON LASSIE. I'VE HEARD WORSE AN' PAID FOR IT."

TO PARIS BY THE "HINDENBURG LINE."

A TEUTON TRIBUTE TO THE ORGANISER OF VICTORY.

THAT man at dawn should certainly be shot
For being such a liar,
Who says that you, my HINDENBURG, are not
As high as our All-Highest, mate of GOTT
(Or even slightly higher).

Stout thruster, in the push you have no peer,
Yet more supremely brilliant
This crowning stroke of progress toward the rear,
This strong recoil from which with heartened cheer
We hope to bound resilient.

Lo! the creative spirit's vital spark!
None but a genius, we say,
Would make his onset backward in the dark
Or choose this route for getting at the Arc
De Triomphe (Champs Elysées).

Nor to your care for detail are we blind;
Your handiwork we view in
The reeking waste our warriors leave behind;
We read the motions of a master-mind
In that red trail of ruin.

And not alone by yonder blackened beams,
By garth and homestead burning,
You put the sanguine enemy off your schemes,
Who gaily follows up and never dreams
That we 'll be soon returning;

But by these speaking signs of godly hate,
This ruthless ravage (*prosit!*),
You teach a barbarous world how truly great
Our German Gospel, and how grim the fate
Of people who oppose it!

Then praised be Heaven because we cannot fail
With HINDENBURG to boss us;
And for each hearth stript naked to the gale
Let grateful homage plug another nail
In your superb colossus.

O. S.

RATIONS.

As I said to John, I can bear anger and sarcasm—but contempt, not. Binny and Joe are our cats, and the most pampered of pets. Every day, when our meals were served, there was spread upon the carpet a newspaper, on which Binny and Joe would trample, clamouring, until a plate containing their substantial portion was laid down: after which we were free to proceed with our own meal.

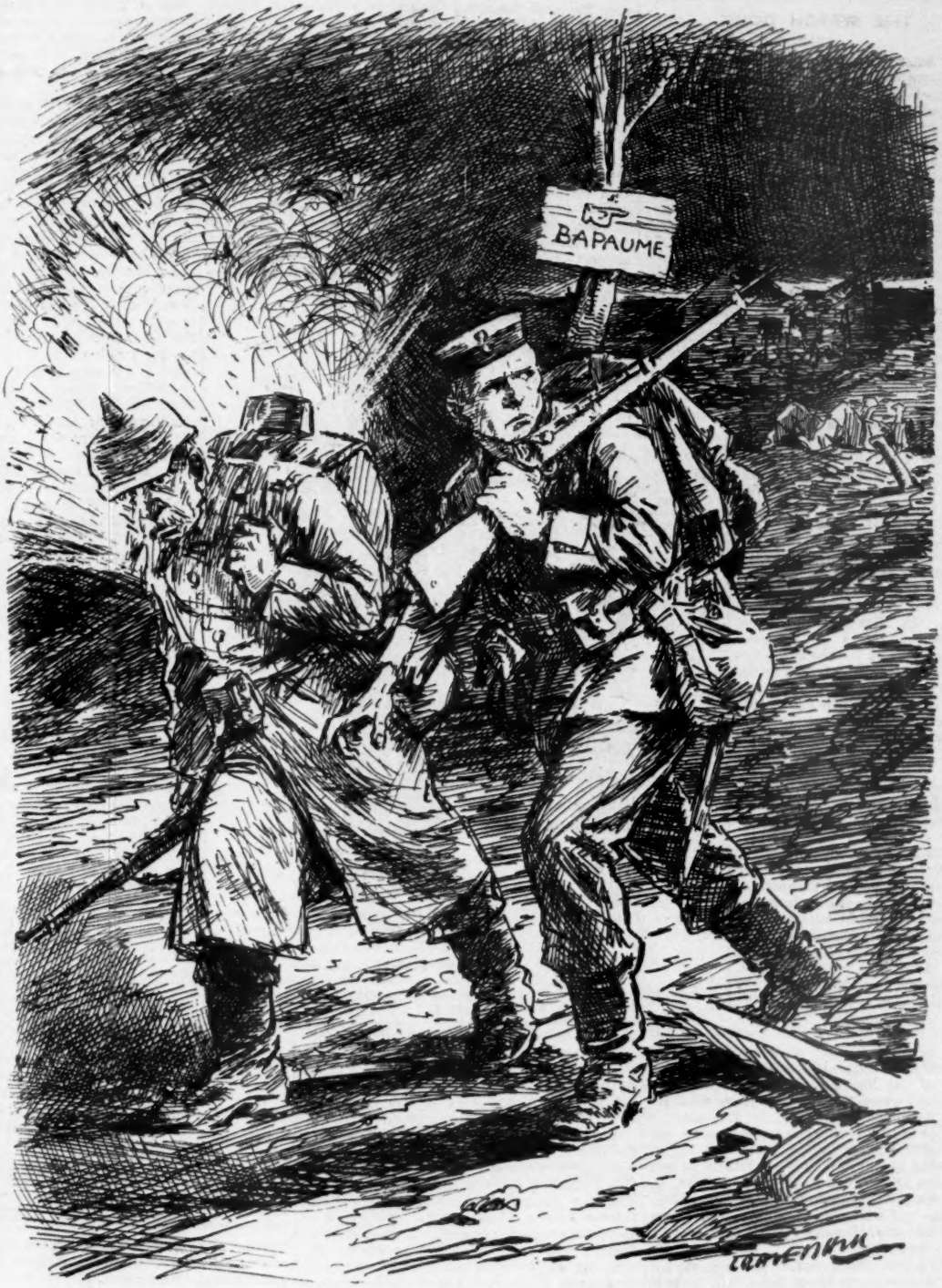
Then came the paralysing shock of Lord DEVONPORT's ration announcement, in which no mention is made of cats. Binny and Joe looked at one another in consternation over their porridge as I read aloud his statement from the newspaper at breakfast.

When I came in to luncheon I had a letter in my hand and accidentally dropped the envelope. Paper of any kind upon the carpet is associated in Binny's mind with the advent of food. Straightway he thudded from his arm-chair and sat down upon the envelope. You will notice that I speak above of Binny and Joe. I do so instinctively, because, though Binny is only half Joe's age of one year, somehow he always occurs everywhere before Joe. Joe was lying on the same arm-chair, and the same idea struck him too; but Binny got there first and continued sitting on the envelope, until, for very shame, I asked Ann, the maid, to spread a newspaper and try them with potato and gravy. They looked at it and then at me, and then, without tasting, walked off and began their usual after-luncheon ablutions of mouth, face and paws. But, as I have said, I can endure sarcasm.

The next day, just before luncheon, a mass of sparrow feathers was found on the hall-mat. The second day there were feathers of a blackbird. And the third day, when I came down to breakfast, I found a few thrush feathers carelessly left under the breakfast-room table. I began to search my mind, anxiously wondering whether any of my near neighbours kept chickens.

But the matter was settled that night. When the dinner-gong sounded, Binny and Joe rose from their arm-chair, looked at the vegetarian dishes now adorning a board which had been wont to send up savoury meaty steams (fish in these parts has become a rarity almost unprocurable, and we had exhausted our allowance of meat at luncheon, which we had taken at a restaurant), and then, with noses in the air and tails erect, stalked haughtily to the drawing-room, and there remained until dinner was finished.

So now the butcher leaves two pennorth of lights at my door regularly. He assures me that Lord DEVONPORT won't mind as it is not strictly human food.



THE INVADERS.

"I SUPPOSE OLD HINDENBURG KNOWS WHAT HE'S ABOUT?"
"ANYHOW, EVERY STEP TAKES US NEARER THE FATHERLAND."

THE WATCH DOGS.

LVIII.

MY DEAR CHARLES,—Recent events calling for strong comment, I turned to my friend, my brick-red friend who is able to retain his well-fed prosperous look notwithstanding the rigours of trench life, Rrobert James McGrregor. I took a map with me and, calling his attention to the general position, asked him what about it? McGregor, as you may guess, is a Scot, whose national sense of economy seems to have spread to his uniform, in that the cap he wears covers but a third-part of his head, and his tunic (which I ought really not to call a tunic but a service jacket) appears to have exhausted itself and its material at the fourth button. Notwithstanding all this, I attach great weight to his truculent views, and, the better to incite him into something outright, addressed him in my best Scottish, which is, at any rate, as good as his best English. "Rrrrrobert," I said, "what like is the VON HINDENBURG line?" Whereupon McGregor, helping himself to our mess whisky and cursing it as the vilest production of this vile War, spoke out.

McGregor has no respect whatever for HINDENBURG or anything which is his. He says that HINDENBURG and his crew have all along taken the line which any man could, but no gentleman would. In HINDENBURG he sees the personification of Prussian militarism, and for the Prussians and their militarism he has no use whatsoever. I forget what exactly is the Highland phrase for "no use whatsoever," but its meaning is even worse than its sound, and the sound of it alone is terrible to hear. Whatever befalls in the interval, it is certain that when at last McGregor and HINDENBURG meet they will not get on well together.

McGregor hates militarism. It is entirely inconsistent with his wild ideas of liberty. As such he is determined to do it down on all occasions and by every means. Not only is he a Scot, he is also a barrister of the most pronounced type. Brief him in your cause, and provided it is not a mean one he will set out to lay flat the whole earth, if need be, in its defence. He will overwhelm opposing counsel with the mere ferocity of his mien; he will overbear the Judge himself with the mere power of his lungs, and he will carry you through to a verdict with the mere momentum of his loyal support. Once he has made a cause his own, no other cause can survive the terror of his bushy eyebrows and his flaring face. He is a caged lion, but he does not grow thin or wasted in captivity. As ever, he grows stout and strong on his own enthusiasms. The cage will not hold much longer. Heaven be praised, it's HINDENBURG and not me he's taken a dislike to.

He loathes militarism. Having waited nearly thirty years for a fight, it's himself is overjoyed that he has Prussian militarism for the victim of his murderous designs. To this end he has become a soldier, such a bloodthirsty soldier as never was before and never will be again. The thoroughness of it, for an anti-militarist, is almost appalling. The click of his heels and the shine of his buttons frighten me. His salute is such that even the most deserving General must pause and ask himself if it is humanly possible to merit such respect as it indicates. No man, even upon the most legitimate instance, may venture, in the presence of the dangerous McGregor, the slightest criticism of the British Army or of anything remotely appertaining thereto. He will not even permit a sly dig, in a quiet corner, at the Staff.

Nevertheless McGregor hates, loathes and detests militarism. His convictions are quite clear and convincing. Soldiers are one thing; militarists are another. Rrobert James McGrregor, for the moment at least, is by the grace of God and the generosity of His Majesty a soldier. That creature HINDENBURG is a militarist. Quite so, I agreed; but then what about the line? He helped himself to some more whisky, showing that he could forgive anybody anything except a Prussian his militarism, and said he was coming to that. But first as to HINDENBURG.



McTavish (purchasing paper of posterless newsboy). "AWEEL, IT'S A 'PIG IN A POKE,' BUT AH'LL RISK IT."

The man represents his type and is, says McGregor, a mere bully. He has become a bully because he could succeed as nothing else. Given peace, it is doubtful if he could get and keep the job of errand-boy in a second-rate butcher's shop. Lacking the intelligence or spirit to succeed normally, he has not the decency to live quietly in the cheaper suburbs of Berlin and let other people do it. Flourish they must, HINDENBURG and his lot, and so the world is at war to keep their end up.

Now, says McGregor, it is undoubtedly sinful to fight, but he can't help half forgiving those whose desire to have a round is such that they must needs cause the bothers. But do I suppose that HINDENBURG ever wanted to fight, ever meant or ever means to do it? Not he; and that is why the War goes on and on and on. We've got to work through all the other Germans, says he, before we'll get to their militarists, who are all alive and doing nicely, thank you, behind. When we are getting near the throat of the first of them then the War will end.

McGregor cannot bring himself to detest all the Bosches. After all, he says, they do stick it out, and their very stupidity makes some call on his generosity. But HINDENBURG, he is convinced, never stuck anything out, except snubs from his competitor, WILHELM, in the course of his uprising career; he makes no call on anybody's generosity, taking everything he wants, including (says McGregor) the best cigars. Without ever having studied them closely, McGregor has the most precise ideas of HINDENBURG'S daily life and habits. He is quite sure he smokes all day the most expensive cigars, without paying for them or removing the bands. He rose, says McGregor, by artifice combined with ostentation. While his good soldiers were studying their musketry, he was practising ferocious expressions before his glass. If he ever did get mixed up in a real battle (which McGregor doubts) he was undoubtedly last in and first out. However it may appear in print, his military career would not bear close scrutiny; for that reason McGregor does not propose to scrutinise it. And as for his indomitable will, he sees nothing to admire in the man's persistence, since, when he stops persisting, he'll become ungummed and, at the best, forgotten.

So said McGregor, and when I besought him to come to the point, he said he'd dealt with it, and if I had any sympathy left for HINDENBURG or his line I was no better than a slave-driving, sit-at-home-and-push-others-over-the-parapet Prussian militarist myself. As for the map, it didn't matter in the least where HINDENBURG took his old line to, since wherever in Europe it endeavoured to conceal itself his own little line would scent it out and follow it. And if the HINDENBURG line was more than two hundred miles long and the Rrobert James McGregor line less than two hundred yards, still it didn't matter; for when a Scot takes a dislike to somebody, that somebody's number is up.

McGregor didn't say that last, but he looked it.

Yours ever, HENRY.

"Frightfulness" in England.

"Boys wanted for Kicking.—Stamping Works."
Midland Evening News.

"'THE MAGIC FLUTE.'
One ingenious commentator has suggested that the opera has some basis in 'A Midsummer Night's Dream.' Sarastro is Prospero, Pamina Miranda, Tamino Ferdinand, and perhaps Monostatos Caliban."—*Glasgow Herald.*

The fact that these Shakespeare characters all occur in "The Tempest" enhances the ingenuity of the suggestion.

"The biggest fire in living memory occurred in Chapelhall on Monday morning, when the Roman Catholic School was partly destroyed along with the recreation rooms, damage amounting to £2,000."
Scotch Local Paper.

The parish pump was probably out of order when this unparalleled conflagration occurred; but it seems to be at work again now.



"MOTHER, D'YOU KNOW I'VE ALWAYS WONDERED WHAT BECAME OF OLD TOP-HATS."

TO MY GODSON.

(Aged six weeks.)

SMALL bundle, enveloped in laces,
For whom I stood sponsor last week,
When you slept, with the pinkest of faces,
And never emitted a squeak;
Though vain is the task of illuming
The Future's inscrutable scroll,
I cannot refrain from assuming
A semi-prophetical *rôle*.

I predict that in paths Montessorian
Your infantile steps will be led,
And with modes which are Phrygian and Dorian
Your musical appetite fed;
You'll be taught how to dance by a Russian,
"Eurhythmics" you'll learn from a Swiss,
How not to behave like a Prussian—
No teaching is needed for this!

Will you learn Esperanto at Eton?
Or, if Eton by then is suppressed,
Be sent to grow apples or wheat on
A ranche in the ultimate West?
Will you aim at a modern diploma
In civics or commerce or stinks?
Inhale the Wisconsin aroma
Or think as the Humanist thinks?

Will you learn to play tennis from COVEY
Or model your stroke on JAY GOULD?
Will you play the piano like TOVEY
Or by gramophone records be schooled?
Will you golf, or will golfing be banished
To answer the needs of the plough,
And links from the landscape have vanished
To pasture the sheep and the cow?

Your taste in the region of letters
I only can dimly foresee,
But guess that from metrical fetters
The verse you'll affect must be free;
And I shan't be surprised or astounded
If your generation rebels
Against adulation unbounded
Of MASEFIELD and BENNETT and WELLS.

Upholding ancestral tradition
Your uncle has booked you at Lord's,
But I doubt if you'll sate your ambition
Athletic on well-levelled swards;
No, I rather opine that you'll follow
The lead that we owe to the WRIGHTS,
And soar like the eagle or swallow
On far and adventurous flights.

But no matter—in joy and affliction,
In seasons of failure or fame,
I cherish the certain conviction
You'll never dishonour your name;
For the love of the mother that bore you,
The life and the death of your sire
Will shine as a lantern before you,
To guide and exalt and inspire.

Life's Little Ironies.

"Ever-ready Safety Razor, strop, outfit, 12 blades, new; exchange something useful."
The Model Engineer and Electrician.

"The marriage of Captain ——, Grenadier Guards, to Miss —— was a very quiet affair, and not more than a score of people attended the ceremony at St. Andrew's, Wells-street, during the week.
Observer.

Quiet, perhaps, but unusually protracted.

How it Happened.

From a publisher's advt.:—

"NEW NOVELS
THE HISTORY OF AN ATTRACTION
HE LOOKED IN MY WINDOW."

Collectors of coincidences will not fail to notice that what the papers call "The Great Allied Sweep" in France was contemporaneous with the arrival of General SMUTS in England.

CHILDREN'S TALES FOR GROWN-UPS.

IV.

THE HUNGER-STRIKE.

"DID you hear that?" cried the white hen.

"What?" asked all the other hens.

"He called us—cluck-cluck-cluck," said the white hen.

"Why shouldn't he?" asked all the other hens.

"I didn't mean he called us 'cluck-cluck-cluck,'" said the white hen hastily. "I was only choking with rage when I said that. He called us—cluck-cluck-cluck——"

"She's going to lay an egg," said the black hen with interest.

"Poultry!" screamed the white hen suddenly.

"Poultry?" gasped the other hens.

"Poultry!—he called us 'poultry'—oh, cluck-cluck-cluck——"

"Something must be done," said the yellow hen.

"Something must be done," repeated all the hens.

"We must have a hunger-strike till he apologises," said the thin hen importantly.

"But we shall be hungry," cried all the hens.

"That is the essence of a hunger-strike," said the thin hen.

Just then the keeper arrived with food for the fowls.

"We mustn't run to him," they said to one another. "It's a hunger-strike, you know."

Suddenly the fat hen began running to him.

"Come back; it's a hunger-strike, you know!" cried the hens.

"I have an idea," shouted the fat hen as she ran; "the more we eat the longer we shall hold out."

"So we shall," cried all the hens as they scurried after the fat one.



Officer (to applicant for War-work). "WHAT'S YOUR NAME?" *Ex-flapper.* "CISSIE."

THE FAVORITE.

SOME people would die rather than talk aloud in a 'bus; others would rather die than hold their peace there. This second kind is more fun, and four of it made part of my journey the other day from Victoria to Oxford Street (I forget the number of the 'bus, but it goes up Bond Street) much less tedious. They were all young women in the latest teens or the earliest twenties, and all were what is called well-to-do, and they were fluent talkers.

Years ago, when poor LEWIS WALLER was at the height of his fame, we used to hear of a real or fictitious "Waller Club," the members of which were young women who spent as much time as they could in visiting his theatre and rejoicing in the sight of his brave gestures and the sound of his vibrant voice. It was even said that they had a badge by which they could know each other; although on the face of it, judging by what sparse scraps of information concerning the nature of woman I have been able painfully to collect, I should say that segregation would be, in such a case as this, more to their taste.

Be that true or only invented, it is very clear that in spite of the War and its shattering way with so many ancient shibboleths the cult of the actor is still strong; for this is the kind of thing that lasted all the way from Hyde Park Corner to Vere Street:—

"Did you see him the other day in that ballet? Of course I knew he could dance, because he can do everything, but I never thought he was going to be so gloriously graceful as he was."

"But surely you ought to have known. Don't you remember him as the Prince at the LORD MAYOR'S Ball?"

"And what a wonderful figure he has!"

"I couldn't help wishing that he had only stained his legs instead of putting on red tights."

"My dear!!!"

"It's his grace that's the wonderful thing about him, I always think. His ease. He moves so—how shall I put it?—so, well, so easily and gracefully."

"Don't you love him when he stands with his hands in his pockets?"

"My dear, yes. But what a wonderful tailor he goes to. I always used to tell my brother to try and find out where his things were made and go to the same place."

"But of course it's the way clothes are worn much more than the clothes themselves. I mean, some men can never look well dressed, whereas others can look well in anything."

"But he does go to the best tailor, I'm sure."

"How many times have you seen this new piece?"

"Six."

"Only six! I've seen it eleven."

"I've seen it three times."

"I've seen it five times; but one of those doesn't count, because when we got there we found he was ill with chicken-pox. Wasn't that rotten luck?"

"I heard he had been ill, but I didn't know what it was. Was it really chicken-pox?"

"Yes, poor darling."

"Fancy him having a thing like that! I suppose it's part of the price of keeping so young."

"Oh, yes, isn't he young!"

"They say this thing's going to run for years."

"I hope not. I want to see him in something new. It's so wonderful how he's always the same and yet always different."

"I want him to be in every play. I never go to one without thinking how much better he would be than the other leading man."

"I saw that little what's-his-name imitate him the other evening. Really it's rather a shame."

"Yes, I've seen it. I couldn't help laughing, but I hated myself for it. I'm sure, too, he doesn't waggle his head like that."

"No! I couldn't see the point of that at all; but the people shrieked."

"Pooh, they'd laugh at anything."

"What did you like him best of all in?"

"That's difficult. Of course he was priceless as the policeman. But then he was priceless as the American too, in that thing before this."

"Well, I think——"

And so on. Except that I never mention his name, and I have suppressed the titles of the plays, this is practically an exact reproduction of the conversation. Naturally many of the sentences overlapped, for ladies no less than gentlemen often talk at the same time; but otherwise I have reported faithfully.

And who was the subject of these eulogies? You will guess at once when I say that he is probably the only actor in history who is referred to more often by his Christian name only than by his surname or full name. Those young women who adored WALLER spoke of him not as LEWIS, but as LEWIS WALLER; and that is the usual custom. The divine SARAH is perhaps the only other histrion, and she is a woman, who may be spoken of simply as SARAH, with no risk of ambiguity. Ordinarily, as I say, we use either the surname only or the surname and Christian name combined, as ELLEN TERRY, VIOLET LORAINE, GEORGE GRAVES, GEORGE ROBEY, LESLIE HENSON, NELSON KEYS. But these four devotees referred to their hero always as GERALD: just GERALD.

Mr. Punch's



Navy Pages



Gallant Major (temporarily in the care of H.M.'s Navy). "ANOTHER ONE OF THAT SORT AND—I SHALL DO AS I LIKE."



Survivor from U-Boat. "KAMERAD! KAMERAD! IF I VOS ON LAND I VOS HOLD UP MEIN HANDS!"
Ordinary Seaman. "WELL, YOUR FEET 'LL DO INSTEAD."



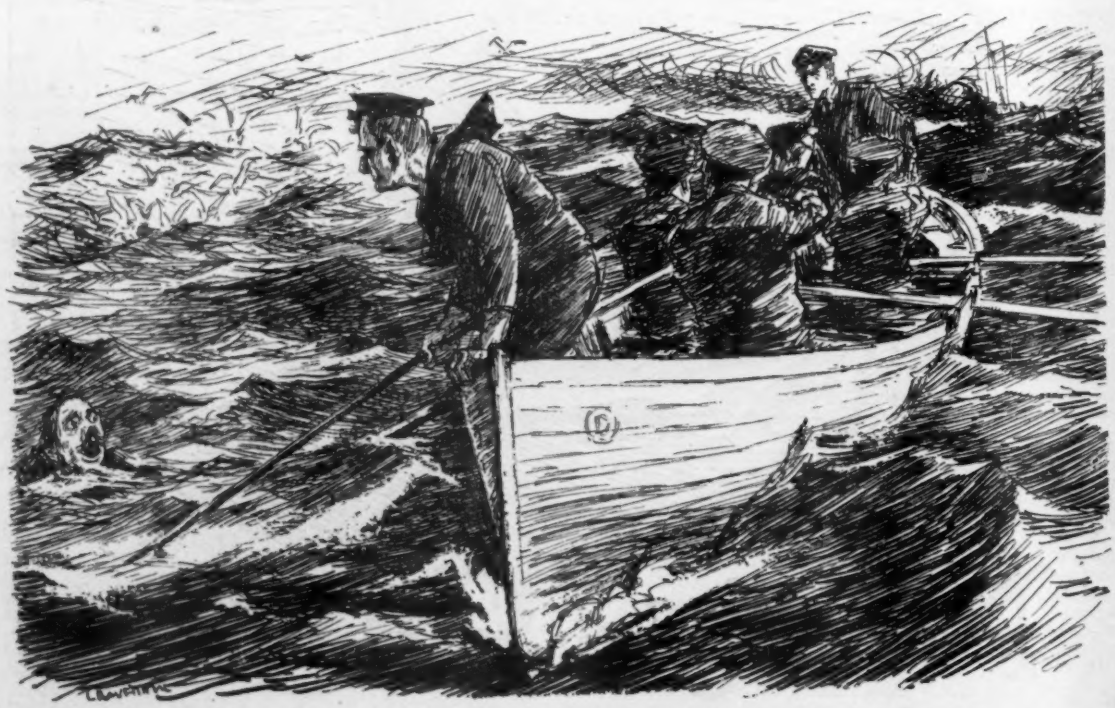
A.B. "GIVE US YER KNIFE." *Boy.* "AIN'T GOT IT."
A.B. (*with bitter scorn of non-essentials*). "GOT YER WRIST-WATCH ALL RIGHT, I S'POSE?"



Apollo. "I NEVER SAID NOTHING TO 'ER—DID I?"
Neptune. "NO. BUT YOU WAS TRYIN' ON ONE OF YER FASCINATIN' LOOKS."



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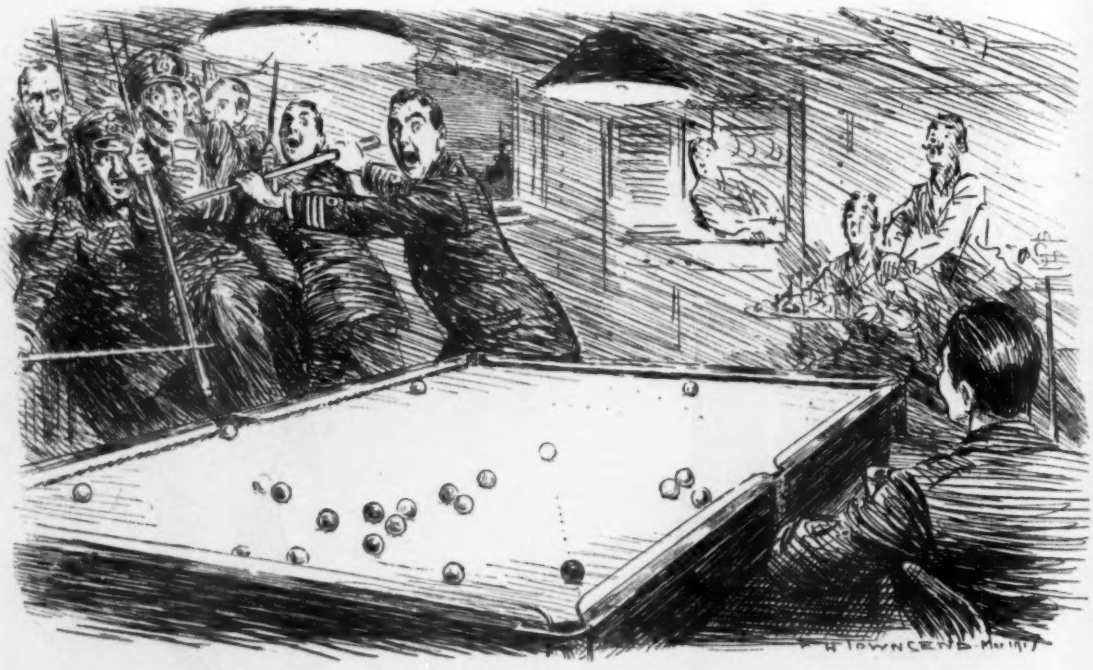


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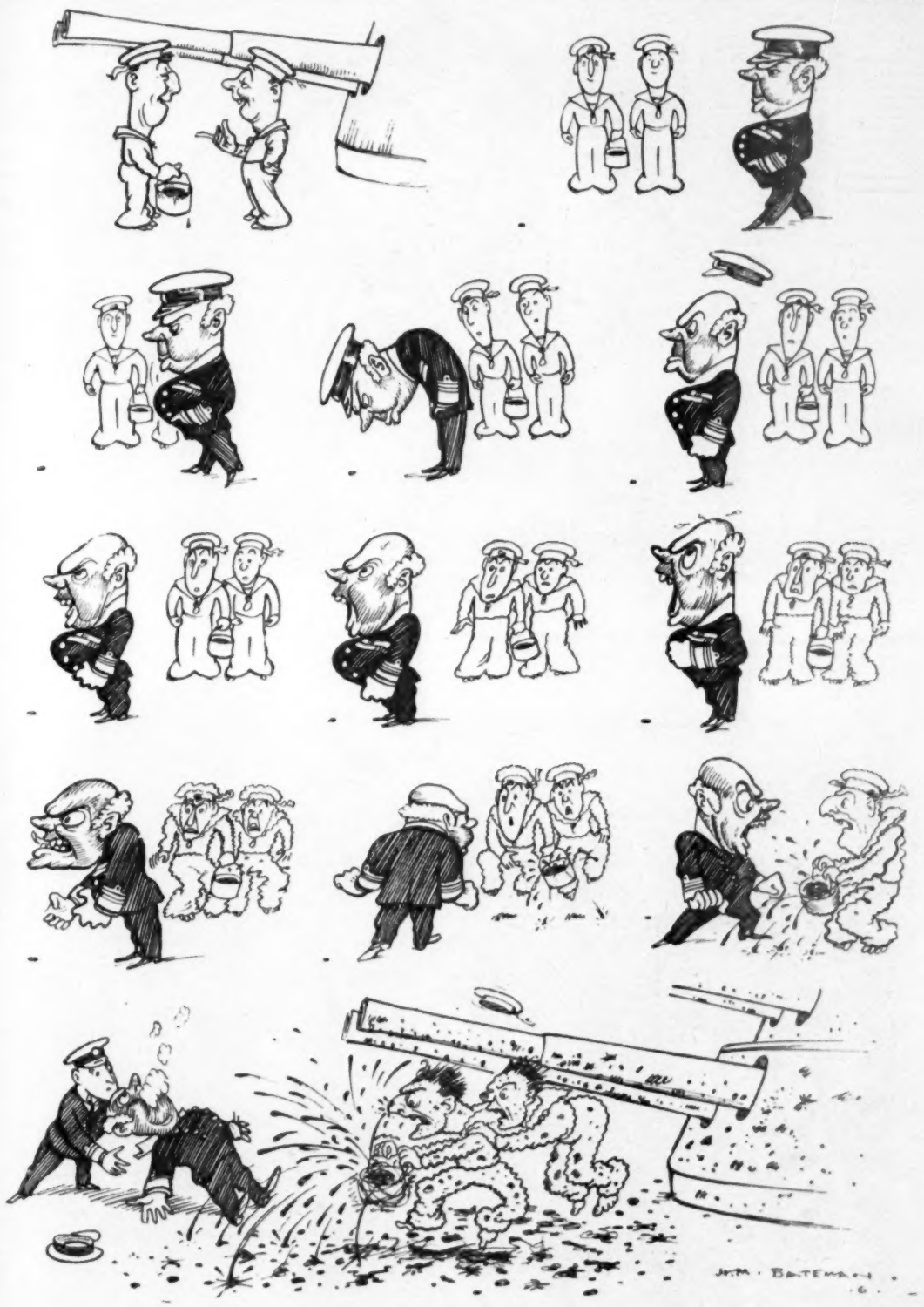
ECHOES FROM JUTLAND.

Wine Steward (acting as one of Ammunition Supply Party). "WILL YOU TAKE LYDDITE OR SHRAPNEL, SIR?"



SNOOKER POOL AFLOAT.

Commander (as the black he has tried to pot threatens to touch the port cushion). "LIST HER TO STARBOARD!"



THE "DAMNÉD SPOT."



"YOU OUGHT REALLY TO MANAGE TO GET BLOWN TO BITS SOMEHOW, NOBBY. YOU'D MAKE A CHAMPION JIG-SAW PUZZLE."



"HEY, DONAL'! HERE'S A WEE BETTLESHIP COMIN' ALONG."
"OCH! A WISH IT MICHT BE A U-BOAT."



Old Lady. "PARDON ME! I SUPPOSE YOU'VE JUST COME FROM THE SEA. CAN YOU TELL ME WHY I'VE HAD TO PAY A PENNY MORE FOR SCALLOPS TO-DAY?"



Landlord. "WHATEVER DID YOU LET THE FIRE OUT FOR? WHY DIDN'T YOU PUT SOME COALS ON?"
Stoker. "NOT LIKELY! I'M ON LEAVE, I AM."



Friend. "SEE YOU'RE IN A HURRY. WON'T KEEP YOU. OFF TO ADMIRALTY, I SUPPOSE?"
Sub-Lieutenant H.M.S. "Unbendable." "NOT EXACTLY. FACT IS I'M DUE AT MME. GIROUETTE'S ACADEMY. STRUCK AGAINST A COUPLE OF NEW STEPS IN THE FOX TROT AT THE PILKINGTONS' LAST NIGHT—RATHER WORRIED ME. BYE-BYE. MUST SHOVE OFF!"



Apologetic Golfer. "I SHOUTED 'FORE!' YOU KNOW."

Sailor. "WELL, YOU'VE HIT ME AFT!"



Tar (by way of opening the conversation). "AHEM! BEEN OUT IN THE LIFEBOAT OFTEN, MISS?"



Jones (who in going through his wardrobe has unearthed a memento of happier days at Margate). "WELL, IF THEY SHOULD CALL UP THE FORTY-FIVES, I THINK IT WILL HAVE TO BE THE NAVY."



The Artist (impatiently). "FOR GOODNESS' SAKE PUT SOME EXPRESSION INTO IT! JUST IMAGINE YOU 'VE COME THROUGH A TERRIBLE EXPERIENCE—SHIP TORPEDOED—YOU SOLE SURVIVOR. AFTER CLINGING TO A BELAYING-PIN NINETEEN HOURS IN THE OPEN SEA YOU ARE RESCUED AT THE LAST GASP. YOU ARE NOW RELATING YOUR ADVENTURES TO YOUR AGED PARENTS."

Model (obligingly). "THAT'S ALL RIGHT, SIR—I CAN MANAGE IT. BUT EXCUSE ME. DID YOU SAY EIGHTEEN HOURS, OR WAS IT NINETEEN?"



King Alfred (founder of the Navy). "MADAM, I WAS EXPERIMENTING ON BISCUITS FOR MY SEA-DOGS."

"LET HER GO!"

A TRAMP CHANTEY.

'Er keel was laid in 'seventy-four
(Let 'er go—let 'er go);
They built 'er cheap an' they scamped 'er sore,
'Er rivets was putty, 'er plates was poor,
And then come in the PLIMSOLL line
Or I wouldn't be singin' this song o' mine.
(Let 'er go!)

She was cranky an' foul, she was stubborn an' slow
(Let 'er go—let 'er go),
An' she shipped it green when it come on to blow;
'Er crews was starved an' their wage was low,
An 'er bloomin' owners was ready to faint
At a scrape o' pitch or a penn'orth o' paint.
(Let 'er go!)

But she 's been 'ere an' she 's been there
(Let 'er go—let 'er go),
An' she 's been almost everywhere;
An' wherever you went you 'd sure see *'er*,
With 'er rust-red hawse an' 'er battered old funnel,
All muck an' dirt from 'er keel to 'er gun'le.
(Let 'er go!)

She 's earned 'er keep in a number o' climes
(Let 'er go—let 'er go);
She 's changed 'er name a number o' times,
Which won't fit right into these 'ere rhymes,
But the name of 'er now is the *Sound o' Mull*,
Built on the Tyne an' sails out of 'Ull.
(Let 'er go!)

'Er keel was laid in 'seventy-four
(Let 'er go—let 'er go),
An' a breaker's price was 'er price before
The ships was scarce an' the freights did soar;
But she 's fetched 'er fourteen pound a ton
On the Baltic Exchange since the War begun.
(Let 'er go!)

So she 's doin' 'er bit, which we all must do
(Let 'er go—let 'er go),
An' whether she 's old or whether she 's new
Don't make much odds to a war-time crew,
But 'ooever 's sunk or 'ooever 's drowned,
The *Sound o' Mull* keeps pluggin' around.
(Let 'er go!)

An' when she goes, by night or by day
(Let 'er go—let 'er go),
Either up or down, as she likely may,
I only 'ope as someone 'll say:
"'Er keel was laid in 'seventy-four;
She done 'er best an' she couldn't do more;
She warn't no swell an' she warn't no beauty,
But she come by 'er end in the way of 'er duty."
(Let 'er go!) C. F. S.



"THINK WE 'LL 'AVE ANOTHER CUT AT THE 'UNS BEFORE THE WAR ENDS, JACK?"
"NO FEAR! IT SAYS 'ERE THAT 'INDENBURG 'S TAKEN ALL THE ABLE-BODIED AN' PUT 'EM ON TO WORK OF NATIONAL IMPORTANCE."

THE POULTICE.

CALL this cold? You orter been with me in '63, when I was whalin' in the North Atlantic. I was steward on the *Ella Wheeler*, 6,000 tons, out from New Caledonia. Our skipper was a reg'lar old bluenose, and some Tartar, I *don't* think! Why, 'e 'd lay yer out sooner than look at yer; an' once 'e put the cook in irons for two days 'cos the poor devil 'ad tumbled up against the side of the galley an' burnt the 'air off the side of 'is 'ead, and the old man said it was untidy; and we all 'ad to 'ave cold grub for two days—and in them latitudes! Lord, 'ow we 'ated 'im!

But the worst of it was that we 'ad no doctor on board, and when anybody took sick the old man insisted on doctorin' 'im 'isself; and 'e 'ad only one way of treatin' every disease in the 'orspitals. "Put 'im into 'is bunk," he says, "and wait till I bring 'im a 'ot linseed poultice for 's chest." Tooth-ache or chilblains, a pain in yer stummick or ring-worm—'e always says the same thing, "Put 'im in his bunk," he says, "and I 'll bring 'im a 'ot linseed poultice for 's chest." And 'e brought it and put it on with 'is own 'ands too! There was no gettin' out of it if once 'e 'eard you were sick. Lord, 'ow we 'ated 'im!

There was Pete Malone—'ad a great mop of 'air like a lion or a musician—must needs go washing one day on deck, like a fool. It was all right as long as 'e 'ad the 'ot water and the soapsuds goin'; but 'e give 'is 'ead a rinse, an' stood up, and, swelpme, before 'e could get the towel to work every single 'air 'e 'd got 'ad its own private icicle, an' 'is silly 'ead looked like a silver-plated porkypine.

Well, as I was saying, we were about a 'undred-and-fifty mile from the nearest land, which 'ud be the West coast of Greenland, bearin' about E. by N., when we thought that at last we were going' to get one back on the old man. It was this way. One bitter cold night 'e was makin' 'is way aft to turn in, when 'e slips up where a wave 'ad froze on the deck, an' e' goes wallop down the 'ole length of the companion, from top to bottom, an' busts three of 'is ribs. Of course we all ran an' picked 'im up, an' *said* we 'oped 'e wasn't much 'urt. But 'e says, "None of yer jabber, yo swines; 'elp me inter my bunk, and two of yer bring me a 'ot linseed poultice for my chest."

Well, we puts 'im in 'is bunk, and I catches the eye of the first mate, and we goes out together. "Mick," says I, "'e 's askin' for a 'ot poultice. Lord send there 's a good fire in the galley!" "If there ain't," says Micky to me, "we 'll damn'd soon make one." So we makes a fire such as none of the ship's company 'ad ever seen; and we gets two buckets of water, one very near full, and the other about a quarter full, and we soon 'as 'em both on the boil. Then we makes the poultice in the drop of water; and when 'e was ready, we gets the grid and puts it across the top of the other bucket, and lays the poultice on the grid, and me and the mate picks up the full bucket with two pair o' tongs, 'olding a torch under 'er to keep 'er at the boil.

When the old man saw us 'is face twisted a bit! But talk about cold! We clapped the poultice on to 'im, and, if you 'll believe me, inside o' ninety seconds the thing 'ad *froze 'ard on 'im*, and formed a splint, and—saved 'is life, blarst 'im!



SOME CATCH: THE ANGLER'S DREAM.



SOME CATCH: THE ANGLER'S DREAM.



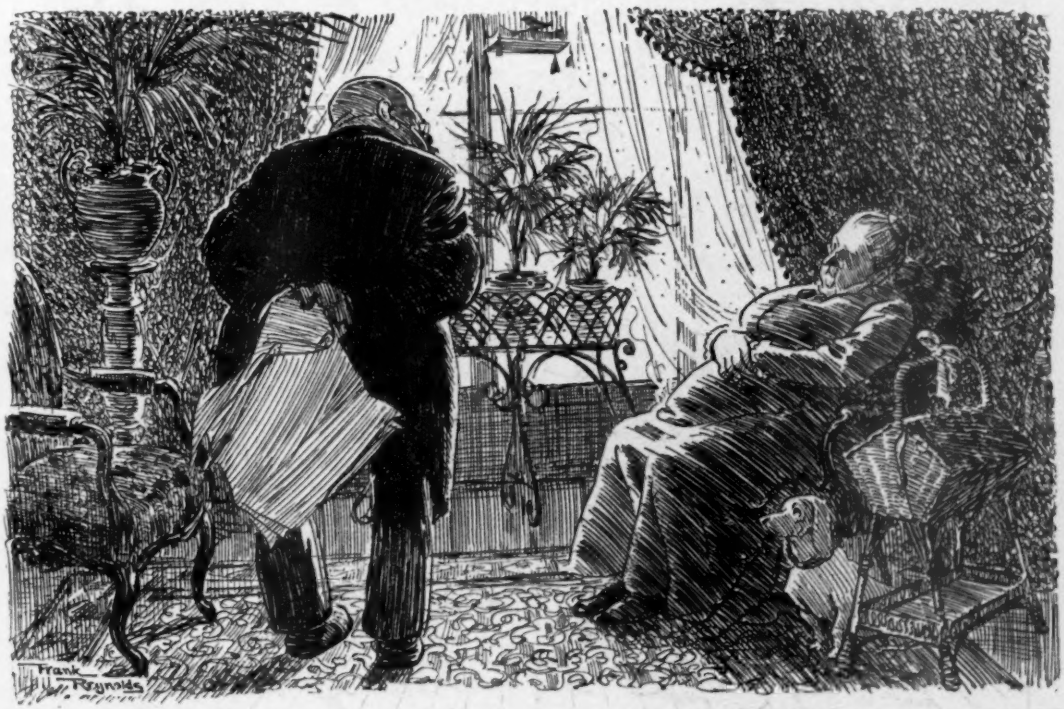
Lieutenant ——, *R.N., to Lieutenant* ——, *R.N.* (*they are paying one of those periodical visits to a lonely island in the South Pacific*).
"THESE WRETCHED ISLANDERS, CUT OFF AS THEY ARE FROM ALL THE WORLD, ARE, I SUPPOSE, HARDLY CIVILISED."
First Wretched Islander to Second Wretched Islander. "DOES THIS VISIT INTRIGUE YOU?"



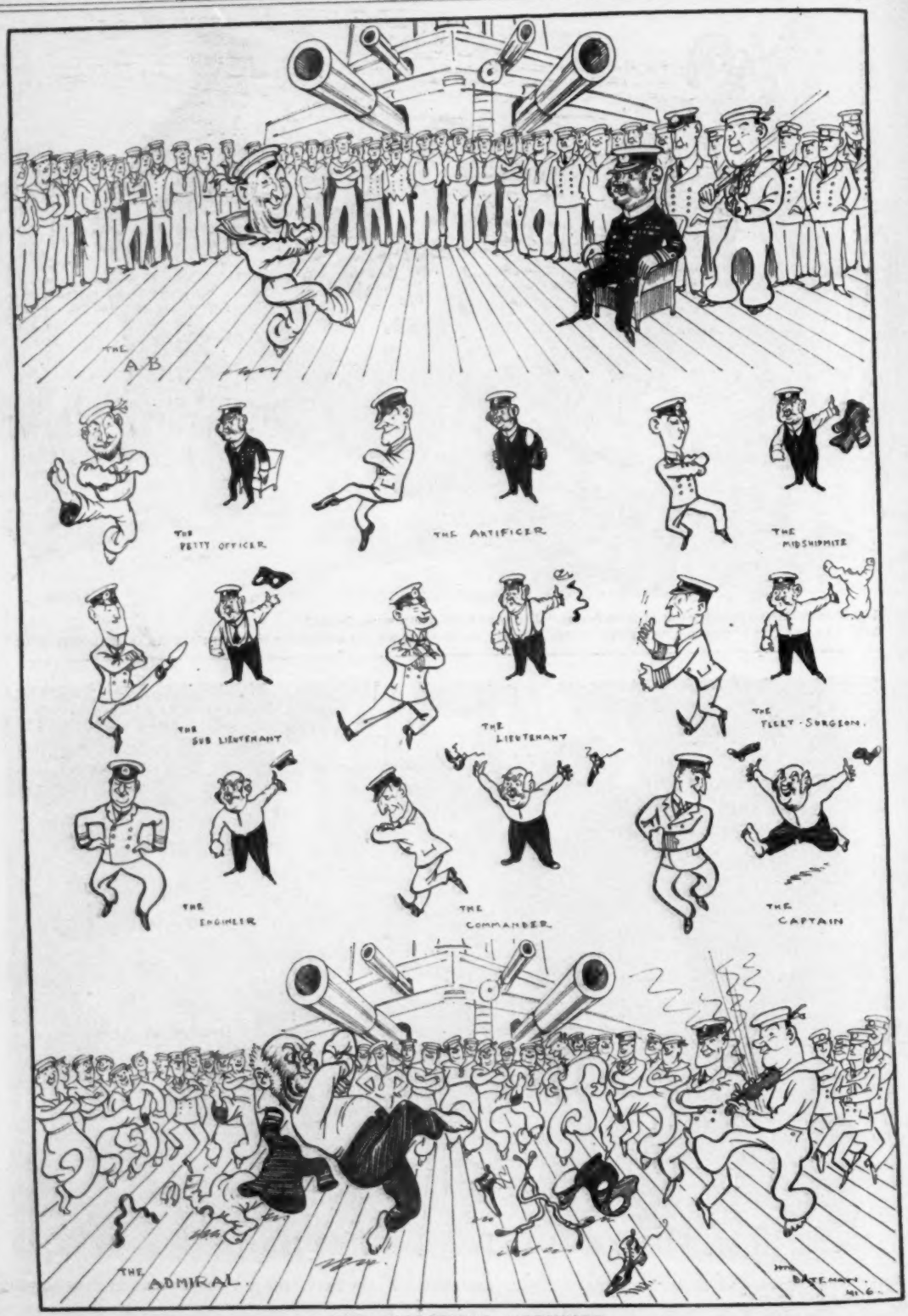
"AND THE LAST THING MY MISSUS SAID TO ME WAS, 'BRING US 'OME SOME SORT OF AN OLD CURIOSITY FROM FURREN PARTS.'"



Fond Teuton Parent (to super-tar home on leave). "AND YOU LIKE YOUR SHIP, FRITZ?"
Fritz. "I LOVE HER! SHE'S A WONDER! SUCH SPEED! WHENEVER WE RACE BACK TO PORT SHE'S BEEN FIRST EVERY TIME."



Karl. "WHAT WORRIES ME IS THE FACT THAT WE WANT MORE MEN FOR THE NAVY. WHAT I SHOULD LIKE TO KNOW IS, WHERE ARE THEY TO COME FROM?"
Gretchen. "BE CALM, KARL. DOUBTLESS OUR GLORIOUS PROFESSORS OF CHEMISTRY WILL INVENT A SUBSTITUTE."



THE INFECTIOUS HORNPIPE.



THE BREATH OF LIBERTY.

The German Autocrat. "THEY MAY FIND THIS WIND VERY BRACING IN RUSSIA; BUT IT MAKES ME FEEL EXTREMELY UNCOMFORTABLE."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, March 19th.—Captain BATHURST announced that the FOOD CONTROLLER would issue an order fixing the retail price of swedes at a figure involving a reduction of "something like 200 per cent." The FOOD CONTROLLER, as his faithful henchman subsequently remarked, "is always doing his best," but if he can really reduce the price of a commodity to 100 per cent. less than nothing I hope he will not confine his activity to a solitary vegetable.

I am afraid that envy was the predominant feeling aroused by Mr. SNOWDEN'S story of the family in New Cavendish Street which secured in a single order from a single firm no less than sixty-three pounds of sugar. Lest any Hon. Members should be tempted to try and do likewise Captain BATHURST promptly announced that another order prohibiting hoarding would shortly be issued. The House cheered, for, as a journalist Member remarked with gloomy satisfaction, "It is only fair that 'no posters' should be followed by 'no hoarding.'"

The PRIME MINISTER paid one of his angelic visits to the House to give the latest information of the revolution in Russia. His description of it as "one of the landmarks in the history of the world" evoked loud cheers, but even louder were those which came from the Nationalist benches when he remarked that "free peoples are the best defenders of their own honour."

Tuesday, March 20th.—A long cross-examination of the representative of the Air Board produced one valuable statement which Members generally might bear in mind. Mr. BILLING asked if it was not "in the public interest or in the interests of this House" that certain contracts should be discussed. Fixing him with his eye-glass, Major BAIRD replied, "No, the interests of the House and of the public, I take it, are the same as the interests of the nation."

If there was any lingering doubt as to the main responsibility for the inception—as apart from the carrying out—of the Dardanelles affair Mr. CHURCHILL himself must have removed it. Unlike his former chief he welcomes the publication of the Report, which in his opinion has shared among a number of eminent personages a burden formerly borne by himself alone. But his enthusiasm for the project as it originally formed itself in his fertile brain is undiminished, and he still marvels that for the want of a little further sacrifice we should have abandoned the chance of cutting Turkey out of the War, and uniting in one friendly federation the States of the Balkans.

Wednesday, March 21st.—General MAUDE'S manifesto to the people of Baghdad, with its allusions to the tyranny under which they had long been suffering, did not escape the eagle eye of Mr. DEVLIN, ever anxious to scarify British hypocrisy. So he drafted a long question to the PRIME MINISTER, embodying the most salient passages of the manifesto. Much to his disgust it appeared on the Paper without its "most beautiful and striking passages." The SPEAKER explained that he had blue-pencilled "a good deal of Oriental and flowery language not suitable to our Western climate." Not the least part of the joke is the rumour that the manifesto was largely the work of a Member of the House well versed in Eastern lore.

Thursday, March 22nd.—The Ministry of National Service, being unprovided at present with a Parliamentary Secretary, is supposed to be represented in the House by Mr. ARTHUR HENDERSON. But as the Member for Barnard Castle has important functions to perform in the War Cabinet and is rarely in the House he usually deputes some other Member of the Government to answer Questions addressed to him. To-day the lot fell upon Mr. BECK, who good-temperedly explained, when a shower of "supplementaries" rained down upon him, that he really knew nothing about the Department he was temporarily representing. This led to a tragedy, for Mr. SWIFT MACNEILL worked himself into a paroxysm of excitement over this constitutional enormity, and finally sat down on his hat. "I only wish his head had been in it," muttered a brother Irishman—from Ulster.

Believers in "the hidden hand," which is supposed to paralyse our military efforts, are divided in opinion as to whether this cryptic member is most actively employed by Lord HALDANE, Sir WILLIAM ROBERTSON or Sir EYRE CROWE, Assistant-Secretary to the Foreign Office. They will probably regard Lord ROBERT CECIL'S statement that some seven years ago Sir EYRE drew up a memorandum calling the attention of Sir EDWARD GREY to the grave dangers that threatened this country from Germany as further evidence of his duplicity. The rest of the world will rejoice at Lord ROBERT'S spirited vindication of "one of the ablest of our public servants," who, despite Miss CHRISTABEL PANKHURST, is not one of "the three black crows" of legendary fame.

When Sir H. DALZIEL, at the outset of his appeal to the Government to make another attempt to settle the Irish Question, promised that he would not "explore the noxious vapours of the past," I feared the worst. But he was as good as his word, and spared us any gruesome excavations in ancient Irish history. Major HILLS did even better by implying that it was only during the last ten years that the question had warped and diverted our domestic politics. If all Irishmen were as reasonable and moderate as Mr. RONALD MCNEILL showed himself this afternoon it would not need settling, for it would never have arisen. He only asked, if sacrifices were necessary, that Ulster should not alone be expected to make them. Sir HAMAR GREENWOOD, as the great-grandson of a Canadian rebel who took twelve sons into the field—"almost his whole family," added his descendant—insisted that the Colonial method of securing Home Rule was the best—first agree among yourselves, and then go to the Imperial Parliament to sanction your scheme. And perhaps, after the conciliatory spirit displayed in to-day's debate, that is not so impossible even in Ireland as it seemed a few weeks ago. Hitherto every attempt of the British Sisyphus to roll the Stone of Destiny up the Hill of Tara has found a couple of Irishmen at the top ready to roll it down again. Let us hope that this time they will co-operate to instal it there as the throne of a loyal and united Ireland.



DEFENSIVE DUET BY MESSRS. ASQUITH AND WINSTON CHURCHILL.

HERBS OF GRACE.

IV.

THYME.

ALL things true,
All things sweet—
Summer-dawn dew
And Love's heart-beat;
All things holy,
Hill-flow'rs lowly,
A far church-chime—
These things dwell
In the smell
Of Thyme.

All things clean,
All things pure—
Joys that have been
And faiths that endure;
All things sunny,
Bee-song and honey,
Sheep-walks, rhyme—
These things dwell
In the smell
Of Thyme.

All things set
With sharp sweet pain—
April regret
For vows yet vain;
All things fragrant,
Thoughts long vagrant
From Beauty's clime—
These things dwell
In the smell
Of Thyme.

"Sir John Simon, K.C., cited as an illustration the friendship between Daniel and Jonathan. The Lord Chief Justice: I become very nervous when you support your law by quoting Scripture."
Daily Mail.

We always feel more nervous when people misquote Scripture for their purpose.

"The Lord Mayor of London, Sir William Dunn, accompanied by other members of the City Council in their robes, and the Lady Mayoress, were amongst the very large conflagration at St. Patrick's, Soho. An eloquent sermon was preached."—*Irish Paper.*

"Burning words," indeed.

From a description of the difficulties of the members of the Press Gallery in reporting Mr. BONAR LAW:—

"Since he has become leader of the House they have aged and grown haggard and dejected. The sound of his voice fills them with bread."
Birmingham Daily Post.

Well, in these days that ought to afford them ample consolation.

"Sir Richard L. Borden's name, now a household word, became familiar only six years ago."
Daily Paper.

But even now he is not so well known as Sir ROBERT!

DE PROFUNDIS.

WHEN I went round the trenches a day or two before we were to move in, the great frost was still in possession; but there was a mild feeling in the air.

"I can thoroughly recommend these trenches to you, Sir," said the occupier in a businesslike manner. "Commodious and well built, fitted throughout with the latest pattern duck-boards and reached by three charmingly sequestered communication trenches, named Hic, Haec and Hoc. The dug-outs are well equipped and well sunk. The whole would form an ideal retreat for gentlemen of quiet tastes."

"Good. And the people over the way?"

"Unobtrusive and retiring to a degree."

"In fact," I said, "a most select neighbourhood—unless it thaws."

He dropped pleasantries and answered very seriously. "If it thaws, Heaven help you. There's enough water frozen up in these walls to drown the lot of you."

It did thaw.

When we relieved, we waded up to the line through miles of trenches all knee-deep in water, to the accompaniment of ominous splashes as the sides began to fall in. When daylight came we found our select estate converted into a system of canals filled with a substance varying in consistency from coffee to glue. Hic, Haec and Hoc, owing to the wear and tear of constant traffic, became especially gluey, and after a time we rechristened them respectively the Great Ooze, the Little Ooze and the River Styx—the last not solely in reference to its adhesive qualities, but also because such a number of things went West in it. Some time after the original duck-boards had sunk out of our depth we could still move along Styx on a solid bottom composed of lost gum-boots, abandoned rations and the like. At last, when Frankie, struggling up to the line with the rum ration, was forced to dump his precious burden in order to save his life, we pronounced Styx impassable and thenceforth proceeded along the top after dusk.

The Great Ooze still remained just possible for those whose business took them back and forward during the day, but even here were spots in which it was worse than unwise to linger. As I squelched painfully through one of these on our last day in the line, I found one Private Harrison firmly embedded to the top of his thigh-boots. He told me he had been struggling vainly for about an hour.

"Give me your hands," I said.

I tugged, but could get no proper purchase. Harrison grew gradually black in the face, but remained immovable. I tried another plan. I turned about, and Harrison clasped his hands round my neck. Then I walked away . . . At least that was the idea.

"Harrison," I said anxiously after a determined struggle, "were you standing on the duckboards?"

"Yes, Sir. I still am."

"Heavens, so am I. Let go. I've got to get myself out now."

By using Harrison as a stepping-stone to higher things I just managed to heave myself out. I surveyed him panting.

"In about an hour it 'll be dusk. I'll bring some men and a rope and haul you out then. If that fails we'll simply have to hand you over as trench stores when we get relieved."

As soon as Fritz's wire had disappeared into the gathering gloom I took out my little rescue party. We threw the captive a rope and began to pull scientifically under direction of a sergeant skilled in tugs-of-war.

"Heave, you men," I whispered excitedly. "He 's coming."

He was, but without his boots. Inch by inch we dragged him out of them. The strain was terrific. Suddenly—much too suddenly—the tension broke. Harrison shot into the air and fell again with a dull thud in the Ooze beside his boots, while the rescue party collapsed head over heels into an adjacent shell-hole.

Harrison seemed a little peevish, but consented to try again. The rope tautened, and there was a sharp crack from below.

"'Old on," cried the prisoner sharply, "me braces is bust."

"Can't think o' braces now," grunted my burly sergeant. "Heave-ho, lads, up she comes!"

Harrison was pulled clean out of his nether garments, cursing bitterly as the wind caught his bare legs, and hung suspended between earth and water, amid ribald comments from above.

One more pull would do it. But at that moment Fritz, apparently feeling that we weren't taking his war seriously enough, opened up with a machine-gun. The rescue party dropped the rope and rolled heavily into the shell-hole, and the sorely tried Harrison found himself back again, but face downwards this time, and held by his arms up to the elbows.

We could hear horrible language, and after a moment, all being quiet, I crawled to the edge and looked over. His last struggle had split Harrison's tunic and pulled it clean off his back; and now, with his shirt-tail trailing dismally in the Ooze, he was making the best of his own way to the dressing-station, ungratefully consigning his gallant rescuers to complete and lasting perdition as he went.



"A LOT OF KHAKI ABOUT, WAITER."

"YES, SIR. IT MAKES SOME OF US OLDER ONES FEEL A BIT MUFTI, DON'T IT?"

A TOPICAL TRAGEDY.

Jim Startin was not loved at school;
We thought him rather knave than fool.
Migrating thence to Oxford, he
Failed to secure a pass degree.
Years sped—some twenty—ere again
Jim Startin swam into my ken.
I met him strolling down the Strand
Well-dressed, well-nourished, sleek and bland,
A high-class journalistic swell—
The Headline Expert of *The Yell*.
Great at the art, in peaceful days,
Of finding means our scalps to raise,
The War had since revealed in him
A super-Transatlantic vim,
And day by day his paper's bills
Gave us fresh epileptic thrills.
The sons of Belial, in the rhyme
Of DRYDEN, had a glorious time,
But never managed to attain
To Jim's success in giving pain.
But while his power was at its height
It perished in a single night;
For, with his bills by law abolished,
Jim's occupation was demolished;
Headlines that can't be blazed abroad
On bills and posters are a fraud;
They cease to titillate the mob
Or draw the pennies from its fob,
So Jim was "fired" and lost his job.



Lady (to coalheavers). "SO SWEET OF YOU TO COME. I DO HOPE YOU 'LL COME AGAIN."

"More to the west the British marked fresh progress south of Achiet-le-Petit, where their lines were advanced on a front of 2 kilometres (1¼ miles). Finally the Germans fell back for the length of 2 kilometres (1 mile) between Essarts and Goumecourt."
The Evening News.

The road home always seems shorter.

"The enemy went at the moment when he left because he was shelled out."—*Daily Mail.*

Of course he might have had a different motive if he had gone the moment after he left.

"She was wearing a three-quarter red coat with glass buttons to match a heavy blue skirt with low neck."

We never have approved of these *décolletés* skirts.



First Flapper. "THE CHEEK OF THAT CONDUCTOR! HE GLARED AT ME AS IF I HADN'T PAID ANY FARE."

Second Flapper. "AND WHAT DID YOU DO?"

First Flapper. "I JUST GLARED BACK AT HIM—AS IF I HAD!"

THE FRUIT MERCHANT.

"I FEEL regular down this morning, Sir," said Private Thomas Weeks, as I seated myself beside his bed; "regular down, I do."

It was such a very unusual greeting from this source that I said anxiously, "Not the leg gone wrong?"

"No, the old leg 's fine. It 's the stopping of the imports." He indicated the morning paper which he had just laid aside. "It 's just about bust up my old business."

I took the paper and glanced down the list of prohibited articles. Clocks and parts thereof, perfumery, and quails (live) caught my eye. I didn't think it could be any of these.

"What was your business?" I asked.

"Fruit merchant, Sir. Barrow trade, you understand. 'Awker, some calls it. But it don't much matter now what it 's called, 'cos it 's bust up."

"Not quite bust up, is it?" I said. "Only a bit cut down for a time."

"That may be," he said, "but I got a strong affection for the trade, Sir, a very strong affection, and I can't 'elp feeling it. Why, rightly speaking, it was the fruit trade what got me my D.C.M."

"Did it though? How was that?"

"Well, it was like this. I bin callin' fruit a good many years. I could call fruit with anyone. When I calls 'Oo sez a blood orange?' at Kennington Lane, you could 'ear it pretty well as far as New Cross. Same with 'Ave a banana?' If you 're to do the trade you must make the people 'ear. It ain't no good bein' like them chaps what stands in the gutter and whispers, 'Umberella ring a penny,' to their boots."

"But what about the D.C.M.?"

"I 'm comin' to it, Sir. You see, I got it in connection with a little bit o' work Trones Wood way. Through various circs, fault o' nobody really, me and Sam Corney found ourselves alone alongside a dug-out full o' Bosches. If we 'd 'ad a few bombs we 'd 'a' bin all right, but we 'adn't. I sez to Sam, 'We must scare 'em,' I sez, and I shouts, '*'Oo says a blood orange?*' at the top o' my voice into the dug-out, which was dark, of course, and I stands in the doorway with my bayonet ready. I can't say what they mistook it for. Crack o' doom, Sam sez. But eight come out o' that dug-out with their 'ands up. I sent Sam off 'ome with 'em, though they 'd 'a' gone with no escort at all, I reckon, bein' sort o' stunned. And I went on down the trench.

"At the turn there was another dug-out. '*'Ave a banana?*' I yells, and out come ten of 'em, cryin' for mercy. I took 'em back to what we calls Petticoat Lane and 'ands 'em over and come up again. But I didn't get no more barrow-work that day, and my D.C.M. was for them prisoners right enough. So now you see what I feels like about the fruit business. It 's like an old pal bein' done in."

"I shouldn't worry too much about it," I said. "You 've each had a bit of a knock-out; but you 'll soon be on your legs again, and so will your barrow, and going strong, both of you."

SCOTLAND YET.

[DR. GEORG BIEDENKAPP, writing in the *Muenchner Neueste Nachrichten*, says that if you examine any famous "Englishman" you find that he really comes from Scotland, to which country he assigns a place with Suabia, Thuringia, and the Hartz Mountains as "a cradle of Kultur and a fountain of first-class genius."]

Man Sandy, here 's a German Hun
Wha thinks he 's on a track
That nane hae trodden, having fun'
A new an' stairtlin' fac';
A' English thocht he doots is nocht,
An' English ways are henious,
But ah, says he, in Scotland see
The hame o' first-class genius.

New? Why, my feyther kent it fine,
An', Sandy, I 'll be sworn
The knowledge o' the fac' was mine
Or ever I was born;
If there be ane wad daur maintain
The truth is still to settle,
I haena met the madman yet
In bonny braw Kingskettle.

Ay, yon 's a truth that 's kent fu' weel
In ilka but an' ben;
But I could teach the German chiel
A truth he doesna ken;
Gin ye would find the hame o' mind
An' intellectual life, man,
Ye needna look far frae the Nook,
The bonny Nook o' Fife, man.

Whaur did our good ex-PREMIER go
Whene'er he wished to swank?
To Lunnon? Edinburgh? No!
He cam' to Ladybank;
Nae doot he thocht if there was ocht
Would put him on his mettle
'Twas meetin' men o' brain, ye ken,
Like us frae auld Kingskettle.

Fleet Street is fu' o' Fifers tae;
The Cockneys want the views
O' men like JOCK MCFARLANE frae
The Crail and Cupar News;
For if a chiel can write sae weel
That you an' me will read him,
Why, man, without a shade o' doot
Lunnon is sure to need him.

Then tak' the Army. What d'ye see?
Wha 's chief? Nae need to tell
That DOUGLAS HAIG is proud to be
A Fifer like mesel';
An' weel he may, for truth to say
There 's something aye aboot us:
In ilka trade they want oor aid—
They canna win without us.

Wedding Fashions, B.C.

"The bridesmaid was attired in pink carnations."
"*Daily Colonist*," *Victoria, British Columbia.*



FRIGHTFULNESS ON THE ALLOTMENTS.

THE HARDSHIPS OF BILLETS.

Jim and me could never 'ave got through the six weeks we was billeted with Mrs. Sweedle if we 'adn't been 'ardened by Mrs. Larkins in the way I 'ave described.

Mrs. Sweedle were a widow woman with a big family, besides a aged father and a brother who suffered with fits. The billetin' orficer was afraid she wouldn't be able to take us in, but Mrs. Sweedle was willin' and eager.

"Bless their hearts, that I will," she said; "it shall never be said I turned a soldier from my door. Nobody knows better than I do what soldiers is in an 'ouse. Always merry and bright and ready to put their 'ands to anything when a poor woman's work 's never done and she 's delicate and liable to the sick-'eadache in the mornin's. There 's the week's clothes to go through the wringer, but I know what soldiers is for a wringer; they can't leave it alone. And if I 'appens to overlay meself I know there 's no cause to worry about Grandfer's cup o' tea, nor yet Bobby and Tom and Albert gettin' off to school tidy. Like as not they 'll do me more credit than if I washed 'em meself; there 's nobody like a soldier for puttin' a polish on children."

Mrs. Sweedle overlaid herself the very first mornin', and sent word by Albert if we would be so kind as make her a cup o' tea when we was makin' Grandfer's it might save her a doctor; and the wood for the fire was out in the yard, and she knew, bein' soldiers, we should chop her a barrer-load while we was about it; and when she crawled downstairs presently the breakfast things would be washed and put away, as was the 'abit of soldiers, and very likely the pertaters peeled for dinner.

It bein' a strange 'ouse and we not knowin' where to put our 'ands on anythin', and, when we'd got the kettle to boil, not bein' able to let it out of our sight owin' to the youngest little Sweedle wantin' to drink out of the spout, Jim and me was regler drove. We was as near late for parade as we 'ave ever been in our lives. Mrs. Sweedle was very upset. "I know what soldiers is for punctuality," she said, "a minute late and they're court-martialled. How would it be if you was to lay the fire over-night and scrub over the floor? It 'ud save ye a lot in the mornin', if so be I 'm forced to keep me bed."

We done as she advised, and it were fortunate. She 'ad another sick-'eadache the next day, and sent word by Albert would we be so good as bake her a mouthful of toast; she knew what soldiers' toast was like, it give ye a appetite to look at it, thin and crisp, with the butter laid on smooth as cream and cut in fingers.

We never run no risk after that. 'Owever dog-tired we was and 'owever Mrs. Sweedle seemed in 'ealth we always got the work forward over-night, and when we could catch 'old of Bobby and Tom and Albert we washed 'em to save time in the mornin' and parted their 'air.

One day Mrs. Sweedle were well enough to get up. "I know who 's goin' to 'ave a treat now," she said. Our 'arts leapt. We did 'ope she might be goin' to say we was to sit down to our breakfasts.

"Grandfer's goin' to be shaved, and not 'ave to pay tuppence out of 'is poor pension," she said. "There 's nobody can shave like a soldier." And when Jim 'ad got the old man by the nose she said to me, "I can see what you want to be at, shakin' these mats with your strong arm and savin' me comin' on giddy."

It were very 'ard at first, but after a bit Jim and me got into the work at Mrs. Sweedle's and was just able to get through with it, except the mornin' her brother 'ad a fit when we was racin' to finish the washin'-up. That fair broke our backs. We 'ad a sort of seizure on parade and 'ad to fall out till we got our breaths back.

THE RECOGNISED.

Give ear to my words and you shall hear
The song of the British Volunteer,
Who started out when the War began
As a middle-aged mostly grey-haired man.
Too old to be sent to join the dance
Of the doughty fellows who fought in France,
He refused to go on the dusty shelf,
And he set to work and he bought himself
A spirited grey-green uniform,
With a cap to match and a British warm,
And he took his fill
Of the latest drill;
But somehow they didn't seem to prize him
Or wish in the least to recognise him.

But now they have let him cast away
His excellent clothes of green and grey;
They think they can use him,
And don't refuse him,
And they 've dressed him up and they 've dressed him down
In a regular suit of khaki brown;
He has been gazetted
And properly vetted
As able to march five miles at least,
Though he puffs a bit when the speed 's increased;
And he can double
Without much trouble,
And do such deeds as a man must do
Who is willing to help to see things through.

A Wholesale Order.

"Lieut-Colonel —— received the K.C.B. and other decorations, including C.M.G.s, D.S.O.s, Military Crosses, and Royal Red Crosses."
Evening Standard.

From "Paris Theatrical Notes":—

"The programme for to-day at the Opéra compromises 'Samson et Dalila.'"
Continental Daily Mail.

It sounds a little superfluous.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Alfred Lyttelton: An Account of his Life, by EDITH LYTTELTON (LONGMANS), is a most fascinating book. MRS. ALFRED LYTTELTON might perhaps have contented herself with writing a formal biography of her husband. It would have been difficult for her, but she might, as I say, have done it. Instead of this she takes her readers by the hand in the friendliest manner and admits them with her into the heart and soul of the man with whom she was for twenty years associated. She shows him as what he was, a noble and upright English gentleman, straightforward and tender-hearted, and beloved in a quite exceptional measure by all who were privileged to be his friends. I can only be grateful to MRS. LYTTELTON for having interpreted her duty in this manner, and for having carried it out with so sure a hand. As I read her pages I saw again in my mind's eye the loose-limbed, curly-headed young son of Anak as he swung down Jesus Lane, Cambridge, or as he witched the world with noble cricketing at Fenner's or at Lord's. It is good to be able to remember him. His Eton tutor described him as being "like a running stream with the sun on it," and there was, indeed, a charm about him that was irresistible. MRS. LYTTELTON devotes a beautiful chapter to the memory of ALFRED'S first wife, LAURA, who died after one short year of happiness. "She was a flame," says MRS. LYTTELTON, "beautiful, dancing, ardent, leaping up from the earth in joyous rapture, touching everyone with fire as she passed. The wind of life was too fierce for such a spirit—she could not live in it. Surely it was Love that gathered her." I have only one little bone to pick, and that not with MRS. LYTTELTON, but with Lord MIDLETON, who in a page or two of reminiscences describes as one of ALFRED'S triumphs at the Bar his appearance as counsel for the Warden of Merton, MR. GEORGE BRODRICK. The Warden, having said something offensive about MR. DILLON, was hailed before the Parnell Commission for contempt of court. ALFRED put in an affidavit by the Warden, in which the whole thing was said to be a joke, and in his speech he chaffed MR. REID (now Lord LOREBURN), who was counsel for MR. DILLON, for being a Scotsman, with a natural incapacity for seeing a joke. So far Lord MIDLETON; but he omits MR. REID'S crushing retort. "Even a Scotsman," said MR. REID, "may be pardoned for not seeing a joke which has to be certified by affidavit."

MR. JEFFERY E. JEFFERY has been playing cheerful tricks on the British public. We must forgive him, because he has for a long time been doing far worse than that to the Huns; but it is undeniable that in following the winding trail of his beloved guns we are in no small danger of losing our sense of direction. This is because along with imaginary tales, some of them written before August, 1914, when of course he could not fix precisely the chronology and locality of his fights, he has mixed almost indiscriminately the record of his own actual experiences during two distinct phases of the War. Not until the last page does he abandon the jest to explain—with something of a school-boy grin—just where fact and fiction meet, and so enable me to recover from my bewilderment and pass on a word of warning. Once on your guard, however, you will find his story of the *Servants of the Guns* (SMITH, ELDER), and more especially the first half of it (dealing, in diary form, with his recent adventures as an officer of Artillery—he does not state his present rank), as vivid and real as anything of the sort you have seen. Field-gun warfare of to-day—mathematics, telephones and mud—with little more of old-time dash and jingle than the hope that some to-morrow may revive them in the Great Pursuit—this is his theme; and above all the loyalty of the gunner to his guns. Even the story-book part in the middle of the volume speaks of this finely and movingly; but here and there amongst his personal experiences comes a passage less consciously composed that tells it even better in the bareness of a great simplicity.

MR. J. D. BERESFORD'S new story, *House-Mates* (CASSELL), might be regarded as an awful warning to young gentlemen seeking bachelor-apartments. Because, if the hero had been a little more careful about his fellow-lodgers at No. 73 Keppel Street, he would not, in the first place, have been defrauded of a large sum of money, or, in the second, have been involved in a peculiarly revolting murder. (The special hatefulness of this murder strikes me as rather superfluous. But this by the way.) On the other hand, of course, he would never have married the heroine, and we should have missed a very agreeable study of expanding adolescence. This, I take it, is the real motive of MR. BERESFORD'S story, as exemplified by his pleasant introductory metaphor of the chicken and the egg. From the feminine point of view, indeed, the tale might be not inaptly labelled "Treatise on Cub-hunting." Anyhow, what with strange actresses and I.D.B. criminals and painted ladies and reviewers (they *were* a queer lot at No. 73!) the hero completes his tenancy with enough experience of life, chiefly on its shadowy side, to last him for some time. An original and rather appealing story, told with a good deal of charm.

I was waiting for it, and now, behold, it has come. In *The Shining Heights* (MILLS AND BOON) the War is over and we have to do with some of the results of it. Unfortunately Miss I. A. R. WYLIE is very chary about dates, and she is not encouraging about the changes which most of us hope will come with peace. "Social conditions indeed," she writes, "had scarcely moved. Universal brotherhood was not . . . and, for the vast majority of men and women it had been easiest to go back to the old work, the old pleasure, the old love and the old hate." Well, I don't know much about universal brotherhood, but for the rest I sincerely hope that these gloomy prognostications are wrong. As for the story, laid in the Delectable Duchy, no one needs to be told that Miss WYLIE is a novelist of considerable power and capacity, and here she has chosen a theme of very real interest. It is the rivalry of two men, one of whom had returned from the War with wounds and a V.C., while the other had never taken part in it because he believed (with justification) that he was on the point of making a discovery of value to humanity. The story is well constructed and well told, but I am beginning to think that it is time for Cornwall to be declared a prohibited area for all novelists except MR. CHARLES MARRIOTT and "Q."



THE ECONOMIC ERA.

PROVIDE YOUR OWN WATER SUPPLY AND RELEASE A WATER-RATE COLLECTOR.

Yet more theatrical recollections. The latest volume of them is *My Remembrances* (CASSELL), in which MR. EDWARD H. SOTHERN recounts, with the pleasant humour to be expected from him, what he quaintly (and quite unjustifiably) calls "The Melancholy Tale of Me." One has heard that MR. SOTHERN, now that he has retired from the stage, proposes to live in England; the book explains such an intention by its evidence of the writer's intense love for this country. Naturally he has a rich stock of good stories, amongst which I was delighted to welcome yet once again that old favourite about the departing spectator who, on being told that two Acts remained to be performed, said briefly, "That's why I'm going!" Newer (to me) was the *Dundreary* tale that told how the elder SOTHERN'S triumph was actually the result of JEFFERSON'S partiality for horse-exercise. The connection I leave you to find out. Like all volumes of its kind, *My Remembrances* abounds in photographs. At times, indeed, you may be tempted to consider that the domain of the family portrait album has been too largely usurped. But there is even about this a friendliness which, coupled with the brisk style of its writing, will give the book a popularity as wide as that of its author.

We all know that MR. WILLIAM CAINE has a gay humour, and he indulges it liberally, sometimes rollickingly, in *The Fan*. With a candour which I warmly commend he states conspicuously that most of these stories have appeared before, and he expresses his acknowledgments to various Editors over a widish range—from *Macmillan's Magazine* to *London Opinion*, and from *The English Review* to *Answers*. It would be an innocent diversion to have to guess which story was written for which Editor. But for whatever public the author caters he is, with only one or two exceptions, out for fun, and he gets it. Some of his stories are pure extravaganzas, but they are written in a style unusually good for this kind, and by a very shrewd observer of human foibles. Messrs. METHUEN tell us that MR. CAINE "views life from an angle all his own," and although I do not often find myself in agreement with publishers' opinions of their own wares it is to me a right angle.

"THE FOOD HOARDERS THREATENED.

NOT MORE THAN 1 TON OF COAL AT A TIME."—*Daily News.*

Then, as the vulgar have it, the food-hoarders will just have to go and eat coke.

CHARIVARIA.

The Kaiser has conferred upon the Turkish Grand Vizier the Order of the Black Eagle. The Grand Vizier has had persistent bad luck.

* * *

"A few weeks ago," says Mr. Robert Blatchford, I asked, 'What manner of man is the Tsar? And now he has abdicated." We understand that the ex-Tsar absolves Mr. Blatchford from all blame.

* * *

The Amsterdam rumour to the effect that eighty thousand German soldiers had surrendered was followed the next day by the report that it was really ninety thousand. It appears that a recount was demanded.

* * *

The Evening News, ever ready to assist with economical hints, now throws out suggestions for renovating last year's suit. No mention is made, however, of the fact that people with fur coats can now obtain quite cheap butterfly-nets for the moth-chasing season.

* * *

In the Reichstag a member of the Socialist Minority Party has denounced the Kaiser as the originator of the War. The denunciation made little impression on the House, as it was generally felt that he must have been listening to some idle street-corner gossip.

* * *

A cat's-meat-man informed the Southwark Tribunal at a recent sitting that he served over four hundred families a day. The unwisdom of permitting cats to have families in war-time has been made the subject of adverse comment.

* * *

"I swear by Almighty God that I will speak the truth, no nonsense, and won't be foolish," was the form of oath taken by a witness at a recent case in the Bloomsbury County Court. It was explained to him that this was only suitable for persons taking office under the Crown.

* * *

It was urged on behalf of a man at the Harrow Tribunal that there would be no boots in the Army to fit him. If a small enough pair can be found for him it is understood that he will join the police.

* * *

We fear an injustice has been done to the large number of Mexicans who have lately entered the United States. It was at first suggested that they were of pro-German sympathies, but it now appears that they were only fugitives who had fled from the elections in Mexico.

* * *

A man at Bristol charged as an absentee said that he had been so busy writing poetry that he had forgotten all about military matters. His very emphatic assurance that he will now push on with the War has afforded the liveliest satisfaction to the authorities concerned.



Impressionable Grocer. "Believe, me, Miss, in war-time a grocer needs a 'eart as cold as an 'Indenburg."

NOTICE.

The Proprietors of *Punch* are glad to announce that they find themselves in a position to revert, for the time being at any rate, to the type and size of *Punch* as they were before the recent changes.

"Owing to restrictions on the output of beer," says a contemporary, "the passing of the village inn is merely a question of time." Even before the War it often took hours and hours.

* * *

It is announced that a wealthy American lady with Socialistic leanings will, at the end of the War, marry a well-known conscientious objector at present undergoing a term of imprisonment. The American craze for curio-hunting has not abated one bit.

* * *

A woman in North London who two years ago offered her services to the Government in any capacity has just been informed that her offer is noted. There is good reason to believe that she will be among the first women called upon for service in our next war.

* * *

Because a man had jilted her fifteen years ago, a Spanish woman shot him while he was being married to another woman. It is a remarkable thing, but rarely does a marriage ceremony go off in Spain without some little hitch or other.

* * *

Proper mastication of food is necessary in these times, and we are not surprised to hear that one large dental firm are advertising double sets of teeth with a two-speed gear attachment.

* * *

According to *The Pall Mall Gazette*, Mr. Lloyd George's double was seen at Cardiff the other day. The suggestion that there are two Lloyd Georges in the world has caused consternation among the German Headquarters Staff.

* * *

The bones of a woolly rhinoceros have been dug up twenty-three feet below the surface at High Wycombe, and very strong expressions have been used in the locality concerning this gross example of food-hoarding.

* * *

Complaint has been made by a brass finisher at Oldham that his fellow-workmen will not speak to him because he receives less wages than they do. To end an awkward situation it is hoped that the good fellow may eventually consent to accept a weekly wage on the higher scale.

Punch's Roll of Honour.

We record with deep regret the death from pneumonia of Captain Harry Neville Gittins, R.G.A., on Active Service. He was a member of the Territorials before the outbreak of war, and, after serving two years at home, went out to France in August of last year. His light-hearted contributions to *Punch* will be greatly missed.

THE HOHENZOLLERN PROSPECT.

REFLECTIONS OF THE HEIR-APPARENT.

WHEN I've surveyed with half-shut eyes,
Over the winking Champagne wine,
What I shall do when Father dies
And hands me down his right divine,
Often I've said that, when in God's
Good time he goes, I mean to show 'em
How scorpions sting in place of rods,
Taking my cue from REHOBOAM.

But now with Liberty on the loose,
And All the Russias capped in red,
And Demos hustling like the deuce,
And Tsardom's day as good as dead—
When on the Dynasty they dance
And with the Imperial Orb play hockey,
I feel that LITTLE WILLIE'S chance
Looks, at the moment, rather rocky.

Not that the Teuton's stolid wits
Are built to plan so rude a plot;
Somehow I cannot picture Fritz
Careering as a *sansculotte;*
Schooled to obedience, hand and heart,
I can imagine nothing odder
Than such behaviour on the part
Of inoffensive cannon fodder.

And yet one never really knows.
You cannot feed his massive trunk
On fairy tales of beaten foes
Or HINDENBURG'S "victorious" bunk;
And if his rations run too short
Through this accurséd British blockade
Even the worm may turn and sport
A revolutionary cockade.

Well, at the worst, I have my loot;
And if, in search of healthier air,
We Hohenzollerns do a scoot,
There's wine and women everywhere;
And, for myself, I frankly own
A taste for privacy; I should rather
Not face the high light on a throne—
But O my poor, my poor old Father! O. S.

THE MUD LARKS.

THE French are a great people; the more I see of them the more I admire them, and I have been seeing a lot of them lately.

I seem to have spent the last week eating six-course dinners in cellars with grizzled sky-blue colonels, endeavouring to reply to their charming compliments in a mixture of Gaelic and CORNELIUS NEPOS. I myself had no intention of babbling these jargons; it is the fault of my tongue, which takes charge on these occasions, and seems to be under the impression that, when it is talking to a foreigner, any foreign language will do.

Atkins, I notice, also suffers from a form of the same delusion. When talking to a Frenchman, he employs a mangled cross between West Coast and China pidgin, and by placing a long E at the end of every word imagines he is making himself completely clear to the suffering Gaul. And the suffering Gaul listens to it all with incredible patience and courtesy, and, what is more, somehow or other disentangles a meaning, thereby proving himself the most intelligent creature on earth.

We have always prided ourselves that the teaching of modern languages in our island seminaries is unique; but such is not the case. Here and there in France, apparently, they teach English on the same lines. I discovered this, the other day, when we called on a French battery to have the local tactical situation explained to us. I was pushed forward as the star linguist of our party; the French produced a smiling Captain as theirs. The non-combatants of both sides then sat back and waited for their champions to begin. I felt a trifle nervous myself, and the Frenchman didn't seem too happy. We filled in a few minutes bowing, saluting, kissing and shaking hands, and then let Babel loose, I in my fourth-form French, and he, to my amazement, in equally elementary English. The affair looked hopeless from the start; if either of us would have consented to talk in his own language, the other might have understood him, but neither of us could, before that audience, with our reputations at stake.

Towards lunch-time things grew really desperate; we had got as far as "the pen of my female cousin," but the local tactical situation remained as foggy as ever, our backers were showing signs of impatience, and we were both lathering freely. Then by some happy chance we discovered we had both been in Africa, fell crowing into each other's arms, and the local tactical situation was cleared "one time" in flowing Swahili. Our respective reputations as linguists are now beyond doubt.

We became fast friends, this Captain and I. He bore me off to his cellar, stood me the usual six-course feed (with wines), and after it was over asked how I would like to while away the afternoon. I left it in his hands. "Eh bien, let us play on the Bosch a little," he suggested. It sounded as pleasant a light after-dinner amusement as any, so I bowed and we sallied forth.

He led me to his observation post, spoke down a telephone, and about twenty yards of Hun parapet were not. "That will spoil his siesta," said my Captain. "By the way, his Headquarters is behind that ruined farm."

"Which?" I inquired; there were several farms about, none of them in any great state of repair.

"I will show you—watch," he replied, talked into the 'phone again, and far away a cloud, a cloud of brick dust, smoked aloft. "*Voilà!*"

He thereupon pointed out all the objects of local interest in the same fashion.

"We will now give him fifty rounds for luck, and then we will return to my cellar for a cup of coffee," said he, and a further twenty yards of Hun parapet were removed.

Suddenly there came an answering salvo from Hunland, and a flock of shells whizzed over our heads.

"Tiens!" my Captain exclaimed. "He has lost his little temper, has he? Naughty, naughty! I must give him a slap. A hundred rounds!" he shouted into the 'phone, and the German lines spouted like a school of whales blowing.

Again the Bosch slammed across a heavy reply. My Captain leapt to his 'phone. "He would answer me back, would he? The impudence! Give him a *thousand* rounds, my children!"

Then for the next hour or so the sky was filled with a screaming tornado of shells, rushing, bumping, and bursting, and the Bosch lines sagged, bulged, quivered, slopped over, and were spattered against the blue in small smithereens.

"And now let us see what he says to that," said my Captain pleasantly. We waited, we watched, we listened; but there came no reply (possibly because there was no one left to make one), and my Captain turned to me, shoulders shrugged, palms outspread, a grimace of apologetic disgust



THE RUMOURISTS.

First Ass. "AND I HAVE IT ON THE BEST AUTHORITY."
Second Ass. "INCREDIBLE!" *[Goes off and repeats it.]*

on his mobile face—like a circus-master explaining that his clown has got the measles: "Nottin, see you? *Pas d'esprit, l'animal!*"

Certainly Hans the Hun does not seem to be enjoying the same high spirits he did of yore. Possibly he is beginning to regret the day he left the old beer garden, his ample Gretchen, and the fatty foods his figure demands. The story of Patrick and Goldilocks would tend to prove as much.

The other day Patrick was engaged in one of those little "gains" which straighten out the unsightly kinks in the "line" and give the War-correspondents a chance to get their names in print.

Patrick and his friends attacked in a snowstorm, dropped into a German post, gave the occupants every assistance in evacuating, and prepared to make themselves at home. While they were clearing up the mess, they found they had taken a prisoner, a blond Bavarian hero who had found it impossible to leave with his friends on account of half-a-ton of sandbags on his chest. They excavated him, told him if he was a good boy they'd give him a ticket to Donington Hall at nightfall, christened him Goldilocks for the time being, and threw him some rations, among which was a tin of butter.

He listened to all they had to say in a dazed sulky fashion, but at the sight of the tin of butter he gurgled drunkenly and seemed to go light-headed. He spent a perfect day revelling in the joys of anticipation, crooning over that butter, cuddling it, hiding it in one pocket after the other. Towards dusk down came the snow again, and under cover thereof the Bosch counter-attacked.

Patrick says he suddenly heard the bull voice of a Hun officer hic-coughing gutturals, and they were on him. He had no time to send up an S.O.S. rocket, and his machine-gun jammed. In a minute they were all mixed up, at it tooth and claw as merry as a Galway election, the big Bosch officer, throwing off a hymn of hate, the life and soul of the party. He came for Patrick with an automatic, and Patrick thought all was up; and so it would have been but for Goldilocks, who materialized suddenly out of nowhere, deftly tripped up his officer from behind, and, dancing on his stomach with inspired hooves, trod him out of sight.

Their moving spirit being wiped out, the Huns lost whatever heart they had had, and went through their "Kamerad" exercise without further ado.

When the excitement was over Patrick sought out Goldilocks, and, shaking him warmly by the hand, thanked him for suppressing the officer and saving the situation.

"Situation be damned" (or words to that effect), Goldilocks retorted. "He would have pinched my butter!"



Clerk. "Yes, Sir, it happened last night, Sir. Twins, I am happy to say, Sir. Another five pounds a week will come in very handy, Sir."

Employer (imagining him to mean a rise in salary). "Another five pounds a week! Good Lord!!"

Clerk. "Yes, Sir. Lord Devonport, Sir."

THE FLOWERLESS FUTURE.

(Notes from a Society newspaper of the coming vegetable epoch.)

Personal Pars.

We regret to learn that Lady Diana Dashweed has returned from Nice suffering from nervous shock. During a battle of vegetables at the recent carnival Lady Diana, while in the act of aiming a tomato at a well-known peer, was struck on the head by a fourteen-pound marrow hurled by some unknown admirer. There is unfortunately a growing tendency at these festivities to use missiles over the regulation weight.

A daring innovation was made by last Wednesday's bride. One has become so accustomed to the orthodox cauliflower bouquet at weddings that it came almost as a shock to see her holding a huge bunch of rich crimson beetroots, tied with old-gold streamers. The effect however was altogether delightful.

The decorations for a particularly smart "pink-and-white" dinner at one of our smartest restaurants last evening were charmingly carried out in spring rhubarb and Spanish onions, the table being softly illuminated by tinted electric lights concealed in hollow turnips, fashioned to represent the heads of famous statesmen.

From the Serial Story.

"Sick at heart, Adela tottered across the room and, opening her bureau, drew from its secret hiding-place an old letter. As she tremblingly removed it from the envelope a few faded leaves fluttered down to the floor. It was the brussels-sprout he had given her on the night they parted."

An Inducement.

"Wanted, Nurse, £30, for three children, 13, 7, and 3 years: nurseryman kept."—*Evesham Journal.*

To help, we suppose, in making up the beds.

"The stream proved treacherous in the extreme, being a succession of rapids and whirlpools. Often their magazine rifles and automatic revolvers were all that stood between them and death."—*Observer.*

We always use a Winchester repeater for shooting rapids.

"Merely as photographs these postcards are remarkable. As ikons for men to vow by; as lessons for women to show their children in days to come—when the Hun octopus roots himself again in the comity of civilised nations, lying in wait at our doorways, stretching out his antennæ, like those foul things that lurk at sea-cavern mouths—these eight pictures have historical value."—*Daily Mail.*

Biologists too will be glad to have this description of the habits and characteristics of that fearsome beast the *Octopus Germanicus.*



"What's for you, Missie?" "I forget its nime—but it's a pint o' wot it smells like."

ANTICIPATORY INTELLIGENCE.

(*Items gathered from the Daily Press of April 1st, 1927*).

Lord Kennedy-Jones, Grand Editor to the Nation, announced yesterday that he proposed to take no notice of the protest against the use of the words "voiced," "glimpsed" and "featured" in official documents.

The Earl of Mount-Carmel has left London on a protracted tour in Pulpesia. He requests that no mention shall be made of his movements during his absence in any newspapers. A special correspondent of *Chimes* will, we understand, accompany his lordship.

Mr. Winston Churchill gave further evidence yesterday before the Dardanelles Commission.

Lord Billing left England yesterday for New York in the Transatlantic airliner *P.B.*

"Polymachus," the famous descriptive journalist, yesterday published his five-thousandth daily article on the policies, principles and opinions of the house of Pelfwidge. An ox was roasted whole on the roof garden of the famous emporium in honour of the event.

Mr. Ginnell created a slight sensation in the House of Commons yesterday by attempting to accompany on the Irish harp his speech in support of the Atlantic Tunnel Bill.

The Speaker of the House of Commons has ruled a Member out of order for making a Latin quotation, the first heard at Westminster for nine years.

The Right Hon. Gilbert Chesterton is recovering from a mild attack of mumps. During the progress of the complaint his portrait was painted by Sir Augustus John.

The Rev. H. G. Wells preached yesterday evening at the City Temple.

Viscount Greba (Sir Hall Caine) takes his seat in the House of Lords to-day, and is expected to make an important pronouncement on Compulsory Manx at the Universities.

Mr. Winston Churchill's portrait of Lord Fisher has been accepted at Madame Tussaud's Exhibition.

OLD RHYMES FOR RATION TIMES.

There was an old woman who lived in a shoe,
She had so many children she didn't know what to do;
She gave them some broth without any bread,
So as not to exceed her allowance per head.

Old Mother Hubbard went to the cupboard
To get her poor dog a bone;
But when she got there the cupboard was bare,
And so the poor dog had none.
She went to the kitchen and scolded the slavey,
Who answered, "All bones must be boiled down for gravy."

"Mary, Mary, quite contrairy, how does your garden grow?"
"Early greens and haricot beans and cauliflowers all in a row."

When good King Arthur ruled this land he was a goodly king,
He stored ten sacks of barleymeal to last him through the Spring;
The Food-Controller heard thereof, and said, "This wicked hoarding
Must not go on—and if it does I'll have to act according."

CHILDREN'S TALES FOR GROWN-UPS.

V.

The Rivals.

The frog challenged the nightingale to a singing contest. "Of course for gurgling and untutored warbling I know he has it," he said to his friend the toad, "but in technique I shall beat him hollow."

So the jury was chosen. The nightingale proposed the lark, the thrush, the blackbird and the bullfinch as experts in singing, and the frog proposed the starling, the linnet, the chaffinch and the reed-warbler.

The nightingale was overcome with emotion at the generosity of the frog, and insisted on adding the crow and the toad as experts in croaking.

The nightingale sang first, whilst his trade rivals sat and chattered. They chattered so loud that the nightingale stopped singing in a huff.

"You are hardly at your best, you know, old thing," said the linnet sympathetically.

"You will find these throat lozenges excellent for hoarseness," said the blackbird.

"His upper register is weak—abominably weak," said the starling to the lark.

"Perhaps if his voice were trained," suggested the lark.

Meanwhile the frog croaked away lustily, but no one listened to him. "The jury must vote by ballot," he said as he finished the last croak.

"Of course we must," twittered the jury.

The frog won by eight votes to two.

"I voted for the nightingale," whispered the crow to the toad.

"So did I," whispered the toad.

A LOSS.

For many reasons the passing of the poster is to be welcomed. For one thing, it robbed the papers themselves of that element of surprise which is one of life's few spices; for another, it added to life's many complexities by forcing the reader into a hunt through the columns which often ended in disappointment: in other words the poster's promise was not seldom greater than the paper's performance. Then, again, it was often offensive, as when it called for the impeachment of an effete "old gang," many of whose members had joined the perfect now; or redundant, as when it demanded twenty ropes where one would have sufficed.

But, even although the streets may be said to have been sweetened by the absence of posters, days will come, it must be remembered, when we shall badly miss them. It goes painfully to one's heart to think that the embargo, if it is ever lifted, will not be lifted in time for most of the events which we all most desire, events that clamour to be recorded in the large black type that for so many years Londoners have associated with fatefulness. Such as ("reading from left to right"):—

FALL OF METZ.	STRASBURG FRENCH AGAIN.
ALLIES CROSS THE RHINE.	FLIGHT OF CROWN PRINCE.
RUSSIANS NEARING BERLIN.	BRITISH AND FRENCH NEARING BERLIN.
REVOLUTION IN GERMANY.	FALL OF BERLIN.
THE KAISER A CAPTIVE.	VICTORY!

And finally—

AMERICA DECLARES WAR.	PEACE!

It will be hard to lose these.

FRITZ'S APOLOGIA.

Yes, war is horrible and hideous—
It jars upon my sense fastidious,
My "noble instincts," to decline
To actions that are not divine.
So, when I mutilate your pictures,
So far from meriting your strictures,
Compassion rather is my due
For doing what I hate to do.
It grieves my super-saintly soul
Even to smash a china bowl;
To carry off expensive clocks
My tender conscience sears and shocks;
I really don't enjoy at all
Hacking to bits a panelled hall,
Rare books with priceless bindings burning,
Or boudoirs into cesspools turning.
My heart invariably bleeds
When I 'm engaged upon these deeds,
And teardrops of the largest size
Fall from my heav'n-aspiring eyes.
But, though my sorrow is unfeigned,
Still discipline must be maintained;
And, when the High Command says, "Smash,
Bedaub with filth, loot, hack and slash,"
I do it (much against the grain)
Because, though gentle and humane,
When dirty work is to be done
I always am a docile Hun.

"It is proposed to collect from Nottinghamshire householders bones and fat for the extraction of glycerine."—*Christian World.*

Poor "lambs"!

"Lady Companion Wanted, immediately, by young married woman; servant kept, and there are no children: applicant must be well educated, well read, well-bred, and of impeachable character."—*Provincial Paper.*

So as to give her employer something to talk about?

"'Baghdad' written large on the wall of the terminus in English and Arabic reminded them that they had arrived. In the booking office, now deserted, there had been a rush for tickets to Constantinople. The last train had gone out at 2 a.m. A supper officer discovered the way-bill."—*Daily Paper.*

A poor substitute if he was looking for the bill-of-fare.

From an Egyptian picture-palace programme:—

"Sensationing. Dramatic.

Marinka's Heart.

Great drama, in 3 parts, of a poignancy interest, assisting with anguish at the terrible peripeties of a Young Girl, falling in hand, of Bohemian bandits.

Pictures of this film are celicious, being taken at fir trees and mountan's of the Alpes.—Great success.

Comic. Silly laughter."

The translator of the French original was probably justified in his rendering of "*fou rire.*"

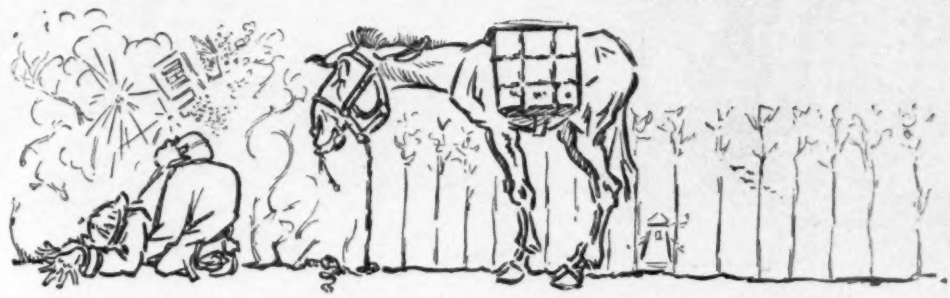
PROTESTS OF AN AMMUNITION MULE.



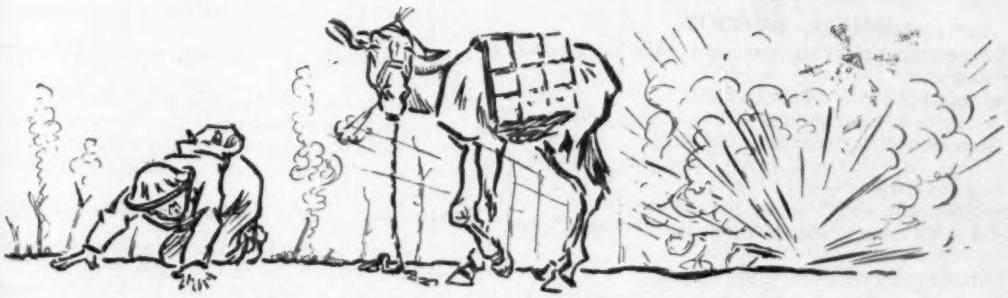
Mule. "What on earth's he stopping for?



Oh—get a move on!



Now what's the trouble?



Well, of all the ——!



Here, hold on—you wait for *me* now. Hang these flies!"



Bosch (downed after long Homeric combat). "KAMERAD!"
Pat. "BE JABERS, 'TIS THE WORD I'VE BEEN THRYING TO REMEMBER FOR THE LAST THREE MINUTS."

ADMIRAL DUGOUT.

HE had done with fleets and squadrons, with the restless roaming seas,
He had found the quiet haven he desired,
And he lay there to his moorings with the dignity and ease
Most becoming to Rear-Admirals (retired);
He was bred on "Spit and Polish"—he was reared to "Stick and String"—
All the things the ultra-moderns never name;
But a storm blew up to seaward, and it meant the Real Thing,
And he had to slip his cable when it came.

So he hied him up to London for to hang about Whitehall,
And he sat upon the steps there soon and late,
He importuned night and morning, he bombarded great and small,
From messengers to Ministers of State;
He was like a guilty conscience, he was like a ghost unlaid,
He was like a debt of which you can't get rid,
Till the Powers that Be, despairing, in a fit of temper said,
"For the Lord's sake give him something"—and they did.

They commissioned him a trawler with a high and raking bow,
Black and workmanlike as any pirate craft,
With a crew of steady seamen very handy in a row,
And a brace of little barkers fore and aft;
And he blessed the Lord his Maker when he faced the North Sea sprays
And exceedingly extolled his lucky star
That had given his youth renewal in the evening of his days
(With the rank of Captain Dugout, R.N.R.).

He is jolly as a sandboy, he is happier than a king,
And his trawler is the darling of his heart
(With her cuddy like a cupboard where a kitten couldn't swing,
And a smell of fish that simply won't depart);
He has found upon occasion sundry targets for his guns;
He could tell you tales of mine and submarine;
Oh, the holes he's in and out of and the glorious risks he runs
Turn his son—who's in a Super-Dreadnought—green.

He is fit as any fiddle; he is hearty, hale and tanned;
He is proof against the coldest gales that blow;
He has never felt so lively since he got his first command
(Which is rather more than forty years ago);
And of all the joyful picnics of his wild and wandering youth—
Little dust-ups from Taku to Zanzibar—
There was none to match the picnic, he declares in sober sooth,
That he has as Captain Dugout, R.N.R.

C. F. S.

"Would the Lady who took the Wrong Patent Leather Shoe (right) from —— on 7th instant return same?"—*Provincial Press.*

And then she can recover the right shoe which was left.

"Bethnal Green Military Hospital, formerly an infirmary, names its wards after British virtues, thus:—Courage, Truth, Fortitude, Loyalty, Justice, Honour, Faith, Hope, Charity, Prudence, Mercy, Grace, Candour, Innocence, and Patience."—*Evening Standard.*

We note with regret the omission of that eminently British virtue, Humility.



THE CATCH OF THE SEASON.

CONDUCTORETTE (*to Mr. ASQUITH*). "COME ALONG, SIR. BETTER LATE THAN NEVER."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, March 26th.—Major PRETYMAN NEWMAN has a bright sense of humour much appreciated by his fellow-countrymen from Ireland. His latest notion is that journals "of a comic and serio-comic nature" should be deprived of their stocks of paper in order that catalogues and circulars should continue to appear. Mr. GEORGE ROBERTS expressed his regret at being unable to discriminate between different classes of publications; but I understand that several Members have offered to satisfy Major NEWMAN's taste for light literature by lending him their old Stores catalogues.

Housewives who have been economising in their meagre supply of sugar in order to have a stock for jam-making have been alarmed by a rumour that they would be charged with food-hoarding and made to disgorge their savings. There is not a word of truth in it, and they may rest assured, on Capt. BATHURST's authority, that our non-party Government entirely approves this form of Conservatism.

Misled by Mr. BRACE's appearance—I have before now noted his likeness to an amiable cat—Mr. SNOWDEN pressed his advocacy of a certain conscientious objector called PETT to such lengths as to discover that even this kind of cat has claws. "These conscientious objectors," said Mr. BRACE at last, "are not the angels he thinks they are, and it is only with the utmost difficulty that a large number of them will do anything like reasonable work." Thus a PETT illusion has been shattered. Mr. SNOWDEN, however, has plenty more.

Tuesday, March 27th.—If British artisans, as at Barrow-in-Furness, prefer to strike for Germany, it seems hardly reasonable to expect German prisoners to work for England. The nature of the "disciplinary measures" which caused the Germans promptly to return to work on normal conditions was not disclosed, but it seems a pity that they are not tried in the other case.

"We are getting on," as Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN said on a famous occasion. Formerly it was considered the height of Parliamentary impropriety to say in so many words that an Hon. Member was not telling the truth; and all sorts of more or less transparent subterfuges, of which Mr. CHURCHILL's "terminological inexactitude" is the best remembered, were employed to evade this breach of good manners. But the present House is thicker-skinned than its predecessors, and heard without a tremor the following conversation between the MINISTER OF PENSIONS and Mr. HOGGE:—*Mr. Barnes:* "I never said there was a scale." *Mr. Hogge:* "Yes, you did." *Mr. Barnes:* "No, I didn't."

A little later on, Mr. SWIFT MACNEILL,



MR. BRACE.

always a stickler for constitutional precedent, attacked the Government for introducing important Bills—including one for extending once more the life of this immortal Parliament — without vouchsafing any explanation of them. He appealed to the SPEAKER to condemn this procedure as being contrary to the spirit of the standing order. Mr. LOWTHER explained that it was his business to carry out the rules of the House, not to express opinions about the use that was made of them. But he ventured to remind the Hon. Member that under this rule a Home Rule Bill, a Welsh Disestablishment Bill and a Plural Voting Bill had all been introduced on a single day. And it is not on record that on that occasion Mr. MACNEILL entered any protest.



"CO-ORDINATION."

Foreign Office. LORD ROBERT CECIL. *Admiralty.* SIR EDWARD CARSON.

Wednesday, March 28th.—Rumours that Mr. ASQUITH was about to make a public recantation of his hostility to Women's Suffrage caused a large attendance of Members, Peers and the general public. The interval of waiting was beguiled by, among others, Mr. PEMBERTON BILLING, who, having been told by Mr. MACPHERSON that the number of accidents during the training of pilots during the last half-year of 1916 was 1·53 per cent., proceeded to inquire, "What is the percentage based on? Is it percentage per hundred?" Mr. BILLING may be comforted by the recollection that a greater than he, Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, confessed that he "never could understand what those d—d dots meant."

The Editor of *The Glasgow High School Magazine* must be a proud man this day, for he has been mentioned in Parliament. It seems that he has been refused permission to post his periodical to subscribers in neutral countries, and Mr. MACPHERSON explained that this was in pursuance of a general rule, since "school magazines contain much information useful to the enemy." It is pleasant to picture the German General Staff laboriously ploughing through reports of football-matches, juvenile poems and letters to the Editor complaining of the rise in prices at the tuck-shop, in order to discover that Second-Lieutenant Blank, of the Umptieth Battery, R.F.A., is stationed in Mesopotamia, and therefrom to deduce the present distribution of the British Army.

The SPEAKER occupied the Chair during the discussion of the recommendations of his Conference on Electoral Reform, and heard nothing but good of himself. It was, indeed, a notable achievement to have induced so heterogeneous a collection of Members to present a practically unanimous report on a bundle of problems acutely controversial.

Only on one point did the Conference fail to agree, and that was in regard to Women's Suffrage. But, after Mr. ASQUITH's handsome admission that, by their splendid services in the War, women had worked out their own electoral salvation, even that topic seemed to have lost most of its provocative quality; and there is a general desire to forget what the late PRIME MINISTER described as a detestable campaign and bury the hatchet and all the other weapons employed in it.

Do you recall the dist aught lady in *Ruddigore*, who was always charmed into silence by the mystic word "Basingstoke"? More than once during Mr. CLAVELL SALTER's over-elaborated speech I hoped that he



The New-comer. "My village, I think?"
The One in Possession. "Sorry, old thing; I took it half-an-hour ago."

would remember his constituency and take the hint. But he went on and on, occasionally dropping into a vein of sentiment and working it so hard that I quite expected to hear him say, "Gentlemen of the Jury" instead of "Mr. Speaker." When it came to the division, however, he only carried some three-score stalwarts into the Lobby, and the House decided by a majority of 279 to support the Government's intention to give immediate effect to the recommendations of the Conference.

Thursday, March 29th.—Employers in want of agricultural labourers should apply to Lord Newton, who has a large selection of interned Austrians, Hungarians and Turks, and undertakes to supply an alien "almost by return of post." The Turk is specially recommended, as, even if he fails to give complete satisfaction, the farmer can relieve the monotony of an arduous existence by "sitting on the Ottoman."

Brave man as he is, the Food Controller is not prepared to prohibit entirely the manufacture of cakes and confectionery. But he is preparing to do something hardly less daring, namely, to standardize the types that may be sold.

An old spelling-book used to tell us that "It is agreeable to watch the unparalleled embarrassment of a harassed pedlar when gauging the symmetry of a peeled pear." Lord Devonport, occupied in deciding on the exact architecture and decoration of the Bath bun (official sealed pattern), would make a companion picture.

The unwillingness of some young Scottish Members to volunteer for National Service is now explained. It seems that by an unpardonable oversight the appeals of the Director-General, as published in the Scottish newspapers, were addressed "to the men of England." The wording has now been altered—not too late, I trust, for the country to obtain the valuable assistance of Messrs. Pringle and Hogge.

The Food-Shortage.

"Wanted, Second-hand Cavity Pan, with agitators complete, for edible purposes."
Manchester Guardian.

"No potatoes are to be served in future at any meal at the Portland Club, St. James's Square."—*Westminster Gazette.*

Hence the new name for this club—the Devonportland.

"We shall have to work more harder."
Daily Paper.

And some of us will have to write more better English.

HERBS OF GRACE.

V.

Lavender.

Grey walls that lichen stains,
That take the sun and the rains,
Old, stately and wise;
Clipt yews, old lawns flag-bordered,
In ancient ways yet ordered;
South walks where the loud bee plies
Daylong till Summer flies;—
Here grows Lavender, here breathes England.

Gay cottage gardens, glad,
Comely, unkempt and mad,
Jumbled, jolly and quaint;
Nooks where some old man dozes;
Currants and beans and roses
Mingling without restraint;
A wicket that long lacks paint;—
Here grows Lavender, here breathes England.

Sprawling for elbow-room,
Spearing straight spikes of bloom,
Clean, wayward and tough;
Sweet and tall and slender,
True, enduring and tender,
Buoyant and bold and bluff,
Simplest, sanest of stuff;—
Thus grows Lavender, thence breathes England.



Baker. "WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE LITTLE CHAP?"

Mother. "I GIVE IT UP. I'VE GIVEN HIM A BUN—I DON'T KNOW WHAT MORE 'E WANTS. I CAN'T GET 'IM TO REALISE THERE'S A WAR ON."

CO-OPERATIVE ADVERTISEMENTS.

In view of the restriction of the paper supply it has been suggested that advertisers should unite in cultivating the available space on a co-operative intensive system.

For example, the various proprietors of three popular brands of cigarettes, instead of having a page advertisement each, might combine in one single page, like this:—

THREE OF THE BEST.

You cannot consider yourself a connoisseur of cigarettes unless you are able to distinguish at one and the same time the individually exquisite flavours of

"THE BRASS HAT"
"THE OFFENSIVE."
"THE GAS ATTACK."

THERE IS NO OTHER PERFECT BLEND.

These cigarettes are smoked in our patent "Trident" cigarette-holders,
Of all Tobacconists.

You see? Not only does each manufacturer still obtain the same sale for his cigarettes, but he actually gains a third share in the profits of a new accessory—the triple cigarette-holder.

Of course ingenuity of this sort is not required when the advertisers are not in any sense rivals. All that is then necessary is what we may call the *economic common factor of appeal.* For instance:—

ARE YOU ON OUR WAITING LIST?

The War Office Car.	The Cricklewood Crematorium.

As soon as we are through with our urgent contracts we shall be happy to serve you.

Finally, we note that there are innumerable classifications of *complementary trades* which are, of course, eminently suited to co-operative advertising. We append two samples of what may be done in this direction.

I.

If you want to GET *an Engagement as Mistress—*
Solicit an interview at the
HOUSEWIVES' HOSTEL.
If you want to KEEP *an Engagement as Mistress—*
Have the whole of your Servants' Suite
CREATED BY
THE CLASSY FURNISHING CO.

II.

As Omar Khayyam said:—
"*A Loaf of Bread*——"
"MONKEY-NUTTO-BRAN"
Contains the whole of the husk.

"*A Flask of Wine*——"
A Wise Host
PLUMES HIMSELF
on his
CHÂTEAU VINAIGRETTE.

"*A Book of Verse*——"
"*PURPLE PIFFLE.*"
By
PERCIVAL DRIVEL.

"No submarines were sighted, but the vessel's commander steered a tortoise course through the danger zone."
Newfoundland Paper.

Far, far better than turning turtle.

"Metra laughed and deposited herself bewitchingly among the cushions on the davenport."—*London Magazine.*

Personally, we prefer a roll on the top of an American desk.

"By Regulation 35B of the Defence of the Realm Regulations, it is an offence for any person having found any bomb, or projectile, or any fragment thereof, or any document, map, &c., which may have been discharged, dropped, &c., from any hostile aircraft, to forthwith communicate the fact to a Military Post or to a Police Constable in the neighbourhood."—*Scotsman.*

Why this mistrust of Scottish policemen?

EARLIER FOOD PROBLEMS.

Peace, I remember, had her alimentary perplexities not much less renowned than war. At any rate I can think of two.

The first was some years ago, in Yorkshire, on one of those sultry and stifling days of August which in winter, or even in such a March as we have been suffering, one can view as something more desirable than rubies, but which in actual fact are depressing, enervating, and the mother of moodiness and fatigue. We had left Chop Yat early in the morning after a night of excessive heat in beds of excessive featheriness and were walking towards Helmsley by way of Rievaulx, all unconcerned as to lunch by the way, because the ordnance map marked with such cordial legibility an inn on the road at a reasonable distance. Moreover, was not Yorkshire made up of hospitable ridings, and had we not, on the previous day, found lunch in this cottage and tea in that, with no trouble at all, to say nothing of the terrific spread confronting us at Chop Yat? Why then carry anything?

But we soon began to regret the absence of sustenance, for this kind of weather makes for extreme lassitude shot through with rattiness, and under its influence nourishment dies in one with painful celerity.

The blessed word "inn" was however on the ordnance map, and since it was the one-inch scale that cannot lie we braced ourselves, mended and remended our tempers, and plodded on. The dales no doubt are gorgeous places, but under this grey humid sky anyone who wanted it could have had my share of Billsdale (as I believe it was). Scenery had become an outrage. There was no joy, no beauty; nothing was worth living for but that inn. As we laboured forward we cheered each other by word-pictures of its parlour, its larder and its cellar. A pork-pie ("porch-peon" I fancy the Yorkshiremen call it) would probably be there. Eggs, of course. A ham, surely. Bacon, no doubt. Yellow butter, crusty new bread, and beer. Indeed, let the rest go, so long as there was beer. But beer, of course, was beyond any question; an inn without beer was unthinkable.

Thus the miles wore away until, footsore, sticky and faint, we came upon the hostelry itself—only to find, instead of any grateful sign and the promise of delight, the frigid words, "Friends' Meeting House," painted on the board. . . .

That was one experience, over which a veil may well be drawn. The other was not so long ago, in Sussex, a little before the War. This time we had not walked, but had done that much more hungrifying thing—we had been for hours in a motor-car, exceedingly engaged on the task of looking at houses to let. At last, utterly worn out, in the way that motoring can wear out body, soul and nerves, and filled with a ravening desire to tear meat limb from limb, we came to an inn of which our host had the highest opinion—so high, indeed, that, empty though we were, he had forced the car at full-speed past at least half-a-dozen admirable but less pretentious houses, where I, in my small way, had more than once been nourished and sustained.

When, however, at last we did arrive at his desired haven, late in the afternoon, when dusk was beginning to fall and blur with her gentle hand the sharp lines of hill and tree, we acknowledged his wisdom, for in the window beside the door, where we creakingly but joyfully alighted, were visible, although no longer distinctly, a vast ham as yet uncut and two richly-browned cold fowls. "There," said he, with a pardonable triumph, "didn't I tell you?" and so, our lips trembling with the anticipation of nutriment, we entered, flung off our wraps, and prepared, on the evidence, for such bliss as earth too rarely affords. But alas for hopes raised only to be shattered, for the host had nothing to offer us but bread-and-cheese. The ham and chickens were of *papier-mâché*.



Sentry. "'Oo goes there?"
Jock. "Twa Scotches, an' awfu' under proof."

"Hotel.—Sitting Waiter required, good experience."—*Bournemouth Daily Echo.*

The inclusion of the functions of a waiter among "sedentary occupations" explains a good deal.

FROM LORD DEVONPORT'S LETTER-BAG.

I.—*From Professor Tripewell.*

MY LORD,—You will, no doubt, forgive me for drawing your attention to the fact that the rationing system, to which you have lent the credit of your name, will bring us to the end of our food supplies in something considerably less than a month from now. I am far from wishing to be an alarmist, but it is as well that we should face the facts, especially when they are supported by statistics so irrefutable as those which I am willing to produce to you at any moment on receiving your request to do so.

Fortunately it is not yet too late to apply a simple and adequate remedy to this condition of affairs. All you have to do is to issue *and enforce* an Order in the following terms:—

(1) Every occasion on which food, no matter how small the amount, is eaten shall count as a meal.

(2) Not more than two meals shall be eaten by any person, of whatever size, age or sex, in a day of twenty-four hours.

(3) No meal shall last more than ten minutes.

(4) The mastication of every mouthful shall last not less than thirty seconds.

(5) A mouthful for the purpose of this Order shall not consist of more food than can be conveyed to the mouth in an ordinary teaspoon.

I venture to think that this order, *if issued at once and drastically applied*, will meet every difficulty, and that we shall hear no more of a shortage.

II.—*From Joshua Stodmarsh.*

DEAR OLD SPORT,—It won't do—really it won't. I've been doing my best to give your plan of food rations a fair run, and every week I've found myself on the wrong side of the fence. I have never considered myself a large or reckless eater, though I own to having had a liking for a good breakfast (fish, kidneys and eggs, with muffin or buttered toast and marmalade) as a start for the day. Then came luncheon—steak or chop or Irish stew, with a roly-poly pudding to follow, and a top-up of bread-and-butter and cheese. Tea, of course, at five o'clock, with more buttered toast, and then home to a good solid dinner of soup, fish and *entrée* and joint and some sort of sweet. This just left room for an occasional supper—say three times a week. It doesn't sound out of the way, now does it? And you must remember that I'm not one of your thin, dwarfish, anæmic blokes that you could feed out of a packet of bird-seed. No, I stand six foot, and I don't weigh an ounce under seventeen stone. Dear old boy, you can't have the heart to ask me to do it.

III.—*From Miss Lavinia Fluttermere.*

DEAR LORD DEVONPORT,—I am writing on behalf of my sister Penelope as well as on my own to bring before you a difficulty under which we are labouring in connection with your Lordship's order in regard to the consumption of food. We are two sisters, the daughters of a country clergyman, who died when I was eighteen and Penelope a year and a half younger. I tell you this to show you that we were not accustomed in our youth to luxurious living. For many years now Penelope and I have lived together in a very small way on the income of an annuity for our joint lives which was bought with a sum of money left to us by an uncle. On this we have managed to get along comfortably, and have even been able to pay for occasional help in the work of our very modest household. When your Lordship's food order was issued we determined to obey it strictly, being glad of an opportunity to show our patriotic devotion to the cause of our country. "It will be hard for us, Penelope," I said, "for we are NOT used to such quantities of meat, and even the allowance of bread is too great, I fear, for our poor appetites; but, since Lord DEVONPORT wishes it, all we can do is to obey, even though this may entail a change in our manner of living and an increase in our weekly expenses." Penelope agreed, and on this principle we have endeavoured to act. We have, however, now found the task to be beyond our capacity, though we have struggled loyally to fulfil the duty imposed upon us; and we write to ask your Lordship to grant us some dispensation, lest permanent plethora should ensue.



Ex-Proprietor of a Cokernut Stall (who has just had his helmet shot off). "WHAT'LL YE 'AVE, FRITZ—NUTS OR A SEEGAR?"

IN A GOOD CAUSE.

Mr. Punch desires to support very heartily Lord BERESFORD'S appeal on behalf of the fine work of the Ladies' Emergency Committee of the Navy League, who supply warm clothing to the crews of men-of-war and mercantile auxiliaries; equipment to Naval hospitals, and parcels of food and other necessaries to Naval prisoners of war. The strain upon the Committee's resources has been very heavy, and Mr. Punch is confident that his friends will not allow our gallant sea-services to suffer through any need which it is within their power to supply.

Cheques may be made payable to Admiral Lord BERESFORD, and addressed to the Hon. Secretary, Ladies' Emergency Committee of the Navy League, 56, Queen Anne Street, Cavendish Street, W.

"£1 REWARD.—Lost, Umbrella, engraved W. C. B. 1865-1915." *The Times.*

We do not believe that such a faithful friend is lost; it has simply gone out to celebrate its jubilee.

"FOOD IN FRANCE.

A friend who was in France last week tells me that the only cheap article of diet just now is eggs, which are about 1½d. each. Meat, he said, averages 5f. a kilo, which is about the equivalent of 5s. a pound."—*Daily Mirror.*

No wonder we are not allowed to have the metric system.



HUMOURS OF A REMOUNT DÉPÔT.

Sergeant. "Frightened of 'im, are you? Didn't you 'ave nothin' to do with animals before ye joined up?"
Recruit. "Yessir. I was a lion-tamer."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

Mr. Conrad's new hero is an unnamed chief-mate who gets his first command to a sailing vessel, also unnamed—a queer and of course quite deliberate instance of the author's reticent, allusive method which is so entirely plausible. Her last captain, who had some mad savage hatred of ship and crew, died aboard her and was buried in latitude 8° 20′. The chief-mate, who got the vessel back to port and remained under her new captain, is convinced that the dead man haunts her vengefully; and one desperate accident after another, racking a crew overwhelmed with fever, almost persuades the captain to share the mate's illusion that 8° 20′—*The Shadow Line* (Dent)—is possessed by the dead scoundrel. I found the book less interesting as a yarn than as an example of the astonishingly conscious and perfect artistry of this really great master of the ways of men and words. Mr. Conrad never made me believe that the new captain would go so near sharing his mate's superstitious panic (which is perhaps because I know little of sailor-men save what he has taught me); and in the incident, so curiously and deliberately detailed, of his finding the quinine bottles filled with a worthless substitute, and letting them "each in turn" slip to ground, I had again the most unusual shock of being unable to accept the credibility of his invention. This is so rare an experience that it only throws into relief for me the fine craft of this most brilliant of our impressionists, who tells so much with such delicate strokes, so conscientiously considered, so unerringly conveyed.

This is the End (Macmillan) is the kind of book that only youth can write—youth at its best. It has the qualities and defects of its parentage; but the qualities, a fine careless rapture, sensitive vision, a wayward and jolly fantasy, challenging provocativeness, faintly malicious humour, are dominant. Miss Stella Benson will grow out of her youthful cynicisms and intolerances, will focus her effects, without losing any of her substantial equipment. This is by no means the end. It is the second step of a very brilliant beginning. Already it shows improvement upon her first clever book, *I Pose*; a surer touch, a finer restraint. What is it all about? Does that matter? It is the manner of the telling rather than what is told that constitutes the charm. If I tell you that *Jay* runs away from a respectable home, and, after a grievous experiment as a bolster-filler, becomes a bus-conductor, has a romantic friendship with a middle-aged married man, and marries the faithful *Mr. Morgan*, her dead brother's soldier friend, I have told you just nothing at all. I will merely add that you will be foolish if you miss this book.

I have to begin by confessing that, despite its most attractive title, my first glance into *French Windows* (Arnold) produced in me some feeling of prejudice. It was not that I failed to recognise both dignity and beauty of phrase in the writing; on the contrary, I told myself that "Mr. John Ayscough" had been betrayed by his own appreciation of beautiful phrases into an indulgence in "style," a deliberate arrangement of his war-pictures that was somehow out of harmony with the stark and horrible simplicity of their subject. But I hasten to make confession that this was but

a passing and, I am convinced, a wrong judgment. Indeed, the abiding impression that the book has left upon me is one of enormous sincerity. Both as a soldier and a priest, the writer enjoyed (as his publishers quite justly say) special opportunities for getting into touch with men of all sorts and conditions. This, aided by his own gift of sympathy and comradeship, has resulted in a book that is very largely a record of fleeting but genuine friendships, made with individual soldiers, both French and English, in the Western battle. Many of them contain portraits and character-studies (a pedantic term for anything so sensitive and sympathetic as these tributes to nameless heroes, but I can find no better) that linger in the memory. I defy you, for example, to forget soon the story of that winter walk taken by the writer and certain officer-boys of his unit to the Cistercian Monastery, and what *Chutney* said by the way; and what happened afterwards. For the sake of such sincere and memorable sketches as this I am more than ready to forgive what seemed like a touch of artifice elsewhere.

Mr. GEORGE MOORE, continuing his labours as reviser and editor-in chief of the Moorish masterpieces, has now directed his attention to *A Modern Lover*. Finding this (presumably) not modern enough, he has refashioned and republished it under the admirably comprehensive title of *Lewis Seymour and Some Women* (HEINEMANN). Not having the original at hand, I am unable to indulge in comparisons; but there seems good reason to suppose that *Lewis Seymour's* relations with the three amiable ladies who assist his artistic and amatory career remain very much what they probably were in the beginning. As for the tale itself, that too will hardly belie your expectation, being full of cleverness, carried off with an infectious gaiety, and boasting (I use the word advisedly) more than a sufficiency of that rather assertive and school-boy impropriety which the charitable might quote as evidence of our author's perpetual youth. It is an interesting, though perhaps futile, speculation to reflect how Mr. THOMAS HARDY, to whose plots the present bears some resemb'ance, might have handled it. Had *Lewis Seymour* pursued his education in womanhood under the guidance of the wizard of Dorchester there would probably have been less of the atmosphere of holiday humour; but, on the other hand, we should almost certainly have been spared the quite superfluous naughtiness of the Parisian scenes. By the way, talking of Paris, surely I am right in supposing that the vision of a revived Versailles was an experience of two ladies? It is unexpected to find Mr. MOORE denying anything to "the sex."

Of the late Mr. JACK LONDON'S alternative methods of writing, the defiantly propagandist and the joyously adventurous, I, being an average reader, have always preferred the latter; so that, remembering how separate and distinct he usually kept his two styles, I expected, in taking up *The Strength of the Strong* (MILLS AND BOON), to be immediately either disappointed or gratified. But, as it turns out, the half-dozen essay-stories that make up this slender volume are by no means characteristic, for there is very little plot in any, and even less attempt forcibly to extract a moral; and amongst them are two not very successful North of Ireland studies that seem to have no connection at all with the author's usual manner. The volume is made up of social pictures, all (as Mr. LONDON liked to pretend) within his own experience, presented impartially for you to study, and draw, if you choose, your own conclusions. That experience ranges, comprehensively enough, from a first-hand sketch of primeval man attempting rather unhappily to group himself in clans and tribes, to a journalistic note of the Yellow Peril that materialised, we learn, somewhere late in the twentieth century and was overcome by science liberating disease—a Hunnish method no longer novel. Of the series I like best the tale of the San Francisco professor of dual personality, who by dint of much practical study of labour problems came at last to cut loose from his own circle and disappear in the army of industry. In this chapter alone is there a spark of the volcanic fire, now unhappily no longer in eruption, that blazes in such great stories as *The Sea Wolf*, *Adventure* and *Burning Daylight*.



Helen (who has been reckoning termination of the War by counting opposite diner's prune stones). "MOTHER, I DO BELIEVE IT'S GOING TO BE *THIS* YEAR!"

Though there may be no very particular reason why you should be invited to read *The Love Story of Guillaume-Marc* (HUTCHINSON) it is, I vouch, a vivid enough tale of its *genre*. Squeamish folk, perhaps, may think that this is not the most opportune time at which to draw attention to the blood-lust that was so marked a feature of the French Revolution. But, granted that you do not suffer from squeams, you will find Miss MARIAN BOWER a deft weaver of romance. Here love and adventure walk firmly hand-in-hand, and from the moment *Guillaume-Marc* makes his entrance upon the stage until the happy ending is reached any day might have been his last. The villain, too, is a satisfactory scoundrel, and cunning withal. "Brains," he considered, "may conceive revolutions, but it is the empty stomach which propagates them." I wonder whether they have the brains for it in Berlin.

According to a recent official *communiqué* from Petrograd, among the captures on the Caucasian Front was "an apomecometer (an instrument for estimating altitudes)." It is understood that the latest Turkish estimate of the "All Highest" was captured with the instrument, but was found to be unfit for publication.

"The *Weser Zeitung* now reports from Berlin that deliberations by the State authorities have led to the decision that from April 15 the meat ration will be increased to half a kilometre (about 17½ ozs.) per week."—*Liverpool Daily Post.*

This must refer to the sausage-ration, which by reason of its length and tenuity is now advertised by the butchers (civilian) of Berlin as "The HINDENBURG line."

"STEAM LUNCH—50 ft. x 7½ ft., fast, liquid fuel."—*Yachting Monthly.*

A meal of these dimensions should surely attract the attention both of the FOOD CONTROLLER and the Liquor Control Board.

CHARIVARIA.

THE question as to how America's army will assist the Allies has not yet been decided, so that President WILSON will still be glad of suggestions from our halfpenny morning papers.

* * *

The military absentee who said he had just dined at a London restaurant, and therefore did not mind going back to the trenches, acted rightly in not disclosing the name of the restaurant.

* * *

The report that M. VENEZELOS was in London has been denied by *The Daily Mail* and the Press Bureau. It is expected that the news will at once be telegraphed to M. VENEZELOS.

* * *

There is a proposal to shorten theatrical performances, and several managers of revue, unable to determine which joke to retain, have in desperation resolved to sacrifice both.

* * *

Owing to travelling and other difficulties the British Association have decided not to hold their annual meeting this year. Unofficially, the decision is attributed to the growing prejudice against a continuance of the more frivolous forms of entertainment.

* * *

A soldier in Salonika has asked a friend in Surrey to send him some flower seeds for a garden in his camp. We hear that Mr. LYNCH, M.P., is convinced that this is merely an inspired attempt to obscure the real object of the campaign.

* * *

We learn with satisfaction that it is proposed to form a Ministry of Health, for many of the Government Departments seem to be suffering from a variety of complaints.

* * *

In connection with a recent law case, in which a certain Mr. SHAW was referred to as "one of the public," we hasten to point out that it did not refer to Mr. GEORGE BERNARD SHAW, who, of course, is not in that category.

* * *

"Peanuts," says *The Daily Chronicle*, "do not seem to be receiving the attention they deserve from our food experts." Several of our younger readers who profess to be food experts declare that they are ready to attend to all the peanuts that our contemporary cares to put in their way.

* * *

In a duel with revolvers last week two Spanish officers wounded one another. We have all along maintained that duels with revolvers are becoming positively dangerous.

* * *

A cheque for twenty-five million dollars has just been handed to M. BRUN, Danish Minister at Washington, in payment for the Danish West Indies.



Master (after the event). "DO YOU KNOW, YOUNG MAN, THAT THIS PAINS ME MUCH MORE THAN IT DOES YOU?"

The Terror. "NO, I DIDN'T KNOW, SIR. BUT IF THAT ASSERTION GENUINELY EXPRESSES YOUR CONSIDERED OPINION I FEEL VERY MUCH BETTER."

This, we understand, includes cost of packing and delivery.

* * *

There is a serious shortage of margarine and many people have been compelled to fall back on butter.

* * *

A gossip writer states that one of the recent additions to the Metropolitan Special constabulary weighs seventeen stone. It is not yet decided whether he will take one beat or two.

* * *

There is to be no General Election this year for fear that it might clash with the other War.

* * *

Another military absentee having told the Thames Police Court magistrate that he did not know there was a War on, it is expected that the Government will have to announce the fact.

* * *

It is no longer the fashion to regard the British as a degenerate race. Still it is good to know that one of our rat clubs has killed no fewer than three hundred of these ferocious beasts.

* * *

A contemporary suggests that we may yet institute a system of pigeon post, and thus assist the postal services. There will be fine mornings when the exasperated householder will be waiting behind the door with a shot-gun for the bird which attempts to deliver the Income Tax papers.

* * *

Two litigants in the Bombay High Court have settled their differences by agreeing that the sum in dispute shall be paid into the War Fund. This is considered to be a marked improvement on the old method of dividing it between the lawyers in the case.

* * *

"It is my supreme war aim," said Count VON ROON in the Prussian House of Lords, "to keep the Throne and the Dynasty sky high." Once we have knocked them sky high the Count can keep them in any old place he likes.

* * *

At a recent concert at Cripplegate Institute in aid of St. Dunstan's Hostel for Blinded Soldiers, lightning sketches of cats by LOUIS WAIN were sold by auction. The sketching of these night-prowlers by lightning is, we understand, a most exhilarating pursuit, but the opportunities for it are comparatively rare, and most artists have to utilise the moon or the searchlight.

* * *

It is announced that owing to the shortage of paper the number of propagandist pamphlets published by the German Government will be diminished. The decision may also have been influenced by the increasing shortage of neutrals.

"Father Waring's boat became jammed while being lowered and hung dangerously, but the ship's surgeon cut the cackles and they descended safely."
The Pioneer (Allahabad).

Another of our strong silent men.

SYMPOSIUM OF THE CENTRAL WEAKNESSES.

FERDIE.

My nerves are feeling rather bad
About the news from Petrograd.
Briefly, and speaking as a Tsar,
I think the game has gone too far.
When Liberty gets on the wing
You cannot always stop the thing.
Vices from ill examples grow,
And I might be the next to go.

TINO.

Yes, what has happened over there
May very well occur elsewhere.
Fortune with me may prove as fickle as
It did with poor lamented NICHOLAS.
It was a silly thing to do
To ape the airs of WILLIAM TWO;
I cannot think what I was at,
Trying to be an autocrat.

MEHMED.

I take a very dubious tone
About the fate of Allah's Own.
The Young Turk Party 's been my bane
And caused me hours and hours of pain;
But, what would be a bitterer pill,
There may be others younger still,
Who, if the facts should get about,
Would want to rise and throw me out.

FERDIE.

I don't believe that WILLIAM cares
One little fig for my affairs.
He roped me in to this concern
Simply to serve his private turn;
And never shed a single tear
Over my loss of Monastir.
For tuppence, if I saw my way,
I 'd join the others any day.

TINO.

Last year (its memory still is green) O
How WILLIAM loved his precious TINO!
He talked about our family ties
And sent me such a lot of spies.
But since his foes began to squeeze
My guns inside the Peloponnese
His interest in me has ceased;
I do not like it in the least.

MEHMED.

I lent him troops when things were slack,
And now the beast won't pay 'em back.
He never mentions any "line"
Of HINDENBURG'S in Palestine.
I cannot sleep; I get such frights
During these dark Arabian Nights.
But he—he doesn't care a dem.
O Allah! O Jerusalem! O. S.

"THE ONE NEW SPRING FASHION.
Every woman who wants the most economical new garment, should buy to-morrow's DAILY SKETCH."
Evening Standard.

It sounds cheap, but would it wear?

BLANCHE'S LETTERS.

SOCIETY "WAR-WORKERS."

DEAREST DAPHNE,—The scarcity of paper isn't altogether an unmixed misfortune, as far as one's correspondence is concerned. Letters that don't matter, letters from the insignificant and the boresome, simply aren't answered. For small spur-of-the-moment notes to one's *intimes* who 're not too far off, there 's quite a little feeling for using *slates*. One writes what one 's to say on one's slate (which may be just as dilly a little affair as you please, with plain or chased silver frame, enamelled monogram or coronet, and pencil hanging by a little silver chain), and sends it by a servant. When the note 's been read, it 's wiped off, the answer written, and the slate brought back. *Isn't* that fragrant? I may claim to have set this fashion. Of course a very *voyant* slate is not just-so. The Bullyon-Boundermere woman set up one with a deep, heavily-chased gold frame, and "B.-B." at the top set with big diamonds. *C'est bien elle!* She 'd used it only half-a-dozen times when it was snatched from her footwoman, who was taking it to somebody's house, and hasn't been heard of since!

People Who Matter gave a double-page to illustrating "War-Time Correspondence Slates of Social Leaders." *My* slate 's there, and Stella Clackmannan's, and Beryl's and several more. A propos, have you seen the series of "Well-known War-Workers" they 've been having lately in *People Who Matter*? They 're really quite worth while. There 's dear Lala Middleshire in one of those charming "Olga" trench coats (khaki face-cloth lined self-coloured satin and with big, lovely, gilt-and-enamelled buttons), high brown boots, and one of those saucy little Belgian caps with a distracting little tassel wagging in front. The pickie is called "The Duchess of Middleshire Takes a War-Worker's Lunch," and dear Lala is shown standing by a table, looking so *bravely* at two cutlets, a potato, a piece of war bread, a piece of war cheese and a small pudding.

Then there 's Hermione Shropshire, in a perfectly *haunting* lace and taffetas morning robe, with a clock near her (marked with a cross) pointing to eight o'clock! (She lets her maid dress her at that hour now, so that the girl may go and make munitions.) And Edelfleda Saxonbury is shown in an evening gown, wearing her famous pearls. She 's leaning her chin on her hand and gazing with a sweet wistful look at an inset view of the hostel where she 's washed plates and cups quite several times.

And last but not least there 's a pickie that the journalist people have dubbed, "Distinguished Society Women distinguish themselves as Carpenters," *et voilà* Beryl, Babs and your Blanche, in delicious cream serge overall things, with hammers, planes, and saws embroidered in crewels on the big square collars and turn-up cuffs, and enormously becoming carpenter's caps, looking at a rest-hut we 've just finished. Oh, my dearest and best, you don't know what it is to *live* till you 've learned to *carpent!* It 's positively *enthralling!* When we 're skilful enough we 're to go abroad—*mais il faut se taire!* *I* don't see why we shouldn't go *now*. We 're as skilful as we shall ever be. And even if one or two of our huts *had* no doors what 's that matter? Besides, a hut with no door has a tremendous pull—there wouldn't be any draughts!

Everyone 's *furious* at the way the powers that be have treated Sybil Easthampton. You know what a wonderful thing her Ollyoola Love Dance is. Of course she 's lived among the Ollyoolas and knows them in all their moods. (They 're natives somewhere ever and ever so far off, where there are palms and coral reefs, and the people don't believe in wrapping themselves up much.) And so she 's given the dance at a great many War Fund matinées. That little Mrs. Jimmy Sharpe, daring to criticise it, said there was too much Ollyoola and not enough dance; but everybody who *counts* simply raves about it. And then, when some manager person offered Sybil big terms to do it at the "Incandescent," he was "officially informed" that, if the Ollyoola Love Dance went into the bill the "Incandescent" would be "placed out of bounds"! What do you, *do* you think of that, *m'amie?* A piece of sheer *artistry* like the Ollyoola Love Dance to be treated so! And it 's wonderful not only artistically but scientifically. Each of dear Sybil's amazing wriggles and squirms and crouches and springs is *absolutely* true—*exactly* what an Ollyoola *does* when it 's in love.

We 're all glad to think we can *still* see the Ollyoola Love Dance at War Fund matinées.

Ever thine, BLANCHE.

The Secrets of the Sales.

"A splendid line in corsets, in fine white coutil, usually sold at 14s. 11d., are offered sale at 17s. 11d. each."—*Fashions for All.*

"BRITISH HARRY THE ENEMY."
Provincial Paper.

And all this time the Germans have been under the impression that it was British Tommy.



ALIMENTARY INTELLIGENCE.

Mr. Punch. "DO YOU CONTROL FOOD HERE?"

Commissionaire. "WELL, SIR, 'CONTROL' IS PERHAPS RATHER A STRONG WORD. BUT WE GIVE HINTS TO HOUSEHOLDERS, AND WE ISSUE 'GRAVE WARNINGS.'"

[Mr. Punch, however, is glad to note that more drastic regulations are about to be enforced.]

THE WATCH DOGS.

LIX.

My dear Charles,—Reference the German withdrawal. The matter is proceeding in machine-like order, and one of the first great men to cross No-Man's Land was myself in the noblest of cars. It was, I confess, a purely temporary and fortuitous arrangement which put me in such a conveyance, but I had the feeling that it was excellently fitted to my particular form of greatness, and there were moments when I was so enamoured of it that I was on the verge of getting into a hole with it and staying hid there till the end of the War. Just the right hole was provided at every cross-roads, but the driver wouldn't try them and went round by the fields.

Of the flattened villages and the severed fruit-trees you will have read as much as I have seen. It 's a gruesome business, but one charred village is much like another, and the sight is, alas, a familiar one nowadays. For me all else was forgotten in speechless admiration of the French people. Their self-restraint and adaptability are beyond words. These hundreds of honest people, just relieved from the domineering of the Master Swine and restored to their own good France again, were neither hysterical nor exhausted. They were just their happy selves, very pleased about it all, standing in their doorways, strolling about the market-place, watching the march of events as one might watch a play. Every house had its tricolor bravely flying; where they 'd got them from so soon I don't know, but no Frenchman ever yet failed, under any circumstances, to produce exactly the right thing at exactly the right moment. There was a nice old Adjoint at the Mairie who wasn't for doing any business at all, with the English or anyone else, until a certain formality had been observed. He had a bottle of old brandy in his cellar, which somehow or other had escaped the German eye these last two years. This, said Monsieur, had first to be disposed of before any other business could conceivably be entertained . . . I gathered he had risked much, everything possibly, in keeping this bottle two years; but nothing on earth would induce him to retain it two minutes longer.

Madame, the doctor's wife, approached me as a friend with a request. Would I expedite a letter to her people, to announce her restoration to liberty? I was at Madame's disposal. She handed me the letter. I observed that the envelope was not closed down. Madame's look indicated that this was intentional, and her expression indicated that this was the sort of thing she was used to.

There was no weeping, no extreme emotion. There was a philosophical detachment, a very prevalent humour, and, for the rest, signs of a quiet waiting for "The Day." There is only one day for France, the day of the arrival of Frenchmen on German soil. When the English arrive in Germany there will be nothing doing, except some short and precise orders that we must salute all civilians and pay double for what we buy; but when the French arrive in Germany . . . and Heaven



"Well, so you 're going to have the vote at last."

"Oh, only women over thirty, you know."

send we are going to help them to get well in!

There is a story current, turning on these events, of a young German officer and an official correspondence. It just possibly may be true, since even among such a rotten lot there might conceivably have been one tolerable fellow. The Higher Command had been much intrigued as to a church window, wanting to know (in writing) exactly why and how it had been broken; or rather, as it was the German Higher Command, exactly why and how it had been allowed to remain unbroken. You know how these affairs develop in interest and excitement as the correspondence passes down and down, from one formation to another, and what an air of urgency and bitterness they wear when they reach the last man. In this case the young German subaltern, who had no one else below him on whom to put the burden of explaining in writing, took advantage of his position, and wrote upon a slip, which he attached to the top of the others: "To Officer Commanding British Troops. Passed to you, please, as this town is now in your area. . . ."

Probably the tale isn't true, for if the officer was a German he must have had German blood in him, and if he had German blood in him there couldn't be room for anything else, certainly not for a sense of humour.

We stayed longer than we should have done; this was an occasion upon which one could not insist on the limit of ten handshakes per person. I was delayed also by the Institutrice, who wanted to borrow my uniform, so that she might put it on and so be in a position to start right off at once, paying back. She meant it too, and I should not be surprised to hear that she 's been caught doing it by this time. Her mother was there in great form. Asked for her opinion of the dear departed, she said she had already told it to themselves and saw no reason to alter it. "They make war only on women and children; they are *lâches*." My N.C.O. got out his pocket-dictionary to discover the exact meaning of the word. She told us he needn't trouble; it meant two months' imprisonment. She had a face like a russet apple—a very nice russet apple, too.

We didn't get away before dark, and we found it very hard to discover our way about new country when large hunks of it were missing altogether. One of the party would walk on to find the way, and later I would go forth to find him. We could see the road stretching away in front of us for kilometres; but between us and it there would be twenty yards of nil.

However, the car eventually learnt to stand on its back wheels, climb hedges and make its way home across country, having confirmed its general opinion of the Bosch, that he is only good at one thing, and that is destroying other people's property. I am now back in comfort again, and able to remember your suffering. I send herewith a slice of bully beef (one) and potatoes (two), hoping that they will not be torpedoed, and urging you to hang on, for we are now beginning to think of moving towards Germany, if only to see, when we get there, exactly what the Frenchman has been evolving in his mind all this time.

Yours ever, Henry.

"General Ludendorff has received the Red Eagle of the First Class."—*Central News.*

An appropriate reward for his rapid flight.



Customer. "Look out! You're confoundedly clumsy!" *New Assistant.* "Well, you can't be partickler what you do nowadays. I never was a barber afore, and I 'ate and despise the job—see?"

COMRADES.

In every home in England you will find their wistful faces,
Where, weary of adventure, lying lonely by the fire,
Untempted by the sunlight and the call of open spaces,
They are listening, listening, listening for the step of their desire.

And, watching, we remember all the tried and never failing,
The good ones and the game ones that have run the years at heel;
Old Scamp that killed the badger single-handed by the railing,
And Fan, the champion ratter, with her fifty off the reel.

The bitches under Ranksboro' with hackles up for slaughter,
The otter hounds on Irfon as they part the alder bowers,
The tufters drawing to their stag above the Horner Water,
The setters on Ben Lomond when the purple heather flowers.

The collie climbing Cheviot to head his hill sheep stringing,
The Dandie digging to his fox among the Lakeside scars,
The Clumber in the marshes when the evening flight is winging
And the wild geese coming over through the rose light and the stars.

And my heart goes out in pity to each faithful one that 's fretting
Day by day in cot or castle with his dim eyes on the door.
In his dreams he hunts with sorrow. And for us there 's no forgetting
That he helped our love of England and he hardened us for war.

W. H. O.

AUTRE TEMPS—AUTRES MŒURS.

When Moses fought with Amalek in days of long ago,
And slew him for the glory of the Lord,
'Is longest range artill'ry was an arrow and a bow,
And 'is small arms was a barrel-lid and sword;
But to-day 'e would 'ave done 'em in with gas,
Or blowed 'em up with just a mine or so,
Then broken up their ranks by advancing with 'is tanks,
And started 'ome to draw his D.S.O.

When St. George 'e went a-ridin' all naked through the lands—
You can see 'im on the back of 'arf-a-quid—
'E spiked the fiery dragon with a spear in both 'is 'ands,
But to-day, if 'e 'd to do what then he did,
'E 'd roll up easy in an armoured car,
'E 'd loose off a little Lewis gun,
Then 'e 'd 'oist the scaly dragon upon a G.S. wagon
And cart 'im 'ome to show the job was done.

Then there weren't no airyplanes and there weren't no bombs and guns;
You just biffed the opposition on the 'ead.
If the world could take all weapons from the British and the 'Uns,
Could scrap the steel, the copper and the lead;
If we fought it out with pick-'andles and fists,
If the good old times would only come agin,
When there weren't no dirty trenches with their rats and lice and stenches,
Why, a month 'ud see us whoopin' through Berlin!

SPOOP.

A REPERTORY DRAMA IN ONE ACT.

["A repertory play is one that is unlikely to be repeated."—*Old Saying.*]

CHARACTERS.

John Bullyum, J.P. (Member of the Town Council of Mudslush).
Mrs. Bullyum (his wife).
Janet (their daughter).
David (their son).

SCENE.—*The living-room of a smallish house in the dullest street of a provincial suburb.* [*N.B.—This merely means that practically any scenery will do, provided the wall-paper is sufficiently hideous. Furnish with the scourings of the property-room—a great convenience for Sunday evening productions.*] *The room contains rather less than the usual allowance of doors and windows, thus demonstrating a fine contempt for stage traditions. An electric-light, disguised within a mid-Victorian gas-globe, occupies a conspicuous position on one wall. You will see why presently. When the curtain rises* Janet, *an awkward girl of any age over thirty* (*and made up to look it*) *is seated before the fire knitting. Her mother, also knitting, faces her. The appearance of the elder woman contains a very careful suggestion of the nearest this kind of play ever gets to low-comedy.*

Janet (*glancing at clock on mantelpiece*). It's close on nine. David is late again.

Mrs. B. He's aye late these nights. 'Tis the lectures at the Institute that keeps him.

[*N.B.—Naturally both women speak with a pronounced accent, South Lancashire if possible. Failing that, anything sufficiently unlike ordinary English will serve.*

Janet. He's that anxious to get on, is David.

Mrs. B. Ay, he's fair set on being a town councillor one day, like thy feyther.

Janet (*quietly*). That 'ud be fine.

Mrs. B. You'd a rare long meeting at the women's guild to-night.

Janet (*without emotion*). Ay. They've elected me to go to Manchester on the deputation.

Mrs. B. You'll like that.

Janet (*suppressing a secret pride so that it is wholly imperceptible by the audience*). It'll be well enough. I'm to go first-class. (*A pause.*) Young Mr. Inkslinger is going too.

Mrs. B. (*with interest*). Can they spare him from the boot-shop?

Janet. He's left them. He's writing a play.

Mrs. B. (*concerned*). Dear, dear! And he used to be such a steady young fellow.

[*All that matters in their conversation is now finished, but as the play has got to be filled up they continue to talk for some ten minutes longer. At the end of that time—*

Janet (*glancing at clock again*). It's half-past nine, and neither of they men back yet.

[*Which means that, while the attention of the audience was diverted, the stage-manager must have twiddled the clock-hands round from behind. This is called realism.*

Mrs. B. Listen! Yer feyther 's comin' now.

[*A door in the far distance is heard to bang. At the same instant* John Bullyum *enters quickly. He is the typical British parent of repertory; that is to say, he has iron-grey hair, a chin beard, a lie-down collar, and the rest of his appearance is a cross between a gamekeeper and an undertaker.*

Bullyum (*He is evidently in a state of some excitement; speaks scornfully*). Well, here's a fine thing happened.

Mrs. B. What is it, feyther?

Bully. (*showing letter*). That young puppy, Inkslinger, had the impudence to write me asking for our Janet. But I've told him off to rights. He's nobbut a boot-builder.

Janet (*in a level voice*). Ye're wrong there, feyther. Bob Inkslinger's a dramatist now.

Bully. (*thunderstruck*). What?

Janet (*as before*). He's had a play taken by the Sad Sundays Society.

Bully. Great Powers, a repertory dramatist! And I've insulted him!—me, a town councillor. (*He has grown white to the lips; this is not easy, but can be managed.*) There'll be a play about me—about us, this house—everything. But (*passionately*) I'll thwart him yet. Janet, my girl, do thee write at once and say that I withdraw my opposition to the engagement.

Janet (*dully*). But I don't want the man.

Bully. (*hectoring*). Am I your feyther or am I not? I tell you you shall marry him. And what 's more, he shan't find us what he looks for. No, no (*with rising agitation*), he thinks that because I 'm a town councillor I 'm to be made game of, does he? Well, I'll learn him different! (*Glaring round*) This room—it 's got to be changed. And you (*to* Janet) put on a short frock, something lively and up-to-date—d' ye hear? At once!

Mrs. B. (*as* Janet *only stares without moving*). Well, I never.

Bully. And let 's have some books about the place—BERNARD SHAW—

Janet (*icily*). He 's a back number now, feyther.

Bully. Well, whoever 's the latest. Then you must go to plays and dances, lots of dances. (*Struck with an idea*) Where 's David?

[*As he speaks* David *enters, a tall ungainly youth with spectacles and a projecting brow.*

David. Here I yam, feyther.

Bully. It 's close on ten. (*Hopefully*) Have ye been at a night-club?

David. I were kept late at evenin' class.

Bully. Brr! (*In an ecstasy of fury*) See ye belong to a night-club before the week 's out. (*He does his glare again.*) I'll establish frivolity and a spirit of modernism in this household, if I have to take the stick to every member of it.

Janet (*springing up suddenly*). Feyther! (*A pause; she collects herself for her big effort.*) Feyther, I 'm one o' they dour silent girls to whom expression comes hardly, but (*with veiled menace*) when it does come it means fifteen minutes' unrelieved monologue. So tak' heed. We 're not wanting these changes, and to be up-to-date, and all that. I 'm happy as I am, and so 's David. He has his hope of the council, and the bribes and them things. And I 've my guild and my friends, with their odd clothes and variable accents. That 's the life I want, and I won't change it. I won't——

[*Quite suddenly she breaks from them and rushes out of the room, slamming the door after her. The others remain silent, apparently from emotion, but really to see if there will be any applause. When this is settled in the negative old* Bullyum *speaks again.*

Bully. (*slowly and as if with an immense effort*). Why couldn't she wait? . . . She might have known we wouldn't decide anything—that we never do decide anything—because it would be too much like a rounded climax. Well (*rousing himself*), let 's put out the gas.

[*He moves heavily towards the conspicuous bracket.*

David (*protesting*). But, feyther, 'tisn't near time for bed yet.

Bully. (*grimly*). Maybe; but 'tis more than time play was finished. And this is how.

[*He turns the tap. A few moments later the light is switched off with a faintly audible click, and upon a stage in total darkness the curtain falls.*



Officer (anxious to pass his recruit who is not shooting well). "Do you smoke much?"
Recruit. "About a packet of Woodbines a day, Sir."
Officer. "Do you inhale?" *Recruit.* "Not more than a pint a day, Sir."

THE WOBBLER.

My friend, whom for the purpose of concealing his identity I will call Wiggles, opened fire upon me on March 1st (coming in like a lion) with this:

"Dear William,—I have not been well and my doctor thinks it might do me good to come to Cornwall for a few weeks. May I invite myself to stay with you? . . ."

I accepted his invitation, if I may put it so, and on March 6th received the following:—

"Dear William,—I am not, as I think I said, at all well, and my doctor considers I had better break the journey at Plymouth, as it is a long way from Malvern to Cornwall. Would you recommend me some hotels to choose from? I hope to start by the middle of the month . . ."

I recommended hotels, and on the 12th heard from him again:—

"Dear William,—I am very obliged to you. In this severe weather my doctor says that I cannot be too careful, and I doubt if I shall be able to start for ten days or so. Has your house a south aspect, and is it far from the sea? I require air but not wind. And could you tell me . . ."

I told him all right, though as a guest I began to think him a little *exigeant*. But he was unwell.

On the 17th he answered me:—

"Dear William,—I understand you live *quite* in the country. Would you tell me whether a doctor lives near to you and whether you have a chemist within reasonable distance? My doctor, who really understands my case, won't hear of my starting until the wind changes: but I hope . . ."

I drew a map showing my house, the nearest chemist's shop, the doctor's surgery and a few other points of interest, such as Land's End and the Lizard. This I sent to him, and on the 22nd he replied:—

"Dear William,—I acknowledge your map with many thanks. There is one more thing. My doctor insists on a very special diet. Can your cook make porridge? I rely very largely on porridge for breakfast and . . ."

I saw myself smiling at Lord Devonport and wired back, "Have you ever known a cook who couldn't make porridge?"

And on the 27th he issued his ultimatum:—

"Dear William,—I have consulted my doctor and he thinks I ought not to tempt Providence by travelling at present, so I have decided to remain in Malvern. I do hope . . ."

To this I replied:—

"Dear Wiggles,—Holding as you do the old pagan view of Providence, you are quite right not to tempt it. The loss is mine. I hope you will soon be rather less unwell."

Then I went away for three days without leaving an address, and when I returned it was to learn that Wiggles had arrived on the previous evening. And in my study I found him, together with four wires (two to say he wasn't coming and two to say he was) and a table loaded with prescriptions.

He eats enormously.

INKOMANIA.

(*Suggested by Mr. Symonds' recently published volume.*)

O Street of Ink, O Street of Ink,
Where printers and machinsts swink
Amid the buzz and hum and clink;
By night one cannot sleep a wink,
There is no time to stop or think,
One half forgets to eat or drink,
One's brains are knotted in a kink,
One always lives upon the brink
Of "happenings" that strike one pink.
One day the dollars gaily chink,
The next your funds to zero shrink.
And yet I'm such a perfect ninc-
Ompoop I cannot break the link
That binds me to the Street of Ink.



Tommy (to Officer who has only arrived in the trench by accident). "IF YOU'RE A-LOOKIN' FOR THE BURIED CABLE, SIR, IT'S FURTHER ALONG."

CHILDREN'S TALES FOR GROWN-UPS.

VI.

THE CAT AND THE KING.

THE cat looked at the King.

She was the boldest cat in the world, but her heart stood still as she vindicated the immemorial right of her race.

What would the King say? What would the King do?

Would he call her up to sit on his royal shoulder? If so, she would purr her loudest to drown the beating of her heart, and she would rub her head against the royal ear. How splendid to be a royal cat!

Or perhaps he would appoint her Mouser to the King's Household, and she would keep the King's peace with tooth and claw.

Or perhaps she would become playmate to the Royal children, and live on cream and sleep all day on a silken cushion.

Or—and this is where her heart ceased to beat—perhaps she would pay the price of her temerity and the Hereditary Executioner would smite off her head.

She had put it boldly to the test, to sink or swim. What would the King do?

The King rose slowly from his throne and passed out to his own apartments, whilst all the Court bowed.

The King had not noticed the cat.

The Ruling Passion.

"A Russian official accredited to this country, in an interview with a representative of the Morning Post yesterday, said:—
Potatoes."
Evening Times and Echo (Bristol).

"I could well enter into the feelings of this lad's colonel when, with a lint in his eye, he describimbed as 'a riceless youngster.'"
Civil and Military Gazette.

We fear that the insertion of the bandage in the colonel's eye must have prevented him from forming a true appreciation of the young fellow.

Headline to a leading article in *The Evening News*:—

"WATCH ITALY AND RUSSIA."

Extract from same:—

"We ought to keep our eyes fixed on the Western front."

Correspondents should address their inquiries to Carmelite, Squinting House Square.

HERBS OF GRACE.

VI.

ROSEMARY.

WHENAS on summer days I see
That sacred herb, the Rosemary,
The which, since once Our Lady threw
Upon its flow'rs her robe of blue,
Has never shown them white again,
But still in blue doth dress them—
Then, oh, then
I think upon old friends and bless them.

And when beside my winter fire
I feel its fragrant leaves suspire,
Hung from my hearth-beam on a hook,
Or laid within a quiet book
There to awake dear ghosts of men
When pages ope that press them—
Then, oh, then
I think upon old friends and bless them.

The gentle Rosemary, I wis,
Is Friendship's herb and Memory's.
Ah, ye whom this small herb of grace
Brings back, yet brings not face to face,
Yea, all who read these lines I pen,
Would ye for truth confess them?
Then, oh, then
Think upon old friends and bless them.



VICTORY FIRST.

German Socialist. "I HOLD OUT MY HANDS TO YOU, COMRADE!"
Russian Revolutionary. "HOLD THEM *UP*, AND THEN I MAY TALK TO YOU."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, April 2nd.—The MINISTER OF MUNITIONS informed the House that, owing to the demand for explosives, there is a shortage of acid for artificial fertilisers. It is rumoured that Mr. SNOWDEN, Mr. OUTHWAITE and Mr. PRINGLE, feeling that it is up to them to do something useful for their country, have placed at Dr. ADDISON'S disposal a selection from the speeches delivered by them during the War, containing an abundant supply of the necessary commodity.

Mr. JOSEPH MARTIN has all the migratory instincts of his well-known family, and flits from East St. Pancras to British Columbia and back again with engaging irregularity. On his rare visits to Westminster he is always ready to impart in a somewhat strident voice (another family characteristic) the political wisdom that he has garnered from the New World and the Old. But somehow the House fails to take him at his own valuation, and when he tried to belittle the Imperial Conference, on the ground that the Dominion Premier and his colleagues would be much better employed at home, I think there was a general feeling that the physician would be none the worse for a dose of his own prescription.

Cheers greeted little Mr. STEPHEN WALSH as he stepped to the Table to give his first answer as Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of National Service. There were more cheers (in which, had etiquette permitted, the Press Gallery would have liked to join) when it was found that the new Minister needed no megaphone, every word being audible all over the House. And when finally he gave Mr. PRINGLE a much-needed corrective, by telling him that if he wanted further information he must put a Question down, the House cheered again. So far as a single incident enables one to judge, another representative of Labour has "made good."

Viscount VALENTIA has gone to the Lords, and the Commons will henceforth miss the elegant and well-groomed figure which lent distinction to a Treasury Bench not in these days too careful of the Graces. Happily Oxford City has found another distinguished man to succeed him. Mr. J. A. R. MARRIOTT may indeed be said to have obtained a Parliamentary reputation even before, strictly speaking, he was a Member. Usually the taking of the oath is a private affair between the neophyte and the Clerk, and the House hears nothing more than a confused murmur before the ceremony is concluded by the new Member kissing the Book or—more often in these days—adopting the Scottish fashion of holding up the right hand. Oxford's elect would have none of this. Like the Highland chieftain, "she just stude in the middle of ta fluir and swoor at lairge." Not since Mr. BRADLAUGH insisted upon administering the oath to himself has the House been so much stirred; even Members loitering in the Lobby could almost have heard the ringing tones in which Mr. MARRIOTT proclaimed his allegiance to our Sovereign Lord, KING GEORGE THE FIFTH.



THE UNITED STATES OF GREAT BRITAIN AND AMERICA.

John Bull (to President WILSON). "BRAVO, SIR! DELIGHTED TO HAVE YOU ON OUR SIDE."

Tuesday, April 3rd.—Mr. KING really displays a good deal of ingenuity in his endeavours to get men out of the Army. His latest notion is that all Commanding Officers at home should be ordered to give leave to those men who have gardens so that they may return to cultivate them. There would, no doubt, be a remarkable development of horticultural enthusiasm among our home forces if the War Office were to smile upon the idea; but, though fully alive to the value of food-production, the UNDER-SECRETARY was unable to assent to this wide extension of "agricultural furlough."

A request by the Press Bureau that newspapers would submit for its approval any articles dealing with disputes in the coal-trade gave umbrage to several Members, who saw in it an attempt by the Government to fetter public criticism. Mr. BRACE mildly explained that the object was only to prevent the appearance of inaccurate statements likely to cause friction in an inflammable trade. When Mr. KING still protested, Mr. BRACE again showed that his velvet paw conceals a very serviceable weapon. "Surely the Honourable Member does not believe that inaccurate statements can ever be helpful." Then there was silence.

Mr. BONAR LAW stoutly denied that the National Service scheme was a failure, but admitted that the Cabinet was looking into it with a view to its improvement. Up to the present some 220,000 men have volunteered, but as about half of these are already engaged on work of national importance Mr. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN is still a long way short of his hoped-for half-a-million



Jock (in captured trench). "COOM AWA' UP HERE, DONAL'; IT'S DRIER."

ready, like the British Army, to go anywhere and do anything.

A telegram from the British Ambassador at Washington, stating that President WILSON'S War-speech had been very well received, and that Congress was expected to take his advice, gave great satisfaction. As the MINISTER FOR AGRICULTURE observed, "The outlook for early potatoes may be doubtful, but our SPRING-RICE promises excellently."

Mr. PROTHERO has made up his alleged differences with the SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR, and signalized the treaty of peace first by snuggling up to Mr. MACPHERSON on the Treasury Bench, and next by handsomely supporting the new Military Service Bill. In return the UNDER-SECRETARY FOR WAR introduced a much-needed amendment by which men wholly engaged on food-production may be exempted by the Board of Agriculture from the process of "re-combing" now to be applied to the rest of the population.

Wednesday, April 4th.—Mr. SNOWDEN disapproves of the selection of the two Labour Members who are to form part of a deputation about to proceed to Petrograd to convey to the Russian Government the congratulations of the British people. Possibly the neckties of the proposed envoys are not of a sufficiently sanguinary shade, or their brows are not lofty enough to proclaim them true "leaders of thought." The suggestion that the Member for Blackburn should himself be despatched to Petrograd (without a return ticket) has been regretfully abandoned.

Prepared for the Worst.

Extract from a Canadian lease-form :—

"Will during the said term keep and at its expiration leave the premises in good repair (reasonable wear and tear and accidents by fire or tempest expected)."

"Gentleman single letterarian sportsman 5 linguages tennant pretty little cottage charmingly situated between Montreux Vevey, complete sanitary accommodations vicinity boat, seabaths, golf-grounds excursions receives PAYING GUEST moderate terms, Prussians and Austro-Germans, alcoholists undesired."—*Swiss Paper.*

We do not quite know what a single letterarian is, but he seems to be a person of discriminating taste.

"AVIARIES, POULTRY AND PETS.

Lady ——'s Teeth Society, Ltd.—Gas 2s., teeth at hospital prices, weekly if desired."
Daily Paper.

We are not told under which category Lady ——'s dentures come, but venture to point out that in these days no one should make a pet of them.

MAXIMS OF THE MONTHS.

(*Composed during the recent Spring snowstorm*).

FROM January's start to close
It rains or hails or sleets or snows.

For atmospherical vagaries
The palm perhaps is February's.

To say March exits like a lamb
Is Falsehood's very grandest slam.

April may smile in Patagonia,
But here it always breeds pneumonia.

May, alternating sun and blizzard,
Plays havoc with the stoutest gizzard.

No part of England is immune
From frost and thunder-storms in June.

Only the suicide lays by
His thickest hose throughout July.

August, in spite of dog-days' heat,
For floods is very hard to beat.

The equinoctial gales, remember,
Are at their worst in mid-September.

Old folk, however hale and sober,
Die very freely in October.

November with its clammy fogs
The bronchial region chokes and clogs.

December, with its dearth of sun,
For sheer discomfort takes the bun.

THE ITALIAN IN ENGLAND.

IN the course of a recent search for Italian conversation manuals I came upon one which put so strangely novel a complexion on our own tongue that, though it was not quite what I was seeking, I bought it. To see ourselves as others see us may be a difficult operation, but to hear ourselves as others hear us is by this little book made quite easy. Everyone knows the old story of the Italian who entered an East-bound omnibus in the Strand and asked to be put down at Kay-ahp-see-day. Well, this book should prevent him from doing it again.

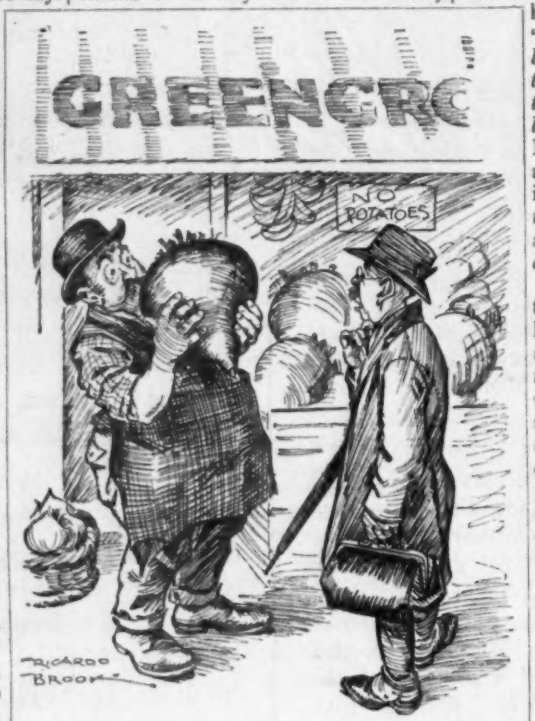
But its great attraction is the courageous personality of the protagonist as revealed by his various remarks. For example, most of us who are not linguists confine our conversations in foreign places to the necessities of life, rarely leaving the beaten track of bread and butter, knives and forks, the times of trains, cab fares, the way to the station, the way to the post-office, hotel prices and washing lists. And even then we disdain or flee from syntax. But this conversationalist embroiders and dilates. He is intrepid. He has no reluctances. Where we in Italy would, at the most, say to the *cameriere*, "*Portaci una tazza di caffè*," and think ourselves lucky to get it, he lures the London waiter to invite a disquistion on the precious berry. Thus, he begins: "*Cŏffi is ri-marchêbl fŏr iz vère stim-iùlètin prŏpèrtê. Du ju nŏ hau it uŏs discŏvvard?*" The waiter very promptly and properly saying, "*Nŏ, Sŏr,*" the Italian unloads as follows: "*Uêl, ai uil têl ju thèt iz discŏvvaré is sêd tu hèv bin ochêsciònt bai thi fŏlloin sŏrcŏmstanz. Som gŏts, hu braus-t ŏp-ŏn thi plènt fròm huicc thi cŏffi sids ar gàthard, uèar ŏbsèrv-d bai thi gŏthards tu bi èchstdingle uêchful, ènd ŏfn tu chêpar èbaut in thi nait; thi prăior ŏv ê nêbarin mŏnnastere, uiscin tu chip his mŏnchs êuêch èt thèar mattins, traid if thi cŏffi ud prŏdiùs thi sêm èffècht ŏp ŏn thèm, ès it uŏs ŏbsèrv-d tu du ŏp-ŏn thi gŏts; thi sŏch-sès ŏv his èchspèrimènt lèd tu thi apprèsciêsciòn ŏv iz vallių.*

A little later a London bookseller has the temerity to place some of the latest fiction before our chatty alien, but pays dearly for his rash act. In these words did the Italian let him have it:—"*Ai du nŏt laich nŏv-êls èt ŏl, bicŏ-s ê nŏv-êl is bàt ê fichtisciòs têl stof-t ŏv sŏ mène fantastical dîds ènd nònsènsical uŏrds, huicc ŏpsèt maind ènd hàrt. An-hêppe thŏ-s an-uère jòngh pèrsŏns, hu spènd thèar pré-sciòs taim in ridin nŏv-êls! Thê du nŏt nŏ thêt nŏv-êllists, gènnèralle spichin, ar thi laitèst ènd thi môst huim-sical raittars, hu hèv uêstèd ènd uèst thèar laif in liùdnès.*"

English people abroad do not, as a rule, drop aphorisms by the way; but our Italian loves to do so. Thus, to one stranger (in the section devoted to Virtues and Vices), he remarks, "*Uithaut Riligiòn ui sciùd bi uŏrs thèn bists.*" To another, "*Thi igotist spichs cŏntinniùalle ŏv himsèlf ènd mêchs himsèlf thi fair uith jur hènds.*" His presence of mind saves him from using his own hands for the purpose. Resourcefulness is indeed as natural to him as to Sir CHRISTOPHER WREN in the famous poem. "*Uilliam,*" he says to his man, "*if ènebŏde asch-s fŏr mi, ju uil sê thêt ai scèl bi bèch in ê fŏrt-nait.*"

He meets Miss Butterfield.

"*Mis Bŏttarfild,*" he says, "*uil ju ghiv mi ê glàs ŏv uôtar, if ju plis?*" And that is the end of the lady. Or I think so. But there is just a possibility that it is she (no longer Miss Butterfield, but now a Signora) whom he rebukes in a coffee-house: "*Mai diar, du nŏt spich ŏv pŏllitichs in ê Cŏffi-Haus, fŏr nò travvellar, if priùdènt, èvvar tŏchs èbaut pŏllitichs in pŏblich.*" And again it may be for Miss Butterfield that he orders a charming present (first saying it is for a lady): "*Ghiv mi thèt ripittar sèt uith rubès, thèt straich-s thi aurs ènd thi hâfaurs.*"



"I AIN'T ENOUGH PAPER TO WROP HIM UP, MISTER; BUT NO ONE 'LL NOTICE A NOOD WURZEL IN WAR-TIME."

Finally he embarks for Australia and quickly becomes as human as the rest of us. "*Thi uind,*" he murmurs uneasily, "*is raisin. Thi si is vère rŏf. Thi mô-sciòn ŏv thi Stim-bŏt mêch-s mi an-uèl. Ai fil vère sich. Mai hèd is dizze. Ai hèv gŏt ê hèdêch.*" But he assures a fellow-passenger that there is no cause for fear, even if a storm should come on. "*Du nŏt bi àlarmd,*" he says; "*thèar is nò dèngg-ar. Thi Chêp-tên ŏv this Stima-r is ê vère clèvar mèn.*"

His last words, addressed apparently to the rest of the passengers as they reach Adelaide, are these: "*Lèt ŏs mêch hèst ènd gŏ tu thi Cŏstŏm-Haus tu hèv aur lògh-ĕggs èch-zamint. In Ŏstrêlia, thi Cŏstŏm-Haus Ŏffisars ar nŏt hŏtte, bàt vère pŏlait.*"

EMERGENCY RATIONS.

IN our village many disruptions have been wrought by the War, but nothing has ever approached the state of turveydom which came in with the system of daily rations.

Margery brought home the first news of the revolution.

"Most extraordinary thing," she said. "The Joneses have got the two old Miss Singleweeds staying with them."

"What!" I exclaimed, swallowing my ration of mammalia in one astonished gulp. "Why, only two or three days ago Jones told me very privately that the Singleweeds were two of the most interfering, bigoted, cabbage-eat-



Plough Girl. "MABEL, DO GO AND ASK THE FARMER IF WE CAN HAVE A SMALLER HORSE. THIS ONE'S TOO TALL FOR THE SHAFTS."

ing old cats that he had ever come across."

"Cabbage-eating!" repeated Margery thoughtfully. "How stupid we are. That's it, of course."

"What's it?"

"Why, cabbage-eating. The Singleweeds haven't touched meat since I don't know when, so for a consideration of brussels-sprouts and a few digestive biscuits the Joneses will have five pounds of genuine beef to play with."

"Hogs!" I said.

The hospitable influence of the new scheme of rationing spread very rapidly. A few days later we heard that Sir Meesly Goormay, the most self-indulgent and incorrigible egotist in the neighbourhood, had introduced a collection of octogenarian aunts to his household, and, when I was performing my afternoon beat, I was just in time to see the butcher's boy, assisted by the gardener, delivering what looked to be a baron of beef at Sir Meesly's back door. It was an enervating and disgusting spectacle, well calculated to upset the *moral* of the steadiest special in the local force.

That night at dinner I had a Machiavellian thought.

"Look here," I said, stabbing at a plate of *petit pois* (1911) and mis-cueing badly, "what about having Uncle Tom to stay for a few weeks?"

"Last time he came," replied Margery, "you said that nothing would induce you to ask him again. You haven't forgotten his chronic dyspepsia, have you?"

"Of course not," I retorted, looking a little pained at such flagrant gaucherie; "but you can't cast off a respectable blood relation because he happens to live on charcoal and hot water."

I delivered an irritable attack on a lentil pudding.

"Right-O," agreed Marjory. "And I'll ask Joan as well. She won't be able to come until Friday, because she's having some teeth extracted on Thursday."

After all Marjory is not altogether without perception.

Dinner over I wrote, in my best style, a short spontaneous invitation to Uncle Tom. Margery wrote a more discursive one to Joan.

"I think we ought to celebrate this," I suggested. "Let's be extravagant."

"All right," said Margery. "What shall it be, champagne or potatoes?"

Two days later I received the following:—

"MY DEAR JAMES,—Thank you very much for your invitation, which I am very pleased to accept. The country, after all, is the proper place for old fogeys like myself, as it is very difficult for them to live up to the present-day bustle of a large city. For the last six months I have been doing odd jobs at a munition factory, which, I must admit, has benefited my health in an extraordinary manner, so much so that I have entirely lost the troublesome dyspepsia I suffered from, and now, you will be glad to hear, I am able to eat like a hunter, as we used to say. Hoping to find you all flourishing on Thursday next, about lunch-time,

"Your affectionate UNCLE TOM."

Instinctively I took my belt in a hole. Then Margery silently placed this in front of me:—

"DARLING MARGERY,—How perfectly sweet of you! I shall simply love it. I am feeling especially beany as I have just finished with the dentist—usually a hateful person—who found out, after all, that it was not necessary to take out any of my teeth. I adore him. No time for more. Heaps to tell you on Friday. "Your loving J. J."

"Hullo! Where are you off to?" I asked, as Margery made for the door.

"Off to? Why, to put our names down on the Singleweeds' waiting list."

I took my belt up another hole and, whistling *The Bing Boys* out of sheer desperate bravado, made my gloomy way to the potato patch.

A Master of the Quill.

"Of Swinburne's personal characteristics Mr. Goose, as was to be expected, writes admirably."—*Daily News and Leader.*

GERMAN MEASLES.

"Francesca," I said, "you must admit that at last I have you at a disadvantage."

"I admit nothing of the sort."

"Well," I said, "have you or have you not got German measles? It seems almost an insult to put such a question to a woman of your energy and brilliant intellectual capacity, but you force me to it."

"Dr. Manley——"

"Come, come, don't fob it off on the Doctor. He didn't wilfully provide you with an absurd attack of this childish disease."

"No, he didn't; but when I was getting along quite nicely with the idea that I was suffering from a passing headache he butted in and sent me to bed as a German measler—and now we've all got it."

"Yes," I said, "you've all got it, all my little chickens and their dam—you're the dam, remember that, Francesca—Muriel's got it, Nina's got it, Alice has got it and Frederick has got it very slightly, but he insists on having all the privileges of the worst kind of invalid; and you've got it, Francesca, and I'm left scatheless in a position of unlimited power and no responsibility."

"Yes," she said, "it's terrible, but you will use your strength mercifully."

"I'm not at all sure about that. At first I felt like one of those old prisoner Johnnies—Baron TRENCK, you know, or LATUDE—who were all shaky and mild when they were at last released; but now I've had time to think—yes, I've had time to think."

"And what is the result of your thoughts?"

"The result," I said, "is that I'm determined to do things thoroughly. I've mastered all your jealously-guarded secrets and I've allowed the strong wind of a man's intellect to blow through them. I am facing the cook on a new system and am dealing with the tradesmen in a spirit of inexorable resolution. The housemaid is being brought to heel and has already begun not to leave her brushes and dust-pans lying about on the floors of the library and the drawing-room. Stern measures are being taken with the kitchen-maid; and Parkins, that ancient servitor, is slowly being reduced to obedience. Even the garden is feeling the new influence and potatoes are being planted where no potatoes were ever planted before. Everything, in fact, is being reformed."

"I warn you," said Francesca, "that your reforms will not be allowed to go on. As soon as I can get rid of the German measles I shall restore everything to its former condition."

"But that," I said, "is the counter-revolution."

"It is; and it's going to begin as soon as I get out of bed."

"And what are you going to bring out of bed with you?"

"Common sense," said Francesca.

"Not at all," I said. "You're going to bring out of bed with you that hard reactionary bureaucratic spirit which all but ruined Russia and is in process of ruining Germany. It will be just as if the TSARITSA got loose and began to have her own way again. By the way, Francesca, what does one do when the butcher says there won't be any haunch of mutton till Tuesday, or when the grocer refuses you your due amount of sugar?"

"A TSARITSA," said Francesca haughtily, "cannot concern herself with sugar or haunches of mutton."

"But suppose that the TSARITSA has got German measles. Couldn't she manage to beat up an interest in mundane affairs?"

"I'll tell you what," said Francesca.

"Do," I said; "I'm dying to hear it."

"Well, you'd better let the strong wind of a man's intellect blow through them."

"What," I said—"through the haunch of mutton?"

"Yes, you could do without the haunch, you know, and score off the butcher."

"That's a sound idea. You're not so badly measled as I thought you were."

"Oh," she said, "I shall soon be rid of them altogether."

"To tell you the truth, I wish you'd hurry up."

"Long live the counter-revolution!"

"Oh, as long as you like," I said.

"Have you given the children their medicine and taken their temperatures?"

"I'm just off to do it," I said. R. C. L.



SCENE: *A lonely road somewhere in France.*

Diminutive Warrior (suddenly confronted with ferocious specimen of the local fauna). "LUMME! IF IT AIN'T THE REGIMENTAL COAT-OF-ARMS COME TO LIFE!"

"The Wady Ghuzzeh, or river of Gaza, a stream-bed which makes no large assertion on the map. But it 'just divides the desert from the sewn.'"
Sunday Paper.

Being, as you might say, a mere thread.

Extracts from an article entitled "London Sights: An Australian's Impressions":—

"When all is over and we are back where the coyote cries . . . when the Rockies are looking down at us from their snowy heights, and the night-time silence steals across the fir-bordered foothills . . ."
Sunday Times.

Yet what is all this to the longing of the Canadian for the nightly howl of the kangaroo and the song of the wombat flitting among the blue-gums in his native bush?

According to a French philosopher mankind is divided into two categories, *Les Huns et les autres.*

"Sydney, January 2.
Concurrently with the inauguration of the new time schedule at 2 a.m. on Monday a violent earth tremor was experienced at Orange. An accompanying noise lasted about a half minute."
Brisbane Courier.

Another family quarrel between Κρόνος and Γῆ.

"Petrograd, Wednesday.
The Council of Workmen's Delegates has issued an appeal to the proletariat, which contains the following striking passage: We shall defend our liberty to the utmost against all attacks within and without. The Russian revolution will not quail before the bayca fwyna, mfwyawayqawyqa."—*Dublin Evening Mail.*

If that won't frighten it nothing will.



"You wouldn't think it to look at 'im, but when I says ''Ands up,' 'e answers back in puffick English, 'Steady on with yer blinkin' toothpick,' 'e sez, 'and I'll come quiet.'"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

I am wondering whether, among the myriad by-products of the War, there should be numbered a certain note of virility hitherto (if he will forgive me for saying so) foreign to the literary style of Mr. E. Temple Thurston. Because I have certainly found *Enchantment* (Unwin) a far more vigorous and less saccharine affair than previous experience had led me to expect from him. For which reason I find it far and away my favourite of the stories by this author that I have so far encountered. I certainly think (for example) that not one of his Cities of Beautiful Barley-Sugar contains any figures so alive as those of *John Desmond*, the hard-drinking Irish squireen, and *Mrs. Slattery*, his adoring housekeeper. There is red blood in both, and not less in *Charles Stuart*, a hero whose earlier adventures with smugglers, secret passages and the like have an almost Stevensonian vigour. All the life of impoverished Waterpark, with its wonderful drawing-room full of precarious furniture, is excellently drawn. I willingly allow Mr. Thurston so much of his earlier manner as is implied in the (quite pleasant) conceit of the fairy-tale. The point is that the real tale here is neither of fairies nor of sugar dolls, but of genuine human beings, vastly entertaining to read about and quite convincingly credible. I can only entreat the author to continue this rationing of sentiment for our mutual benefit.

When a book rejoices in such a title as *The Amazing Years* (Hodder and Stoughton) and begins with a prosperous English family contemplating their summer holiday in August 1914, you may be tolerably certain beforehand of its subject-matter. When, moreover, the name on the title-page is that of Mr. W. Pett Ridge, you may with equal security anticipate that, whatever troubles befall this English family by the way, they will eventually reach a happy ending, and find all for the best in the best of all genially humorous worlds. As indeed it proves. But of course the *Hilliers* were exceptionally fortunate in the fact that when the crash came they had one of those quite invaluable super-domestics whom Mr. Pett Ridge delights in to steer them back to prosperity. The story tells us how the Kaiser compelled the *Hilliers* to leave "The Croft," and how that very capable woman, *Miss Weston*, restored it to them again, chiefly by the aid of her antique shop; and to anyone who has recently been a customer in such an establishment this result fully explains itself. I need not further enlarge upon the theme of the book. Your previous knowledge of Mr. Pett Ridge's method will enable you to imagine how the various members of the *Hillier* household confront the changes brought by The Amazing Years; but this will not make you less anxious to read it for yourself in the author's own inimitable telling. I won't call this his best novel; now and again, indeed, there seemed rather too much padding for so slender a plot; but, take it for all in all, and bearing in mind the strange fact that we all love to read about events with which we are already familiar, I can at least promise you a cheery and optimistic entertainment.

Jan Ross, grey-haired at twenty-seven, but sweet of face and of a most taking way, found herself unexpectedly confronted, a year or two ago, with a "job." It was eventually to include the looking after a certain *Peter*, of the Indian Civil Service, a thoroughly good sort, who by now is making

her as happy as she deserves; but in the first place it meant the care of a little motherless niece and nephew and their protection from a scoundrelly father. How successfully she has been doing it and what charmingly human babies are her charges, *Tony* and *Fay*, you will realise when I say that it is MRS. L. ALLEN HARKER who has been telling me all about *Jan and Her Job* (MURRAY). You will understand, too, how pleasantly peaceful, how utterly removed from the artificially forced crispness of the special correspondent, is the telling of the story; but you must read it yourself to learn how simply and naturally the writer has used the coming of the War for her last chapter, and above all to get to know not only *Jan* herself but also that most loyal of comrades, her pal *Meg*. *Meg*, indeed, is almost as much in the middle of the stage as the friend whose nursemaid she has elected to become; and as the completion of her own private happiness has to remain in doubt until the coming of peace, since MRS. HARKER has resolutely refused to guarantee the survival of the soldier-sweetheart, you must join me in wishing him the best of good fortune. He is still rubbing it into the Bosches. Perhaps some day the author will be able to reassure us.

When I have said that *Twentieth-Century France* (CHAPMAN AND HALL) is rather over-weighted by its title my grumble is made. To deal adequately with twentieth-century France in a volume of little more than two hundred amply-margined pages is beyond the powers of Miss M. BETHAM-EDWARDS or of any other writer. But, under any title, whatever she writes about France must be worth reading, and to-day of all times the French need to be explained to us almost as much as we need to be explained to them. Miss BETHAM-EDWARDS can be trusted to do this good work with admirable sympathy and discretion. Here she writes intimately of many people whose names are already household words in France. The more books we have of the kind the better. VOLTAIRE, we are reminded, once said that "when a Frenchman and an Englishman agree upon any subject we may be quite sure they have reason on their side." Well, they are agreeing at present upon a certain subject with what the Huns must regard as considerable unanimity. If in the last century there was any misunderstanding between us and our neighbours it is now in a fair way to be removed to the back of beyond; and in this removal Miss EDWARDS has lent a very helping hand.

What chiefly impressed me about *Marshdikes* (UNWIN) was what I can only call the blazing indiscretion of the chief characters. To begin with, you have a happily married young couple asking a nice man down for the week-end to meet a girl, and as good as telling him that the party has been arranged, as the advertisements put it, with a view to matrimony. Passing from this, we find a doctor (surely unique) blurting out to a fellow-guest at dinner that a mutual friend had consulted him for heart trouble. To crown all, when the match arranged by the young couple has got as far as an engagement, the wife must needs go and tell the girl that the whole affair was manœuvred by herself. Which naturally upset that apple-cart. It had also the effect of making me a somewhat impatient spectator of the subsequent developments, mainly political, of the plot. I smiled, though, when the hero was worsted in his by-election. After all, with a set of supporters so destitute of elementary tact. . . . . But, of course, I know quite well what is my real grievance. Miss HELEN ASHTON began her story with a chapter so full of sparkle that I am peevish at being disappointed of the comedy that this promised. Perhaps next time she will take the hint, and give us an entire novel in the key which, I am sure, suits her best.

A Little World Apart (LANE) is one of those gentle stories that please as much by reminding you of others like them as by any qualities of their own. Indeed you might call it, with no disparagement intended, a fragrant pot-pourri of many rustic romances — *Our Village*, for example, and more than a touch of *Cranford*. Your literary memory may also suggest to you another scene in fiction almost startlingly like the one here, in which the gently-born lover (named *Arthur*) of the village beauty is forced to combat by her rustic suitor. Fortunately, however, MR. GEORGE STEVENSON has no tragedy like that of *Hetty* in store for his *Rose*. His picture of rural life is more mellow than melodramatic; and his tale reaches a happy end, unchequered by anything more sensational than a mild outbreak of scandal from the local wag-tongues. There are many pleasant, though I own to a certain sense of repletion arising from the elderly and domineering dowagers of fiction, of whom *Lady Crane* may be regarded as embodying the common form. *A Little World Apart*, in short, is no very sensational discovery, but good enough as a quiet corner for repose.



A MODEL FOR THE HUNS IN BELGIUM.

NERO MAKES HIMSELF POPULAR ON A FLAG-DAY IN AID OF HOMELESS ROMANS REDUCED TO DESTITUTION BY THE GREAT FIRE.

A VISION OF BLIGHTY.

I DO not ask, when back on Blighty's shore
My frozen frame in liberty shall rest,
For pleasure to beguile the hours in store
With long-drawn revel or with antique jest.
I do not ask to probe the tedious pomp
And tinsel splendour of the last Revue;
The Fox-trot's mysteries, the giddy Romp,
And all such folly I would fain eschew.
But, propt on cushions of my long desire,
Deep-buried in the vastest of armchairs,
Let me recline what time the roaring fire
Consumes itself and all my former cares.
I shall not think nor speak, nor laugh nor weep,
But simply sit and sleep and sleep and sleep.

"WANTED, Ladyhelp or General, for country, no bread or butter.—Apply 'Gay,' 'Dominion' Office."—*The Dominion* (*Wellington, N.Z.*). We congratulate the advertiser on her cheery optimism.

CHARIVARIA.

The growing disposition to declare war against her is causing genuine concern in Germany, where it is feared that there may not be enough interned German vessels to go round.

* * *

An Austrian General is reported to have been overwhelmed by an avalanche of snow, and at Easter-time a number of patriotic English people were offering, in view of the usefulness of the stuff for military purposes, to forgo their own ration.

* * *

The question of Parliamentary reform has been under discussion in the House of Commons. That the Legislature should attempt to deal with reforms of any kind which have not been previously demanded by the Daily Press is regarded in certain quarters as a most dangerous precedent.

* * *

Immediately north of the Siegfried line, the experts explain, is a new German position, which they have christened the Wotan line. It will not be long before we hear of fresh German activities in the Götterdämmerung line.

* * *

Thousands of men at the docks are boycotting public-houses as a protest against increased prices. A deputation of licensed victuallers will shortly wait upon the Government to inform them that their action in restricting the brewers' output is likely to have the deplorable effect of making drinking unpopular.

* * *

There has been some slight activity on the Dublin front, but beyond a few skirmishes there is little to report.

* * *

One of the most recent additions to the Entente Alliance proves that the art of war as practised by Germany is such a horrible travesty that even the Cubists condemn it.

* * *

Goat-skin coats are mentioned by a lady writer as quite a novelty. She is in error. Goats have worn them for years.

* * *

A wedding at Huntingdon, the other day, was interrupted by the barking of a dog within the vicinity of the church. It is a peculiar thing, but dogs have never looked upon marriage as the serious thing it really is.

* * *

We are sorry to contradict a contemporary, but the assertion that men are losing their chivalry cannot be lightly passed over. Only the other night in the tube a man was distinctly heard to say to a lady who was standing, "Pray accept my seat, Madam. I am getting out here."

* * *

Mr. Duke has just stated that there is work for all in Ireland. This is not the way to make the Government popular in the distressed isle.

* * *

The Vienna *Zeit* says the worst enemy of the people is their appetite. Several local humourists have been severely dealt with for pointing out that eating is the best way of getting rid of this pest.

* * *

A Stepney market porter attempted last week to evade military service by hiding in a cupboard, but the police captured him despite the fact that he attempted to throw them off the scent by making a noise like a piece of cheese—a very old device.

* * *

On one day of Eastertide there was an inch of snow in Liverpool, followed by hailstones, lightning, thunder and a gale of wind. Summer has certainly arrived very early this year.

* * *

The *Berliner Tageblatt* makes much of the fact that a recent submarine expedition was carried out by means of German Naval officers on board a trawler "disguised as ordinary men." A clever piece of masquerading.

* * *

"Members of the Honor Oak Golf Club," says a contemporary, "are arranging to play their rounds to the music of grunting pigs, cackling fowls and bleating lambs." With a little practice these intelligent animals should soon be able to convey their appreciation of the more elementary strokes.

* * *

Wolf's comet is approaching the earth at the rate of 1,250,000 miles a day, and our special constables have been warned.

* * *

England, said Lord Leicester recently, is neglecting her trees during the War. But with our Great Tree (Sir Beerbohm) it is the other way about.

* * *

The overseer of one of the workhouses in the vicinity of London is to receive an additional four pounds a year in place of beer. It is hoped that this sum will buy him a nice glass of stout for his next Christmas dinner.

* * *

In justice to the thieves who removed 1½ cwt. of sugar from a grocer's shop in Kentish Town it should be stated that had it not been for an untimely alarm it was their intention to have taken a sufficient quantity of other articles to justify their appropriation of that amount of sugar.



Small Invalid (to visitor). "I've had a lot of diseases in my time—measles—whooping-cough—influenza—tonsilitis—but (*modestly*) I haven't had dropsy yet."

"Only the older generation recalls the glass of sherry and slice of Madeira that used to be the invariable refreshment offered in the farmhouses of the South-west."—*Daily Telegraph.*

Our own recollection is that it was sometimes a glass of Madeira and a hunk of sherry.

A SCHOOL FOR STATESMEN.

[The *Hamburger Fremdenblatt*, in an article on our Ambassador at Petrograd, ascribes his success as a diplomat to his passion for golf—"if one can speak of passion in connection with this cold game of meadow billiards." "The conditions," it goes on to say, "in which this rather tiresome game is played do really produce the qualities necessary for any statesmanlike or diplomatic work. . . . Silent, tough, resigned, unbroken . . . the good golfer walks round his field, keeps his eye on the ball and steers for his goal. . . . Sir George Buchanan walked round the whole golf field of Europe for years until at last he was able in Petrograd to hurl the ball into the goal."]

OFT have I wondered as my weapon's edge
Disintegrated solid chunks of greenery,
Or as my pillule flew the bounding hedge
Into outlying sections of the scenery,
What moral value might accrue
From billiards played beneath the blue.

Little I fancied when I topped the sphere
And on its candour left a coarse impression,
Or in the bed of some revolting mere
Mislaid three virgin globes in swift succession,
That I was learning how to grip
The rudiments of statesmanship.

Yet so it was. I schooled myself to gaze
Upon the object with a firmly glued eye,
And, though I moved by strange and devious ways,
To keep in view the goal, or *finis ludi*,
And ever let my language be
The language of diplomacy.

Thus BALFOUR learned the politician's game,
And thus LLOYD GEORGE was trained to be a Premier;
Thence many a leader who has leapt to fame
Got self-control, grew harder, tougher, phlegmier,
Reared in the virtues which prevail
At Walton Heath and Sunningdale.

Golf being then the source of so much good,
I own my conscience suffers certain wrenches
Recalling how the links of Chorley Wood
Have seen me on the Sabbath carving trenches,
Where Tommies might be taught to pitch
The deadly bomb from ditch to ditch.

For I reflect that my intruding spade,
That blocked the foursome and debarred the single,
May well have checked some statesman yet unmade,
Some budding HOGGE, some mute inglorious PRINGLE;
And that is why my shovel shrinks
From excavating other links. O. S.

"In reply to your valued inquiry, we enclose illustration of Dining Tables of Oak seating fourteen people with round legs and twelve people with square legs, with prices attached. Hoping to have your order."—*The Huntly Express.*

Mr. Punch is now engaged upon an exhaustive examination of the extremities of his staff before deciding whether to replace his existing Round Table.

"BRITISH PRESS BACK HUN REARGUARDS."
Newspaper headline.

Happily it is only a small section of the British Press that adopts this unpatriotic attitude.

SHAKSPEARE on the FOOD CONTROLLER:—

"No man's pie is free'd
From his ambitious finger."—*Henry VIII., Act I. Scene* 1.

HEART-TO-HEART TALKS.

(*The GERMAN CROWN PRINCE and Marshal HINDENBURG*).

Hindenburg. So your Royal Highness proposes to leave us again?

The Prince. Yes, Marshal, I'm going to leave you for a short time. I have made arrangements which will render my absence from the Front as little disadvantageous as may be possible. My orders have been carefully drawn up so as to provide for every contingency, and I trust that nothing the enemy can do will find my stout fellows unprepared, while I am devising fresh triumphs for them in my temporary retirement.

Hindenburg. We shall all regret the absence of your Royal Highness from those fields in which you have planted new proofs both of German courage and of German intellectual superiority; but no doubt your Highness will be all the better for a short rest. May I, perhaps, ask the immediate cause of your Highness's departure from the Front?

The Prince. No, Marshal, you mustn't, for if you do I shall not answer you fully. (*Hums*) *Souvent femme varie; fol qui s'y fie*—do you know what that means, you rogue?

Hindenburg. I know your Highness spoke in French, which is not what I should have expected from one who stands so near to the throne.

The Prince. Now, you mustn't be angry; only dull people ever get angry.

Hindenburg. Your Royal Highness means to say—?

The Prince. I mean to say that you're not dull—not *really* dull, you know, and that therefore you can't be allowed to get angry about a mere trifle. Besides, our predecessor, the GREAT FREDERICK, always spoke in French and wrote his poetry in French—very poor stuff it was too—and had a violent contempt for the German language, which he considered a barbarous jargon.

Hindenburg. I care not what the GREAT FREDERICK may have thought as to this matter—there are other points in which it might be well to imitate him first rather than to remember what he thought and said about our noble German language—but for me it is enough to know that the Emperor and King whom I serve holds no such ideas.

The Prince. Of course he doesn't; he holds no ideas at all of any kind.

Hindenburg. At least he would be angry to hear such——

The Prince. Of course he would; he's dull enough in all conscience for that or anything else.

Hindenburg (*after a pause*). Your Royal Highness will, perhaps, forgive me if I draw your gracious attention to the fact that I have much work to do and but little time to do it in.

The Prince. Of course, my dear Marshal, of course. They're making things warm for you, aren't they, in the direction of Arras? I was saying to myself only this morning, "How annoying for that poor old HINDENBURG to have his masterly retreat interrupted by those atrocious English, and to lose thirteen thousand prisoners and one hundred-and-sixty guns, and I don't know how many killed and wounded. Where's his wall of steel now, poor old fellow, and his patent plan for luring the enemy on?" That's what I said to myself, and now that we have met I feel that I must offer you my condolences. I know what it is, though of course it wasn't *my* fault that we failed to bring it off against the French at Verdun. Heigho! I'm really beginning to believe that I shall never see Paris.

Hindenburg. !!! !!! !!!

The Prince. You needn't look so stuffy, dear old thing. I'm going. But remember *I* shall be your Emperor some day; and then what shall I do with you? I know; I shall have you taught French.



DYNASTIC AMENITIES.

LITTLE WILLIE (*of Prussia*). "AS ONE CROWN PRINCE TO ANOTHER, ISN'T YOUR HINDENBURG LINE GETTING A BIT SHAKY?"

RUPPRECHT (*of Bavaria*). "WELL, AS ONE CROWN PRINCE TO ANOTHER, WHAT ABOUT YOUR HOHENZOLLERN LINE?"



Sergeant. "PUT YOUR THUMBS DOWN BE'IND THE SEAMS OF YOUR TROUSERS, NUMBER SIX! WHAT THE 'ELL DO YOU THINK THE SEAMS OF YOUR TROUSERS ARE PUT THERE FOR?"

CAUTIONARY TALES FOR THE ARMY.

I.

Sergt.-Instructor George Bellairs, who imagined himself to be a master of strong language.

Sergt.-Instructor George Bellairs
Prided himself on dreadful swears,
And half the night and all the day
He thought of frightful things to say.
On his recruits in serried squad
He'd work them off; he said, "You clod!"
"You put!" "You closhy put!" (a curse he
Got from *The Everlasting Mercy*,
Which shows one can't take care enough,
Not knowing who may read one's stuff).
With joy he saw his victims quiver,
With wicked joy beheld them shiver.
Six stretchers in attendance waited
To carry off the men he slated.

But early in the War there came
A squad of men of rowing fame.
With them, his choicest oaths he found
Fell upon bored and barren ground.
He lavished all his hoard, full tale;
They did not blench, they did not quail.
His plethora of plums he spilt;
They did not wince, they did not wilt.

Poor fellow! As they left him there,
He heard one beardless boy declare,
"Jove! what a milk-and-water chap!
I thought non-coms. had oaths on tap."
Another said, "We'd soon be fit
If we were only cursed a bit!"

Sergt.-Instructor George Bellairs,
He stands and stares, and stares *and stares;*
Then (he who late so freely cursed)
Tried to express himself and—burst!

Spring Fashions for Men.

"Lord ——, who managed to be present, wore a festive air with a button-hole of lilies of the valley."—*Ramsey Courier.*

"LOST, between Huddersfield and Saddleworth, on the 7th inst, Two Swing Doors."
Provincial Paper.

What became of the rest of the storey?

The SULTAN has presented the GERMAN KAISER with a sword of honour—"Same I massacred the Armenians," as *Rawdon Crawley* would have said.

"The launching of the first great Allied offensive of this year has fallen at such a time in the week that it is unfortunately impossible to deal with it at all thoroughly in the present number."—*Land and Water.*

Sir DOUGLAS HAIG ought to be more considerate.

A RATIONAL QUESTION.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Seeing from your cartoon that you have views of your own on Food Control, may I put a puzzling case to you? The other evening, after the theatre, I wished to give some supper to a hungry young soldier friend who any day now may be summoned to France. It was a quarter past eleven and I led him to a restaurant near Piccadilly Circus which was still open and busy. But the doorkeeper refused to admit him. I might go in—oh, yes—but not a soldier. Now I am an elderly civilian, doing very little for my country except carrying on my own business and paying my way and my taxes; but this boy is a fighter, prepared to die for England if need be. Yet it is I who am allowed to eat at night, and not he, however much in need of food he may be! Surely there is some want of logic here?

I am, Yours faithfully,
PERPLEXED CIVILIAN.

"April came in yesterday with none of the mildness ccccccccccccccelllllll xfifl vbg cmf shr tao hr which is proverbially associated with that month."—*Glasgow Evening Times.*

We can almost hear the printer's teeth chattering.



Mother. "SO YOU 'RE THE BOTTOM BOY OF YOUR CLASS. AREN'T YOU ASHAMED OF YOURSELF?"
Peter. "BUT, MOTHER, IT 'S NOT MY FAULT. THE BOY WHO 'S ALWAYS BOTTOM IS AWAY ILL."

FIRST LINES.

AFTER having spent an hour or so with WORDSWORTH's sonnets I found my head so full of his sonorous adjuratory music that when in the middle of the night I woke as usual — from three to four is the worst time — my wooing of reluctant sleep took on a new fashion, and instead of repeating verses I made them. But I only once proceeded farther than the first line. Anybody who finds pleasure in poetic pains may add the other thirteen; to me such a task would savour of bad luck. Here, however, are some of my brave Rydalesque beginnings, with titles:—

To the ASSISTANT CONTROLLER OF FOOD, wishing him success.

JONES, who wouldst keep potatoes for the poor—

To the EX-PREMIER, now in very active retirement.

ASQUITH, till recently our honoured head—

To a prominent K.C. who has become First Lord of the Admiralty.

CARSON, who latterly hast taken salt—

To an Ex-Minister for Foreign Affairs, on a bed of sickness.

GREY, who wouldst Represent Proportionally—

To a Second-in-Command.

BONAR, who speakest for the absent GEORGE—

To the PRIME MINISTER, on a notable innovation.

GEORGE, who receivest Yankee journalists—

To the KAISER.

WILHELM, who dost thy damnedst every day—

To the CROWN PRINCE.

Namesake of mine, but O how different!

To an Ex-Colonel.

WINSTON, whose fighting days, alas! seem o'er—

To an assiduous Watcher of the literary skies.

SHORTER, who tellest readers what to think—

I then essayed two lines:—

To an Incorrigible Wag.

SHAW, who, in khaki, with that gingery beard,
Joyous and independent scann'dst the Front—

With this effort I fell asleep.

Dawn of Humour in Scotland.

"Summer time begins at 2 a.m. on Sunday morning. Clocks should be put back an hour on Saturday night."—*Ross-shire Journal.*

The Secret of Longevity.

"The death occurred on Friday of Mr. ——, at the age of 94. Deceased had liver through the reigns of George IV., William IV., Victoria, Edward VII."—*Provincial Paper.*

From a picture-dealer's advertisement:—

"Corot got originally 500 francs for his painting of 'The Angelus,' which ultimately brought 800,000 francs."
The British Magazine (Buenos Aires).

Poor MILLET, it appears, got nothing.

WEIGHED IN THE BALANCE.

Part I.

Angelo Armstrong was a man of thirty. He had no capital, but by dint of honest and meritorious toil he found himself eventually earning a moderate salary as clerk in a London Insurance Office. He had been rejected for the Army on account of a defective knee-cap. Outside his work his tastes lay in the direction of botany and bibliomancy, which latter, according to the dictionary, is "Divination performed by selecting passages of Scripture at hazard." He also indulged in good works and was President of the Society for the Preservation of the Spiritual Welfare of the Deputy Harbour Masters at our English Seaports. Thus he was worthy of the name of Angelo by which his mother had insisted that he should be christened, after seeing a picture of the famous historical incident of "*Non Angli sed Angeli.*"

Strangely enough he had never yet come under the influence of love. The three diversions given above had filled his spare hours, and woman was to him a sealed book. One morning he found a letter on his breakfast-table from an old family friend; it read as follows:—

"*Ton Répos*," *Woking*,
December 11*th*, 1916.

"Dear Mr. Armstrong,—Do tear yourself away from grimy London and come and spend the Christmas holidays with us. Only a small party and one of War-workers. We are all workers nowadays, aren't we? You *must* come!

Sincerely yours,
Augusta Pogson-Delabere.

N.B.—Our house is a long way from the Crematorium!

This settled it; he decided to go.

Part II.

The Pogson-Delaberes' party at "Ton Répos" consisted of four guests: Col. Maxton, from Aldershot, commanding the 106th Battalion of the Drumlie Highlanders; Miss Agatha Simson, a middle-aged munition-worker; our hero, and, oh! the lovely Miss Sylvia Taunton, another War-worker, aged 22. The result may be easily guessed. For two days the young people were left, naturally, very much together. They quickly fell into an easy intimacy, and on the third and last day of the holiday Angelo was profoundly in love. Gone were the botanizers, gone the bibliomants, gone the Deputy Harbour Masters. There was but one thought in his evacuated brain, to make the fair Sylvia his own.

His opportunity came after dinner that night when the rest of the party had gone out to look at some condemned pheasants which were to be shot at dawn. She was at the piano playing that deservedly popular song, "I've chipped my chip for England," by Nathaniel Dayer, when he suddenly leant over her. "Miss Taunton—Sylvia," he ejaculated, "you will be surprised at this suddenness, I know, but I cannot keep it in any longer; I love you enormously. Is there any chance for me?"

She had just reached that passage in Nathaniel's song where a triumphant ascending scale in G rings out. She faltered and played D-flat instead of D-natural, the first dissonance that night—would it had been the last! Quickly she turned on the music-stool and on him, and spoke with averted head.

"Mr. Armstrong, I will own frankly that I like you more than a little. Though we only met three days ago I am more drawn to you than I have ever been to any other man."

"Aha," he cried exultingly.

"But," she said, "I must say something about myself. While I am a War-worker, I have never told you yet what I am doing. I am a clerk in Marr's Bank, in Cheapside."

"There is nothing dishonourable in that," he almost shouted.

"There is not," she answered, haughtily drawing herself up.

"I keep my account there," he said.

"I know," she replied; "I am in the Pass-book department."

He stood quite still, but the lapels of his dinner-jacket shook slightly.

"My duties," she went on quietly, "are to report each evening to my chief, Mr. Hassets, on our clients' balances. Yours has never been higher than £24 7*s.* 9*d.* during the eighteen months that I have been there. I am very sorry, but I cannot marry you."

He looked straight into her inscrutable eyes and the right repartee froze on his lips.

On the morrow he left at dawn, just as the birds were beginning to drop; and before the day was over he had transferred his account from Marr's Bank to Parr's.

"Chaplain ——— asks guidance for the Authorities.
Prays that recent events may be prevented."
—*Baltimore News.*

Surely this is asking too much.

"British troops in Macedonia are now in possession of Deltawah and Sindiyah, some thirty-five miles north of Bagdad, and of Falluyah on the Euphrates, thirty-six miles west of Bagdad."—*Sunday Paper.*

We know on *Fluellen's* authority that Macedon and Monmouth are very much alike; and so, it seems, is Mesopotamia.

BACK TO THE LAND.

The wintry days are with us still;
The roads are deep in liquid dirt;
The rain is wet, the wind is chill,
And both are coming through my shirt;
And yet my heart is light and gay;
I shout aloud, I hum a snatch;
Why am I full of mirth? To-day
I'm planting my potato patch.

The Kaiser sits and bites his nails
In Pots- (or some adjoining) dam;
He wonders why his peace talk fails
And how to cope with Uncle Sam;
The General Staff has got the hump;
In vain each wicked scheme they hatch;
I've handed them the final thump
By planting my potato patch.

The U-boat creeps beneath the sea
And puts the unarmed freighters down;
It fills the German heart with glee
To see the helpless sailors drown;
But now and then a ship lets fly
To show that Fritz has met his match!
She's done her bit, and so have I
Who dig in my potato patch.

And later, when the War is won
And each man murmurs, "Well, that's that,"
And reckons up what he has done
To put the Germans on the mat,
I'll say, "It took ten myriad guns
And fighting vessels by the batch;
But we too served, we ancient ones,
Who dug in our potato patch."

Algol.

"IT."

Phase I.

The doctor says, perfectly cheerfully and as though it were really not a matter of vital importance, that there is no doubt that I have got IT. He remarks that IT is all over the place, and that he has a couple of hundred other cases at the present time.

I resent his attitude as far as I have strength to do anything at all. I did not give permission for him to be called in just to have my sufferings brushed aside like this. He only stays about three minutes altogether, during which time he relates two funny stories (at least I suppose they are funny, because my nurse laughs; I can't see any point in them myself), and makes several futile remarks about the War. As though the War were a matter of importance by comparison! Then he goes, talking breezily all the way down the stairs.

Well, I think darkly, they will be sorry presently. I have no intention

or expectation of getting better, and when they see me a fair young corpse then they 'll know.

Already I loathe the Two Hundred. Not that I believe for a minute the story of my own disease being the same as their miserable little complaints. In recurring periods of conscious thought I go through the list of things I know for a fact I have got—rheumatic fever, sciatica, lumbago, toothache, neuritis, bronchitis, laryngitis, tonsilitis, neuralgia, gastritis, catarrh of several kinds, heart disease and inflammation (or possibly congestion) of the lungs. I shall think of some more presently, if my nurse will let me alone and not keep on worrying me with her "Just drink this." Bother the woman! Why doesn't she get off the earth? What 's the use of my swallowing that man's filthy medicine when he doesn't know what 's the matter with me?

I hate everybody and everything, especially the eider-down quilt, which rises in slow billows in front of my eyes and threatens to engulf me. When in a paroxysm of fury I suddenly cast it on the floor, it lies there still billowing, and seems to leer at me. There is something fat and sinister and German about that eiderdown. I never noticed it before. *Two Hundred German eiderdowns!*

The firelight flickers weirdly about the room and I try to count the shadows. But before I begin I know the answer—TWO HUNDRED.

I drift into a nightmare of Two Hundred elusive cabbages which I am endeavouring to plant in my new allotment, where a harsh fate forces me to dig and *dig* and DIG, and, as a natural consequence, also to ache and *ache* and ACHE.

PHASE II.

I can stand up with assistance from the bed-post and totter feebly to an arm-chair by the fire, where I sit in a dressing-gown and weep. What for? I couldn't say, except that it seems a fit and proper thing to do.

I am still of opinion that I am not long for this world, and my favourite occupation at present is counting up the number of wreaths that I might justifiably expect to have sent to my funeral. I don't tell my nurse, who would immediately try to "cheer me up" by talking to me or giving me a magazine to look at. And I would *much* rather count wreaths. The Smiths probably would not be able to afford one . . .

My thoughts are distracted by the sudden apparition of a little meal. I begin to take an interest in these little meals, which are of such frequent occurrence that I am reduced to tears again, this time at the thought of the extra expense I am causing. And all for nothing. Why don't they save the money for wreaths?

The doctor comes while I am swallowing my egg, miserably yet with a certain gusto, and I dry my eyes hastily as I hear him bounding up the stairs.

"Hullo," he calls out before he is well through the door, "how are we to-day, eh? Beginning to sit up and take notice? I think we 'll change your medicine."

"*I* think," I remark resignedly, "that it will be best for someone to dig a hole and bury me."

"Jolly good idea," he agrees heartily. "In fact why not do it to all of us? Please the Germans so too. But it can't be done, you know—there 's a shortage of grave-diggers."

Heartless brute!



Regimental Sergeant-Major (to lady driver of motor ambulance). "I SEE YOU 'VE GOT STRIPES. HAVE YOU GOT A SERGEANT-MAJOR?"

Corporal Maud Evans. "HAVE WE GOT A SERGEANT-MAJOR? I SHOULD THINK WE HAVE—THE CAT!"

"By fixing five potatoless days hope is entertained that supplies, which are scent, will be left to poor people who most require them."
Daily Chronicle.

This explains the remark of the Irishman who protested that it was weeks since he had tasted even "the smell of a potato."

"It will take years to cleanse the Ægean stables."—*Civil and Military Gazette.*

Still, M. VENEZELOS has made a good beginning with Samos, Lemnos and several other 'osses.

From the report of a prohibition meeting at Peebles:—

"A pleasant and most enjoyable addendum was a series of lantern slides depicting the havoc wrought by the Huns in Belgium."
Peebleshire Advertiser.

It is still "Peebles for pleasure" at any cost.



TRIALS OF A HEAVYWEIGHT.

"I HOPE YOU WON'T MIND, UNCLE, BUT I'VE LENT YOU TO MRS. ROBINSON FOR HALF-AN-HOUR AFTER LUNCH. SHE'S GOT AN AWFULLY STIFF BIT OF GROUND TO GET THROUGH."

THE HINDENBURG LINE.

IN our earnest endeavour to discover exactly where this impregnable barrier is likely to be encountered we have collected the following references to it in the German Press of the next few months:—

. . . Our troops, according to plan, are now operating to the east of the Vimy Ridge where the fighting is taking the direction intended by us. We have succeeded in restoring a condition of voluntary elasticity, preparatory to the occupation of the famous Hindenburg Line, which covers Douai, St. Quentin and La Fère.

. . . Our rearguard actions to the east of St. Quentin are developing in accordance with our wildest dreams, our troops, after their brief respite in the so-called Wotan Line, displaying their ability in a war of rapid movement. The hesitating British are disconcerted by the recrudescence of fluidity on the front. We learn with satisfaction that our Northern divisions are now safely established in the Hindenburg Line—to the east of Douai.

. . . We learn to-day with the very keenest emotion of the complete and brilliant evacuation of the Siegfried Line, to the east of Douai, and the re-establishment of a new measure of liquidity. British aeroplanes (of which 133 have been brought down according to plan) have been making long flights over our territory with a view to observation of the Hindenburg Line—on the left bank of the Meuse. It is said that two of our machines are missing, but a recount has been ordered. There must be some mistake.

. . . A shrewd blow has been dealt to the British by our abandonment, in agreement with the prospectus, of the Beckmesser Line. All has gone according to our hopes, our longings and our prayers. We have crossed the Meuse.

. . . The secret is out at last. The Hindenburg Line, about which there has been so much speculation, is now known to run through Liége, Luxemburg and Metz. According to schedule we are now approaching this position, which has only been attained by an amazing display of spontaneous volatility on our part. The fighting of the last few weeks, in the neighbourhood of the Pogner, Sieglinda, Kurvenal and Lohehgrin Lines, fell out as had been prognosticated by us.

. . . The importance of Cologne, as the main bastion of the impregnable Hindenburg Line, cannot be overrated. Our strategical, voluntary and gratuitous crossing of the Rhine was carried out according to *agenda*. . . .

THE IMPERFECT ECONOMIST.

"I WEAR my very oldest suits,
I go about in shocking boots,
And (bar potatoes) feed on roots
And various cereal substitutes
For wheat, and non-imported fruits.
No meat my table now pollutes,
But, though I spare warm-blooded brutes,
I sometimes sup on frogs and newts.

I often spend laborious days
Supported by a little maize;
And rice prepared in divers ways
My appetite at luncheon stays.
From sugar I avert my gaze;
Unsweetened tea my thirst allays;
I never go to any plays
Or smoke expensive Henry Clays."

Our excellent Economist
His pet extravagance forgets,
Which rather spoils his little list—
His fifty daily cigarettes.



"SWOOPING FROM THE WEST."

[It is the intention of our new Ally to assist us in the patrolling of the Atlantic.]



ON AN OUTLYING FORT.

Orderly Officer. "ANYTHING SERIOUS TO REPORT, SERGEANT?"
Sergeant. "GUNNER JONES FEELS 'OMESICK, SIR, AND MAY HE SEND FOR 'IS PARROT?"

THE GENERAL.

LAST night, as I was washing up,
And just had rinsed the final cup,
All of a sudden, 'midst the steam,
I fell asleep and dreamt a dream.
I saw myself an old, old man,
Nearing the end of mortal span,
Bent, bald and toothless, lean and spare,
Hunched in an ancient beehive chair.
Before me stood a little lad
Alive with questions. "Please, Granddad,
Did Daddy fight, and Uncle Joe,
In the Great War of long ago?"
I nodded as I made reply:
"Your Dad was in the H.L.I.,
And Uncle Joseph sailed the sea,
Commander of a T.B.D.,
And Uncle Jack was Major too——"
"And what," he asked me, "what were you?"
I stroked the little golden head;
"I was a General," I said.
"Come, and I'll tell you something more
Of what I did in the Great War."
At once the wonder-waiting eyes
Were opened in a mild surmise;
Smiling, I helped the little man
To mount my knee, and so began:
"When first the War broke out, you see,
Grandma became a V.A.D.;
Your Aunties spent laborious days
In working at Y.M.C.A.'s;
The servants vanished. Cook was found
Doing the conscript baker's round;
The housemaid, Jane, in shortened skirt
(She always was a brazen flirt),
Forsook her dusters, brooms and pails
To carry on with endless mails.
The parlourmaid became a vet.,
The tweeny a conductorette,
And both the others found their missions
In manufacturing munitions.
I was a City man. I knew
No useful trade. What could I do?
Your Granddad, boy, was not the sort
To yield to fate; he was a sport.
I set to work; I rose at six,
Summer and winter; chopped the sticks,
Kindled the fire, made early tea
For Aunties and the V.A.D.
I cooked the porridge, eggs and ham,
Set out the marmalade and jam,
And packed the workers off, well fed,
Well warmed, well brushed, well valeted.
I spent the morning in a rush
With dustpan, pail and scrubbing-brush;
Then with a string-bag sallied out
To net the cabbage or the sprout,
Or in the neighbouring butcher's shop
Select the juiciest steak or chop.
So when the sun had sought the West,
And brought my toilers home to rest,
Savours more sweet than scent of roses
Greeted their eager-sniffing noses—
Savours of dishes most divine
Prepared and cooked by skill of mine.
I was a General. Now you know
How Generals helped to down the foe."
The little chap slipped off my knee
And gazed in solemn awe at me,
Stood at attention, stiff and mute,
And gave his very best salute.

"Prescriptions (C. P.—197/30).—The replies to your queries are as follows:—(a) Refuse; (b) refuse; (c) refuse; (d) refuse; (e) No."
Pharmaceutical Journal.

We have often felt like that about prescriptions ourselves, but have never ventured to say so.

JOLLYMOUSE.

In what I will particularise as the —— area of the War zone, there is a small village-by-a-stream where Generals stride about the narrow streets or whirl through them in gigantic cars, and guards at every corner clank and turn out umpty times a day. Down in the hollow the stream by the village laughs placidly along, mocking at the Great War, but I doubt if the Generals have much time to listen to it, for the village-by-the-stream is a Corps Headquarters.

However the Doctor led us (which includes the War Babe and James the Acting Adjutant) to the village-by-the-stream, where, just across the stone bridge, he indicated on the wall of a house the legend:

RESTAURANT FOR OFFICERS.

TEA, COFFEE, CHAMPAGNE AND ALL SUCH ARTICLE IS SELL HERE.

"Tea," he said feelingly, "and there will be china cups and thin bread-and-butter, and real milk and come along in."

It was rather a composite restaurant. There was a glassed-in balcony with tables and chairs; and all around there were puttees, handkerchiefs, paper-weights, inkstands, wrist-watches and electric torches. There were loose-leaved pocket diaries of abominable ingenuity (irresistible to Adjutants); collars and ties to clothe the neck of man, and soap to wash it withal. Hair lotions, safety-razors, *pâté de foie gras*, sponges and writing-pads jostled each other on the shelves. Walking-sticks and bottles of champagne lay in profusion on the floor. It was less of a restaurant than an emporium, but the Doctor sat down contentedly and rang the bell; and the War Babe threw out battle patrols to reconnoitre the position.

He passed unscathed through the barrage of sticks and diaries; evaded skilfully the indirect fire of electric torches; reached his first objective among the soap-boxes, and there met his fate.

"Doctor," he demanded suddenly, "what 's 'savon jollymouse'?"

"Savon," the doctor began didactically, "is a preparation of fatty acids saponified with alkali. It is principally manufactured from coker-nut oil, although other similar, if less offensive, substances are sometimes employed. In the English tongue it is known as 'soap,' and——"

"You idiot," said the War Babe amiably, "I know what 'savon' is. But what 's a 'jollymouse'?"

"A rodent," replied the Doctor—"a small rodent in a state of mental exhilaration or merriment."



THE RECRUIT'S FAREWELL TO HIS BOWLER.

"Rats."

"Yes, the same definition would also apply to rats. *Jolly* rats, that is to say."

"You 're very bright to-day, Doctor," said the War Babe, "but it doesn't happen to be that kind of mouse at all. It 's j-o-l-i, jolly; m-o-u-s-s-e——"

"Why didn't you say that before? That 's quite different. It 's pronounced moose—zholimoose."

The War Babe sniffed.

"I don't believe you know what it means any more than I do."

"Son of Mars," the Doctor answered gravely, "you are measuring my ignorance by your own—a great mistake. As a matter of fact that word is put on the packet simply to deceive unwary Babes. It has nothing whatever to do with soap."

"Well, since you know so much," said the War Babe, closing with his opponent, "what *is* a jollymouse or whatever you call it?"

"A zholimoose, my dear," the Doctor began, "is very hard to describe and has to be seen to be believed. A War Babe would probably not recognise one if he saw it. To give you a rough idea, however, it is an airy Will-o'-the-wispish——"

The bell had done its work at last, and there suddenly entered by an inner door a fair-haired, fair-skinned French girl almost too pretty to be real. The Doctor paused with his eyes on her and then his face lit up with triumph.

"Gentlemen," he said, in a low vibrating tone, "behold the zholimoose. Hush. It will probably come closer if you don't frighten it."

"Have you got the landing-net?" whispered James hoarsely.

"Yes. And the killing bottle. It 's

this War Babe I'm afraid of. He's sure to scare it. Don't glare at her like that, War Babe. Pretend you're a soap-box."

She hovered on the threshold. It seemed touch and go . . . and then the War Babe broke the ice in his choicest French.

"Mademoiselle!"

"Messieurs!" She came daintily forward and looked inquiries at us all.

"Tay avec—er bread-and-butter, si-vooplay," the Doctor ground out in his execrable lingo. "And—er—I never can remember the French for milk."

"Lait?" I suggested.

"That's it. Now, Mademoiselle—lay. But not canned stuff. Vray lay."

Her eyes grew wider and wider at this strange jargon.

"Comment, M'sieur?"

"Vray lay."

"I suppose you mean lait au naturel," growled James.

"Du lait frais," I hazarded.

"Ah. Comprends. C'est triste. Pas de lait frais. Les hôpitaux prennent tout."

"No milk?" wailed the Doctor. He looked fixedly at the table and one saw from the movement of his lips that he was mustering his forces for another plunge into the language. Meanwhile the War Babe, whose eyes had not left the girl's face, ventured again on the thin ice of speech.

"Mademoiselle," he began hesitatingly.

"Oui, M'sieur." She turned to him, the picture of rapt attention.

"Où est la jollymouse—moose, I mean?"

She looked from one to another of us in perplexity.

"Qu'est ce qu'il veut dire?" she asked.

"Il veut voir la jolimousse," we explained, and the War Babe held out the soap-box, pointing with expressive pantomime to the words on it. Her eyes twinkled appreciatively.

"Nous — nous supposerons que—vous êtes—la jolimouse," said the War Babe slowly, choosing his words with care.

"Bien sûr," James added affirmatively.

"Moi?" She rippled with laughter. "Oh non. Attendez, Messieurs. Ouait one mineet." She flitted through the door like some beautiful butterfly, and in a moment returned with the smallest, softest, warmest lump of blue-grey fur nestling against her. It was a tiny blue Persian kitten.

"Voilà!" she said, caressing it tenderly, "la jolimousse." She handed it gravely to the War Babe, who received it with almost reverend care.

It seems perhaps a little worldly to return to the subject of tea, but doctors are worldly creatures. However, at this point the doom of the gods descended, for there was no tea to be obtained, only coffee; no bread-and-butter, only little hard biscuits; and the cups, though certainly china, were but little larger than liqueur-glasses. But one of us at least was impervious to disappointments. The War Babe sat silently, with the kitten in his lap, like a seer of visions, until, just as we were about to leave, an impulse suddenly galvanized him. "I'll pay," he said, and marched into the inner room. . . .



Victim. "CONFOUND YOUR DOG, MADAM! IT'S NEARLY BITTEN A PIECE OUT OF MY LEG."

Owner (distressed). "I AM TRULY SORRY, SIR. NAUGHTY LITTLE DAPHNE! AFTER ALL MY EFFORTS TO MAKE WEDNESDAY YOUR MEATLESS DAY."

DOMESTIC STRATEGY.

Mr. Meanly. My dear, I see that *The People's Adviser* is inviting its readers to send details of their individual food reforms for publication. *Pour encourager les autres.* Just tell me what our rules are.

Mrs. Meanly. Certainly, dear. We have meat only on two days a week; potatoes only on two days a week (*and so on*).

Mr. Meanly. Good. I will write a letter. And then the day after it appears in print you might send out invitations to dinner. There are a lot of arrears to make up and we'll clear them off now. Say a series of three parties.

Mrs. Meanly. But dear, ought we to do it in war-time?

Mr. Meanly. After the publication of our system of meals, it will be quite safe to send the invitations, my love.

A CURRENT EVENT.

YEARS ago Mr. Punch, in a moment of inspiration (I wrote the article myself), suggested that some benevolent American millionaire might alter the course of the Gulf Stream so that it flowed right round these islands. In the eye of imagination he saw date palms bordering the Strand, costers sitting under their own banana trees, and stately cavalcades of camels bearing wearied City men to Balham or Putney. (Unhappily he could not look so far into the future as to forecast the allotment holders returning home laden with sugar-canes).

Now a writer in *The Times* suggests that the chill of the present season is due to the effect of the Panama Canal on the Gulf Stream. This is an insidious attempt to make bad blood between ourselves and our new allies. We could only feel the bitterest hostility towards anyone in any way responsible for the present season. Why, this spring has spread such devastation through the land that writers of nature notes have been unable to pay their plumbers' bills.

But while we repudiate the implication of American responsibility we think it well to be absolutely on the safe side; so we suggest that it would be a friendly act, and consonant with the new spirit of alliance, if she would kindly keep the Panama Canal plugged for the next few weeks. One would like to make sure of hearing the cuckoo in Victory Year.

"Only ninety-two pigs came to Vienna's Easter market, of which ninety-four were allotted to hospitals."—*Daily Mail.*

The two extra ones, it is understood, came from HINDENBURG'S "strategic reserve."

"It is expected that an official announcement will shortly be made of a scheme which will put practically the whole of the topmaking industry of Bradford at the disposal of the Government."—*Daily Telegraph.*

That ought to make things hum.

"Napoleon was desolated were he left in the same room with a cat . . . but he was not in the least afraid of being alone in the same room with Anne of Austria, whose claws were of a far more formidable capacity."

West Australian.

NAPOLEON'S intrepidity may have been due to his knowledge that ANNE of Austria died about a century before he was born.

AT THE PLAY.

"The Old Lady Shows Her Medals."

Mrs. Dowey (actually a virgin spinster), felt herself out of it because she had no son at the Front to talk about. I gathered that it was not so much a case of unsatisfied yearning for motherhood, as that she wanted to hold her own with the other charwomen who were represented in the trenches. So she assumed the relationship of an anonymous *marraine* towards a certain unknown namesake in the Black Watch, and made boastful pretence of having received letters from her son.

Suddenly she is confronted with this *Private Dowey*, home on leave—a lonely soldier with no family ties. The joy that she had taken in her imagined sense of proprietorship is dashed by fear of exposure and of possible resentment on his part. At first he treats her intrusion almost brutally, but is soon mollified by the offer of food and other hospitality; and by the time his leave is up he has developed an almost filial regard for her. Their parting is as the parting of a tender-hearted mother and a rather unemotional son. The pathos of this scene, though designed and interpreted with a very sensitive restraint, was comparatively obvious—a commonplace, indeed, of these heart-rending days. There was a far more subtle and original note of pathos in the contrast between the brusque humour of the man's casual acceptance of the situation and the timorous, adoring, dog-like devotion of the woman. Here tears and laughter were never far apart.

I could wish that the impression left by this picture had not been a little spoiled by the final scene, in which she lingers lovingly over the medals and uniform of the dead soldier. No good purpose, dramatic or other, was served by this gratuitous appendage to a finished work of art.

Miss Jean Cadell was simply wonderful; and Mr. Mulcaster, as *Private Dowey*, typically Scottish in his cautious reservations, was admirable. Mr. Edgar Wood played capably as one of our many eligible but non-combatant clergymen; and the chorus of aggressively humorous charwomen, though perhaps they had rather too much to say, said it very well.

Sir James Barrie's other one-Act play, *Seven Women* (all rolled into one), suffered, as might be expected, from compression. *Leonora* had to be a clinging motherly creature, a desperate flirt, a gifted humourist, a woman without humour, a murderess (out of an old play by the same author), and two other types which escape me. In the course of about a quarter of an hour she had to give a succinct *précis* of the different moods which her versatile personality might in actual life conceivably have assumed if she had had a month to do it in. Miss Irene Vanbrugh, with her swift humour and her skill as a quick-change artist, naturally revelled in this *tour de force*, and, thanks to her, the author came very near to being justified of his caprice.



"My poor Reginald is in 'orspital with rheumatics in his legs. The Scotch costume, you know."

Between these two plays was sandwiched Mr. A. A. Milne's

"Wurzel-Flummery."

There was never any doubt about the freshness and spontaneity of Mr. Milne's humour. The only question was whether an author so fastidiously unstagey, who never underlines his intentions, would be able to accommodate himself to the conditions of a medium that discourages the elliptical method. Well, he did it, and very artfully. He began by making concessions to the habits of his new audience. He wouldn't try them too high at first. In the person of *Robert Crawshaw, M.P.* (Mr. Nigel Playfair), he introduced them to a more or less conventional type—exposed, it is true, to a very unusual test of character but dealing with it as such a type was bound to deal. Then, having inspired confidence, he created a rarer atmosphere, and in *Denis Clifton*, a blend of solicitor and playwright, he produced a figure of fantasy whose delightfully irresponsible humour might have found his audience a little shy at an earlier stage. There was a real note of distinction, extraordinarily well maintained, in *Clifton's* dialogue with *Crawshaw* and the boy-clerk, and Mr. Milne was particularly fortunate to have the part interpreted by Mr. Dion Boucicault, who developed qualities



"SEVEN WOMEN" AND ONE SAILOR.

Leonora . . . . . MISS IRENE VANBRUGH.
Captain Rattray, R.N. . . . . . MR. GORDON ASH.

undreamed of in my previous estimation of his gifts.

When that inveterate cynic, *Anthony Clifton*, made a will (it is not Mr. MILNE'S fault that, since he wrote his play before going out to the Front, we have had two others turning on eccentric bequests) leaving £50,000 each to two perfect strangers on the condition that they adopted the preposterous name of Wurzel-Flummery, he hoped to have the grim satisfaction of witnessing, from the grave, an exhibition of human weakness. Of the two legatees—politicians on opposite sides of the House—*Crawshaw*, whose whiskers gave him the air of a successful grocer of the mid-Victorian period, found reasons sufficiently convincing to himself for accepting the testator's terms; while *Richard Meriton*, who had little besides his salary as an M.P., took the high line of proper pride and declared his determination to refuse. Mr. MILNE, by the way, did not specify the respective politics of these two, but I judge, from my knowledge of his own, that *Crawshaw* was meant to be a Tory and *Meriton* a Liberal.

The latter eventually succumbed to pressure on the part of *Crawshaw's* daughter, who cared nothing for names so long as she could marry the man of her choice—a prospect denied to her by her father, who thought little of poor men. Meanwhile *Meriton's* lofty attitude of general contempt for money, and particular contempt for it when offered on degrading terms, gave scope for a little serious relief.

There are, of course, more ways of viewing the question than could be compressed into so short a play. Myself, I confess to a sneaking sympathy with the standpoint of *Crawshaw*. Money for him did not mean mere self-indulgence; it meant outward show—a house in a better neighbourhood, a more expensive car, a higher status in the opinion of his world—all the things that somehow help in what is called a career. By accepting the fifty thousand pounds he would gain something in the public eye; by assuming the name of Wurzel-Flummery he would lose something. He weighed the two against one another, and concluded that he would gain more than he would lose. This argument furnished a good enough motive according to his lights.

Meriton, on the other hand, after professing to prefer a clean heart to filthy lucre, is persuaded by *Violet Crawshaw*, who argues that he would surely make any sacrifice to save her from starving, and she was starving for love. So he yields, saying, in effect, to Honour, "I love thee, dear; I love thee much; but I love *Violet* more." Incidentally he takes care to overlook the fact that he was not nobly suffering an indignity for the sake of a great cause—such, let us say, as the founding of a hospital—but that he himself stood to gain at least as much as the girl. I am almost afraid that *Meriton* was a bit of a hypocrite. Certainly, in view of his exalted standards, he came out of the business worse than *Crawshaw* did. Perhaps, after all, Mr. MILNE meant him to be a Tory.

But I must not exploit the pleasant field of casuistry opened up by the author's theme, but content myself with complimenting him very heartily on his share of this triple bill, in which, at the first attempt, he held his own in the company of so experienced an artist as Sir JAMES BARRIE. I ought to add that he had an excellent cast, very quick to appreciate and reproduce the iridescent gaiety of his humour. O. S.



THE POLITICIAN AT HOME.

Robert Crawshaw, M.P. . . . . . MR. NIGEL PLAYFAIR.
Mrs. Crawshaw . . . . . MISS HELEN HAYE.

"MOTORS & CYCLES.
WANTED to purchase a few good 1916 laying Pullets."
South Bucks Free Press.

Having regard to the second item in the heading a correspondent suggests that "Pullets" is a misprint for "Pushits."

From a feuilleton:—
"She had not wanted to come at all, for she avoided everyone now. But Olive had begged her, with ears in her eyes."
Daily Paper.

If *Olive* was, as we are inclined to suppose, a flapper, she was remarkably well equipped.



The Padre. "Owing to a cold, Private Stayer will not be able to sing 'From Saturday Night till Monday Morning' as intended, but Sergeant Stickett has kindly consented to play 'For all Eternity,' and as it will then be getting rather late we will conclude with the National Anthem."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

The Life of Algernon Charles Swinburne (Macmillan) is a book that may be regarded as filling, at least partially, what has long been an aching void in our biographical shelves. I say partially, because the time has not perhaps fully come for an unreserved appreciation of a character whose handling must present exceptional difficulties. One cannot but notice how many obstacles Mr. Edmund Gosse has had to overcome, or avoid, in the present volume. The result inevitably is a certain sense of over-discretion that makes the whole study so detached as to be at times lacking in vitality. Even, however, with these reservations the figure of the poet stands out, bewildering as it must have been in life, with its strange blend of frailty and genius. Stories abound also (sometimes one suspects Mr. Gosse of having fallen back upon anecdote with an air of relief); they range from the early days of brilliant "failures" at Eton and Balliol to those when in the watchful security of Putney the lamp was guarded by hands so zealous that its flame was ultimately extinguished. Two of the tales remain pleasantly in my memory, one of them describing how young Algernon, lately sent down from Oxford and a pupil at the rectory of the future Bishop Stubbs, scared away his host's rustic congregation by leaning upon the garden-gate one Sunday morning, looking, with his red-gold hair and scarlet dressing-gown, like some "flaming apparition." The other, less picturesque but more credible, has also a bishop in it, and concerns an untimely recitation of *Les Noyades*. I will leave you to find this for yourself in a book that forms at least an interesting, if not altogether final, study of a fascinating subject.

For an old hand Benjamin Swift shows a poor discretion in crowding too many characters into his pages to allow of anything like adequate characterisation, and indeed, in *What Lies Beneath* (Chapman and Hall), he is too much concerned with his main purpose of tract-making to be sufficiently interested in the subsidiary business of good story-telling. A *Mr. Ravendale*, an unpleasant, hoary-bearded patriarch and opulent seller of Bibles, who has buried three wives and lives in a fat Bloomsbury house with the collected offspring of his three marriages, and one or two step-children thrown in, is haunted by a doubt as to whether the beautiful *Ruby Delmore*, daughter of the widow *Delmore*, his second wife, is also the daughter of the late *Mr. Delmore* or of himself, whose attitude towards *Mrs. Delmore* had not been as correct as that of a seller of Bibles is reasonably expected to be, especially by people like the author who don't believe in Bibles. At any rate *Sebastian*, son by the first marriage, is desperately in love with *Ruby*—so, you see, the old man had something to worry about. However, it all turns out to be, in fact, mere illusion, developing into a fatal monomania, and the family business is left to be carried on by such of the next generation as have not been convinced by the formidable array of evidence, anti-Theistic and anti-Christian, of two of the characters (who, it is clear, have sedulously read the same books). *Sebastian* loses his faith apparently because he has been distressed by the sight of a wounded horse in the great War, as if it were necessary to wait for the great War for this kind of a difficulty! A certain rough earnestness lies beneath this rather crude presentment of a world-old problem. But I wonder how much of the honest patriotism which fills the book would survive a rationalism as perverse and shallow as Mr. Swift applies to traditional faiths.

Does he imagine they have no better defences than those which he puts into the weak mouth of silly *Mr. Teanby*, the parson?

The arrangement of Lady POORE'S new volume of recollections, *An Admiral's Wife in the Making* (SMITH, ELDER), reminded me quaintly of certain romances familiar to my boyhood, in which the fortunes of the hero were traced from cadetship in aspiring sequence. Because, of course, this is exactly what happens to the hero of the present book; the chief difference being that he himself makes only a brief personal appearance therein (though the chapters in question, formed from letters and diaries of Commander POORE during the Nile Expedition of '85, are by no means the least interesting part of the volume). For the rest, one might perhaps call it a draught of Naval small beer, but a very sparkling beverage and served with a highly attractive head upon it. To drop metaphor, Lady POORE has brought together a most entertaining collection of breezy reminiscences of life ashore and on the ocean wave. There is matter to suit all tastes, from her recollections of economies in a furnished villa at Paramé, where chickens were to be bought for thirty-two sous, to more exalted anecdotes connected with the time when her hero had been advanced as far as the post of Commander of the Royal Yacht *Victoria and Albert*. It is all kindly gossip, not ill suited to the best-tempered service in the world. Especially did I like Lady POORE'S gently maternal attitude towards the many junior officers who figure very attractively in her pages (*e.g.* the jovial pic-nic party in the Blue Mountains, who slaked their thirst from the Government rain-gauge, and thereby disorganised the entire meteorological records of Jamaica). Certainly the book could not have appeared in times more apt to give it a hearty welcome.

The Stars in their Courses (UNWIN) is not, as you might possibly suppose, a work of theatrical history, but just the latest volume in that admirable series, the First Novel Library. While I am not claiming for it any startling pre-eminence, it is at least a story of more than ordinary promise, and one that easily contrived to hold my interest. This is, perhaps, the more odd, since Miss HILDA M. SHARP has apparently of deliberate intent called in every one of the three conventions that all good young novelists are bidden to avoid—the long-nourished revenge, the missing will, and the super-quixotic self-sacrifice. Naturally the last is the worst. Thus when old *Mr. Yardley* (who had, I fancy, more than a touch of the melodramatic habits of the late *Mr. Dombey*) planned to revenge himself upon a faithless wife by bringing up his and her son with extravagant tastes, and leaving him penniless, I winced but endured. When, repenting of such inhuman intentions, he revoked them by a will, carefully placed, for subsequent discovery, between the pages of a put-away book, I still held an undaunted course. But, when *Patrick*, the disinherited spendthrift, took upon himself, for the thinnest reason, all the blame of his supplanter's evil doing and kept up this idiotic fraud till the girl of his heart, and indeed everyone who cared for him, turned their backs in disdain, then I confess to having felt that Miss SHARP was trying my forbearance too high. But even so the fact that I could not throw the book down unfinished seems to show that whoever selects Mr. UNWIN'S *débutantes* has spotted another winner. If, in short, Miss SHARP will forget all the novels she may ever have read, and choose for her next story something a little nearer to life, I believe the result may be remarkable.

Nursing Adventures, with its sub-title, *A F.A.N.Y. in France*, is a notable addition to the series of War-literature which is bringing grist to Messrs. HEINEMANN'S windmill. F.A.N.Y., in case it has you puzzled, means First Aid Nursing Yeomanry. Starting from one woman this corps now has over fifty members working in the zone of the armies, and I shall believe that no one can read of their efficiency and courage without genuine admiration. This is not an official account of the F.A.N.Y. Corps—that is to come when the Hun is beaten—but the author has told enough to convince us of the sound work that has been and is being done by these brave and gentle-hearted women. Fortunately she has the gift of selection, in spite of a rather breathless style, which however goes excellently well with a narrative full of excitement and danger. Here too once more a fine tribute is paid to the incorrigible courage of the Allies in face of an enemy that has forgotten the elementary rules of humanity.



A MODEL FOR THE HUNS IN BELGIUM.

HENGIST AND HORSA KINDLY CONSENT TO TAKE PART IN A THREE-LEGGED RACE AT THE SPORTS IN AID OF THE WIDOWS AND ORPHANS OF THE BRITONS.

Those who have sampled any reasonable selection of the eighty or so published works of "KATHARINE TYNAN" will know what pleasant fare to expect in *Kit* (SMITH, ELDER). *Kit* is a pretty, red-haired, peasant girl approved for her gentle ways and honest breeding by Madam of the big house, and sent, on the advice of one of Mrs. HINKSON'S nice, human, friendly priests, to a convent for the higher education. She stirs the sentimental soul of one of the English quality, *Captain Guy Dering;* is plunged into, and rather chilled by, high-life in the modern English manner, and eventually goes back to her own people and her girlhood's friend, *Donal Sheehy*, who returns from America a made man. 'Tis not a chronicle to set the Liffey afire, but it is wholesome, escapes being mawkish, and may be confidently recommended for an anxious old person to give to sensitive young persons—if there be still any such. Mrs. HINKSON, though she loves her own, is no blind partisan and does not spare her criticism. So that you get a plausible picture of a kindly decent native Irish folk of all sorts, not a little helpful in these days of stress and promise.

"The bride was attended by her sister and Miss —— as bridesmaids, all being very strongly under the influence of drink.
Very choice.—— Brothers' Coffee."—*Provincial Paper.*

The last line is reassuring. We were afraid for the moment that it was something stronger.

CHARIVARIA.

THE *Gazette des Ardennes* states that German is becoming a more and more "popular tongue" in the occupied districts. The inhabitants, we understand, are looking forward with great pleasure to telling the Huns in German what they have always thought of them in French.

* * *

It is now reported that, following the example of Professor SMYTHE, of Chicago, a number of distinguished Americans have bequeathed their brains to the Cornell Institute for scientific research. The rumour that the German CROWN PRINCE has offered the contents of his headpiece awaits confirmation.

* * *

The British offensive has been arrested, says the *Vossische Zeitung*. Presumably for exceeding the speed limit.

* * *

A gossip-writer says he is of the opinion that there will be a great revolution in Germany and that the KAISER will be at the head of it. It would be only decent to give him, say, a couple of lengths start.

* * *

Over one million persons visited the Zoo last year. The chief attraction appears to have been a German gentleman from the Cameroons who is being accommodated in the Monkey House.

* * *

A North London employer is advertising for men "any age up to one hundred years." The nature of the employment is not stated, but it is generally assumed to be akin to that of our telegraph-boys.

* * *

A woman shopper in Regent Street one day last week was accompanied by a white parrot. It is thought that this example will be widely followed by people who are not particularly good at repartee.

* * *

Count REVENTLOW has informed the KAISER that without victory a continuation of the Monarchy is improbable. The KAISER is expected to retort that without the Monarchy the continuation of Count REVENTLOW is still more precarious.

* * *

"Have you not thought," asked a distinguished cleric recently, "that all this bad weather may be a punishment for working on Sundays?" For our part we are convinced that our cynical abandonment of the sacred practice of throwing rice at weddings has had something to do with it.

* * *

It was stated in Parliament last week that up to April 6th only 2,800 persons had been placed in employment by the National Service Department. The Government, it was felt, could have done better than that by the simple process of creating another new Department.



SCOTLAND FOR EVER!

The *Journal* in a recent message states that the British have ample supplies of ammunition. The Germans near St. Quentin and Lens also incline to this view.

* * *

A resident of Northfleet, who wrote to a friend in Philadelphia in 1893, has just had the letter returned to him through the American Dead Letter Office. It is only fair to state that the letter was not marked "Urgent."

* * *

Fortunately in our hour of need one man at least has undertaken to do his best for his country. Mr. FRANK HARRIS has told an American newspaper man that he does not intend to return to Great Britain.

Owing to the increased cost of beer, several seaside resorts are announcing to intending visitors that they cannot guarantee a visit from the sea-serpent this summer.

* * *

April 14th is said to be "Cuckoo Day" in this country, but several days before that the KAISER promised political reform to his people after the War.

* * *

The other night a motor car driven by a French aviator, who was accompanied by three friends, made a tour of Paris, in the course of which it ran down six policemen. It is evident that the gallant fellow could not have been trying.

* * *

The Star is advocating the abolition of betting news in the daily papers, and it is rumoured that its "Captain Coe" is prepared to offer ten to one that this good thing won't come off.

* * *

As a protest against the Government's attitude towards *The Nation* it is rumoured that Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL is about to buy another hat.

* * *

A safe which had been stolen from a Dublin business house has now been discovered in a field nine miles away, but the whole of the contents are missing. It is believed to be the work of burglars.

* * *

Potatoes are being grown on all the golf links around London. An enthusiast who is cultivating the ninth hole on one course is offering long odds that bogey will be not less than two tons.

* * *

An electrical engineer has been sent as a substitute for a milker to a Sussex farmer, who, with the characteristic obstinacy of his class, refuses to accept the expert's assurance that all his cows are suffering from dry cells.

* * *

A writer in *The Daily Chronicle* claims that there are no railway stations in Stoke Newington. It seems incredible that the artistic sense of a Metropolitan community could be so hopelessly stunted.

* * *

The axe is being laid to the roots of our trees by the so-called weaker sex; and the proper way of toasting the new woodwoman is to sing, "For she's a jolly good feller."

THE GREAT SACRIFICE.

DARK lies the way before us, O my sweet!
Never again, until the final trumpet
Shall sound the Cease-fire, may our glances meet
Over the Sally Lunn or crisp brown crumpet;
Never again (the prospect makes my soul,
Unnerved by going beefless once a week, ache)
Shall you and I absorb the jammy roll
Nor yet the toasted tea-cake.

Never for us shall any fancy bread—
The food of vernal Love, and very tasty—
On lip and cheek its subtle savour shed,
Blent with the lighter forms of Gallic pasty;
Never shall any bun, for you and me,
Impart to amorous talk a fresh momentum,
Except its saccharine ingredients be
Confined to ten per centum.

The days of decorative art are done
That made the toothsome biscuit more enticing
(Even our wedding-cake when we are one
Will be denuded of its outer icing);
Yea, purest joy of all that we resign,
A ban is laid upon the luscious tartlet
By him who has for your sweet tooth and mine
No mercy in his heartlet.

And yet, if England, in her night of need,
Debauched by pastry-cook and muffin-monger,
Would have us curb our natural gift of greed
And merely mitigate the pangs of hunger,
Let us renounce life's sweetness from to-day,
And turn, for Hobson's choice, to something higher;
"Good-bye, Criterion!" let us bravely say,
And "Farewell, Rumpelmeyer!" O. S.

A PROPER PROPORTION.

(*An Interview with Mr. H. G. WELLS*).

I FOUND the Sage, as I had expected, in his study at Omniscience Lodge. There he sat in his new suit of Britlings, surrounded by novels and stories in MS. dealing with every aspect of human affairs, sixty of the more important being specifically devoted to the War and the various ways in which it might conceivably terminate. I modestly approached and presented myself.

"You have come," he said with a courteous gesture, "to discover my views on the present conflict?"

"Not exactly," I said.

"Ah," he said; "which is it, then? You can take your choice, you know. All you have to do is to select the subject," and he handed me a volume resembling *Kelly's Directory* in size and colour, and entitled *Classified Catalogue of Subjects on which Opinions can be furnished at the Shortest Notice.*" I turned the pages breathlessly until I came to "Class V, Voter; sub-class P, Proportional Representation." "There," I said, "is what I want," and I pointed the place out to him.

"Dear me," he said, "you desire guidance on a very simple matter."

"Well," I said, "I'm not so sure about that. It has rather flummoxed us in our office. We can't make head or tail——"

"You may thank your stars," he interrupted, "that you've come to the right shop. I'll make it all as clear as daylight in two shakes of a pig's whisker. Are you ready?"

I said I was, and he began to pour forth at once.

"Imagine," he said, "a constituency of 40,000 voters who elect four representatives. Obviously anyone who gets 40,001 votes is elected. Well then, there are ten candidates. All you have to do is to take the quotient of x divided by y, where x can be raised to the nth power and y can be raised to the nth -1, and add to this the least common denominator of the number of votes cast for the last three candidates, taking care to eliminate in each case the square root of z, where z equals the number of voters belonging to the Church of England, *minus* Archdeacons and Rural Deans, but inclusive of Minor Canons and Precentors. Do you follow me?"

"Ye-es," I said.

"I thought you would," he said. "Next we proceed to take the multiples of the superhydrates mathematically converted into decimals, and then, allowing, of course, for the kilometric variation of the earth's maximum temperature reduced by the square of the hypotenuse, you begin the delicate operation of transferring votes from one candidate to another in packets of not less than one hundred. That's easy, isn't it?"

"Oh, yes," I said, "that's quite easy."

"Very well then," he said. "You have now got two candidates elected, A. and B. You take from them 653 votes, which do not legitimately belong to them, and you mix them up with the surplus votes of the remaining eight candidates. Unless C. is a congenital idiot, or a felon, or otherwise incapacitated, he will then be found to have 4,129 votes, and he too will be elected. For the last place you must proceed on a basis of geometrical progression. There are still seven candidates, but four of these have no earthly and must be withdrawn by a writ of *Ne exeat regno*, taking with them the 2,573 votes which are properly or improperly theirs, and leaving 3,326 votes to be added to those already recorded for D., who, being thus elected into the position of fourth letter of the alphabet, will be returned as elected on the Temperance and Vegetarian ticket. So finally you get your members duly elected without the blighting interference of the Caucus and the party wire-pullers generally. You see that, of course?"

"Yes," I said, "I suppose I see it."

"Of course you do, and the others will see it too. And they'll realise that the House of Commons will be a different place when the old system is destroyed and every shade of opinion is represented. But what chiefly appeals to me in it is its extraordinary simplicity and perspicuous ease. A child could perform the duties of counter or returning officer, and any voter, male or female, can master the system in about five minutes."

I thanked Mr. WELLS for his courtesy and staggered dizzily back to Bouverie Street.

On "How to Dig," from a recently-published military manual:—

"To dig well one must dig often. Any series of complex co-ordinated movements can be performed with the greatest economy of effort only when they have become semi-reflex; and for this to happen the correlated series of nervous impulses must be linked up by higher development of the brain cells."

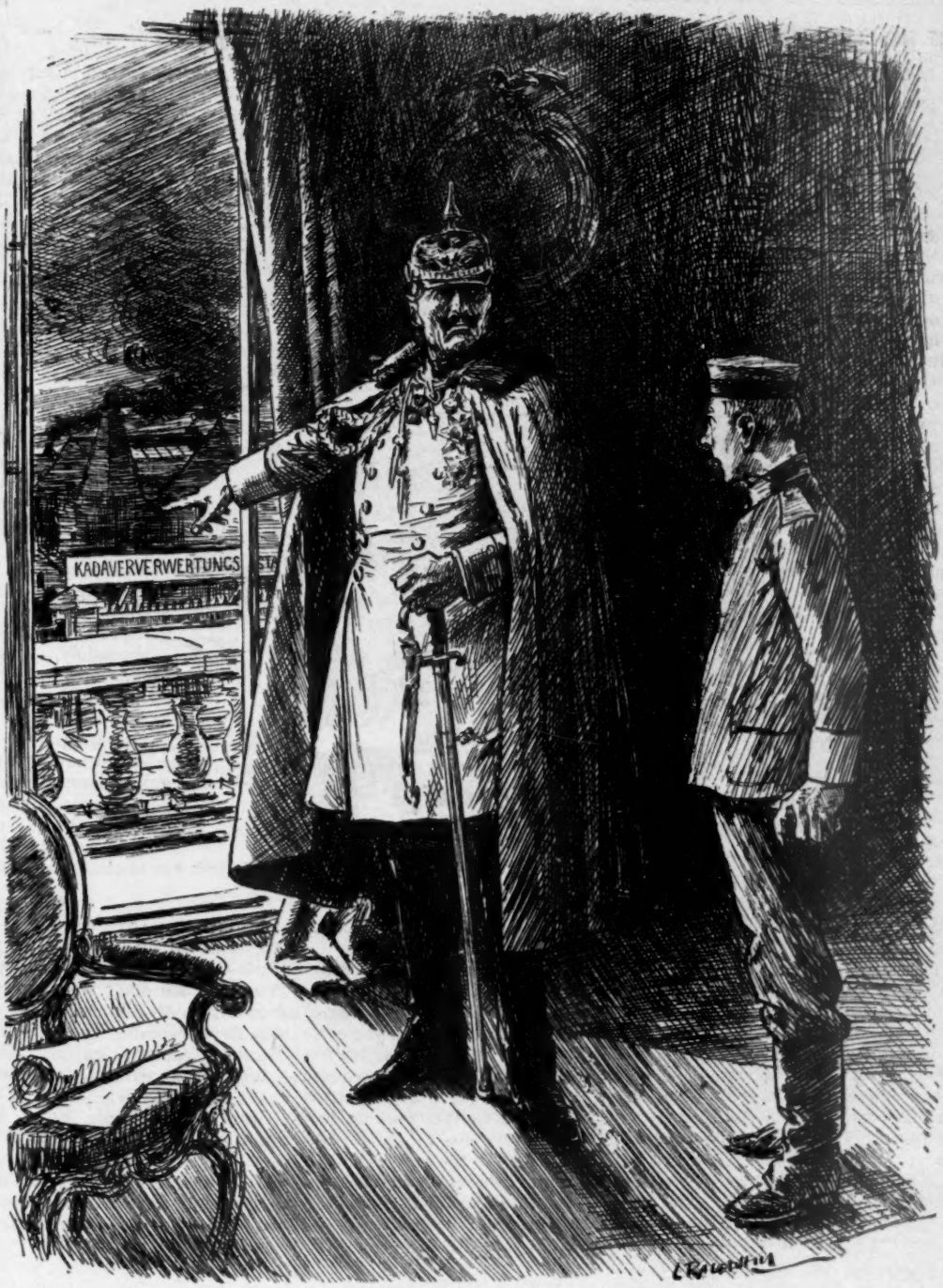
A spade is useful, too.

"I did not hear yesterday of the insufficiency of bread supplied at Restaurants being made up by cakes and guns brought from home."
Irish Paper.

We have heard, however, of an insufficiency of alcoholic refreshment being made up by a "pocket-pistol."

"After all, the custom of marrying only into Royal houses came to us from Germany, and dates from the Hanoverians . . . The case of Henry VIII. is well known. Four of his wives were plain Englishwomen . . ."—*Sunday Herald.*

Not so plain, however, as the German one, ANNE OF CLEVES.



CANNON-FODDER—AND AFTER.

KAISER (*to* 1917 *Recruit*). "AND DON'T FORGET THAT YOUR KAISER WILL FIND A USE FOR YOU—ALIVE OR DEAD."

[At the enemy's "Establishment for the Utilisation of Corpses" the dead bodies of German soldiers are treated chemically, the chief commercial products being lubricant oils and pigs' food.]

THE MOST IMPORTANT THING.

I.

Lewis Gun Officer.— . . . So let me repeat and impress upon you, men, that the rifle is an effete weapon—extinct as the—what-you-call-it bird. It played its part, a good part, in the South African War, but we who observed what the machine gun did then and foretold its immense development [*he was just nine years old at that time*] knew that the rifle would soon be in the museums along with the bows and arrows. Pay attention, Private Jones. The Lewis Gun, the weapon of opportunity, is a platoon in itself. *I* don't know what the Government want to worry about men for. The Germans don't fill up their front trenches with a lot of soldiers to be killed with shrapnel. No, a machine gun every twenty or thirty yards is quite enough to hold any defensive line. So just bear these things in mind; and don't forget what we have learnt to-day. All right. Nine o'clock to-morrow.

II.

Physical Training Sergeant-Instructor.—Forward be—end. Ster—retch. Be—end. Ster—retch. Feet together—place. 'Ands—down. Stan—zee. Squad—'shun. Fingers straight, that man. Wotjer say? WOT? I carn't 'elp wot the drill-sergeant tells yer. When I sez "'Shun" I want fingers *straight down*. On the command "Sitting—*down*" every man sits *down* tailor-fashion. Sitting—*down*. [*This is the position in which Swedish drill squads hear words of wisdom.*] Listen. An' look at me over there—not that I likes the look of yer—'as to put up with that, but when I torks I wants attention. Let me ask yer this. Wot sort of men do we want in France? Why, fit men. 'Ow do yer get fit? *I* makes yer fit. 'Ow? Why, physical. Wot 's the good of a bloke in the trenches if he 's sick parade every bloomin' day? Arsk any of the serjents who is it wakes blokes up and makes 'em live men? *Me*. In about six weeks you will be able to run ten miles before brekfast in full marchin' order, carryin' 120 rounds, gettin' over six-foot walls and jumpin' eight-foot ditches. Don't look *frightened*, Private West. I 'ave seen weedier and uglier-lookin' blokes than you do it when *I've* done with 'em. One more thing. . . .

III.

Musketry Officer.— . . . Therefore you see an infantry soldier has one weapon and one only—the *rifle*. You fellows will be out at the Front pretty soon. Now, if a man gets up the line, no matter how strong he is, how well drilled, if he can't use his rifle he might just as well not be there for all the good he is to his country. All the money that's been spent on his trainin', food, clothin'—absolutely wasted; might as well have been thrown into the sea. Why, the other day a party of our fellows were heavin' bombs at about twenty Bosches — threw *hundreds;* couldn't reach 'em. And *one* sniper went out and killed the lot in two minutes. And so . . .



Aunt. "THIS IS A TERRIBLE WAR. ALL OF US MUST GO WITHOUT SOMETHING."

R.F.C. Officer. "WELL, I TRY TO BE BRAVE ABOUT IT, AUNT. BUT THIS ZEPPELIN SHORTAGE HITS ME VERY HARD."

IV.

Sergeant-Instructor of Bayonet-Fighting.—On guard. Long point. Withdraw. On guard. Rest. Now, when I snap my fingers I want to see you come to the high port and get roun' me *like lightning*. Some of you men seem to be treatin' this bizness in a light-'earted way. We don't do *this* work to prevent you gettin' into mischief. Not much. Wotjer join the army for? To fight. Right. I shows yer how to fight. 'Ow many Fritzes jer think I 've killed, by teachin' rookies the proper use of the baynit? This is *the goods*. 'Ow are we goin' to win this bloomin' war? With the rifle? No. With bombs? No. With machine guns? No. 'Ow then? By turnin' 'em out with the baynit. Cold steel. That 's it. An' I 'll show yer where to pop it in, me lads—three inches of it. That 's all you want—three inches . . . (*For sheer bloodthirstiness there is no patter like that of the Bayonet Department.*)

V.

Bombing Officer.—Sit down. Smoke if you want to—and listen. My job is to teach you fellers all about what has turned out to be of the highest importance in this trench warfare, namely, bombs and grenades. This is a trench war; has been for three years. The nature of the fighting may alter, of course. We all hope it will. But we must think of *trenches* at the moment. Now, the German is a clever feller, and he soon saw that you 'd never kill off the enemy if you just sat down behind a parapet with a rifle in your hand. So he started inventing and developing these things. But we 're catching him up. We 've caught him up. Now, this is a Mills . . .

VI.

The Adjutant (after two hours' extended order drill and attack practice).—Just sit down. Close in a bit. Light your pipes if you wish. Let me tell you that the sort of work we 've been doing this afternoon is the *only* way we 're ever going to finish off the Hun—absolutely. You can never win a war by squatting down in a hole and lookin' at the other fellow. No, open fighting—that 's what the new armies have got to learn. I fear it 's been badly neglected; but not in *this* battalion. Now, with regard to the screen of skirmishers, I want . . .

VII.

Drill Sergeant.—On 'er left, form—squad. For—erd, by the ri.' Mark — time. For — erd. Wake up, Thomson; we don't want no blinkin' *dreamers* in the Army. Pick up the step there, Number Three, fron' rank. 'Ep, ri'; 'ep, ri'; 'ep, ri. Sker-wad—'alt. Stan' still. 'Alt means 'alt. No movin' at all; just 'alt. Right—dress. Eyes—front. 'Swer. Eyes—front. Stanat—'ipe. 'Swer. Stanat—'ipe. Stan' easy. Now listen to me, me lads. The chiefest dooty of a soljer is O-bedience. Drill an' discipline is 'ow you gets that. Stop chewin, 'Arris. You 'll be losin' your name again, me lad. Don't pay to lose your name twice—not in this regiment it don't. You 'll learn a deal of other stuff 'ere; but take it from me it 's the barrick-square wŏrk wot makes a soljer. Wot *is* a soljer? Why, a *drilled* man. 'Ow jer think I 'ave turned some 'undreds of blankety militiamen into the real thing? If a bloke can't stan' still on parade *I* don't want to hear about his

doin's on the range or 'ow he can chuck a Mills. Sker-wad—'shun. Dis—miss. 'Swer. No call to go salootin' me, Private McKenzie. I ain't an orficer—*yet*. Dis—miss.

Private Jones (*young and keen, and a trifle confused*).—Good 'evins, Bill; they carn't *all* be bloomin' well right, can they?

Lance-Corporal Smith.—No, boy. It's the 'appy mejium we gets wiv 'em all, yer see. That's it—the happy mejium.

THE NEW NOTE IN THEATRICAL ADVERTISING.

(*The sort of thing we are now getting in the daily papers in place of the antique boastings of expenditure and magnificence.*)

FRIVOLITY THEATRE.

On Monday next, at 8 o'clock, will be produced

THE BELLE OF BELLONA,

A NEW MUSICAL ECONOMANZA IN TWO ACTS.

Largely reduced Orchestra.

Cheap Jokes. Old Scenery.

DUST OF BABYLON

AT THE EMPEROR'S THEATRE.

AN UNSPECTACULAR TALE OF THE EAST.

Practically no Costumes.

Support the production that saves money on wardrobe expenses.

We understand that Miss Taka Topnote, the well-known revue artiste, is bringing an action for defamation against the dramatic editor of *The Morning Chatterbox*, who recently published a statement that her salary was fifteen hundred a week. The lady informs us that as a matter of fact she is now drawing thirty-five shillings, with half fees for matinées.

Mr. Buckram, the famous actor-manager, writes: "A great deal of nonsense has been published about the so-called stupendous sums supposed to be expended on my shows. How such stories get about I am at a loss to imagine. Thus my present entertainment is reported to have cost me £25,000 before the curtain rose. All I can say is that, were this the case, the curtain would never have risen at all. To speak by the book (which anyone is at full liberty to inspect) I find my total initial outlay to have been £43 11*s.* 5*d.*, inclusive of free drinks at the dress-rehearsal. All the members of my cast are paid as little as possible, usually in postage-stamps.

It is stated that the new problem play shortly to be produced at the Vegeterion Theatre will be unique in the matter of economy. It will be played throughout upon a bare stage, the scene represented being "A Theatre during Rehearsal." The cast will be entirely composed of stage hands and dramatic students; moreover, as both the dialogue and situations have been gratuitously borrowed from other works of a similar character, there will be no author's fees. The very gratifying result of these measures is that the management is enabled to present to the public an entertainment that has cost *nothing at all*. Patriotism could no further go.

"Meanwhile, the turnip trade is booming, and prices going higher. People seem to be talking to them in place of potatoes."
Newcastle Evening Chronicle.

Yes, and their language is often very regrettable.



Sentry. "HALT! WHO GOES THERE?"
Officer. "VISITING ROUNDS."
Sentry. "ADVANCE ONE AND RECOGNISE YERSELF."

TO FRANCE.

If so it be for every generous thought
Spring scents are sweeter yet,
For every task with high endeavour wrought
Earth's gems are fairer set—
Primrose and violet;

If for each noble dream in dormant seed
The life-spark stirs and glows;
If for the fame of each heroic deed
Some bloom the lovelier grows—
White lily or red rose;

Then, France, thou shouldst be lavish of thy flowers
For all our dead and thine,
And for all women's tears, or thine or ours,
Put forth some tender sign—
Heartsease or eglantine.

CHILDREN'S TALES FOR GROWN-UPS.

THE JUDGMENT OF THE ASS.

VII.

IT was in the year that the donkey was elected judge, because only he and the mule came to vote and the mule spoiled his voting-paper.

The weasel came before the court to make a serious complaint against the rat.

"Most learned judge," said the weasel, "the rat came to me for advice. 'Tell me,' he said, 'how I can obtain a delicious piece of cheese I have seen.' I showed him how he could get it. He ate the cheese, and since then he has not ceased to revile me."

"Most unjust," said the judge. "What has the rat to say?"

"The rat does not appear," said the mule, who was usher.

"And why not?" asked the judge.

"He is still in the trap," said the usher.

"I showed him the way in," said the weasel proudly.

"But not the way out," said the rat's prospective widow.

"He only asked me how he could get the cheese, and I showed him," said the weasel.

"The weasel shall have the reward of virtue," said the judge. "As for the rat I shall fine him for contempt of court in not appearing."

"Justice!" cried the rat's prospective widow. "I demand my husband."

"You shall have him," said the ass. "I order the weasel to show you the way into the trap."

An Indian Circus handbill:—

"Programme of the Bengal Grand Cirkus Co: Performings begin P.P.M.

PART I.

1. Some horses will make very good tricks.
2. The Klown will come and talk with the horses therefore audience will laugh itself very much.
3. The lady will walk on horses back when horses jumping very much.
4. The Klown will make a joking word and lady will become too angry, then Klown will run himself away.
5. The boy he will throw a ball to upside and he will catch the ball in downward journey.
6. This is very jumping tricks.

PART II.

1. One man will make so tricks on trapees that audience will fraid himself very much.
2. Some dogs will play and role himself in the mud.
3. This is the grand display of tricks.
4. The lady will make himself so bend that everyone he will think that he is rubber lady.
5. The man will walk on wire tight. He is doing so nicely because he is professor of that.
6. Then will come grand dramatic.

NOTICE.

No stick will be allowed in the spectators and he shall not smoke also."

EXCELSIOR.

"Our ascent to the sun makes our enemy envious."—*Kölnische Zeitung.*

THE night fell fast, but faster still
A youth came down the darkening hill,
A super-youth, whose super-flag
Flaunted the strange but hackneyed brag,
"Excelsior!"

His eyes betrayed through gold-rimmed prism
Myopia and astigmatism;
But, head in air, he proudly strode,
Declaiming down the fatal road,
"Excelsior!"

The sign-posts clustered left and right
And waved their arms towards the height;
He heeded not, but through the mist
Plunged steeply down and fiercely hissed,
"Excelsior!"

"Put on the brake!" Experience said;
"The stars, my boy, are overhead;
The pit of Tophet's deep and wide."
A sudden snarl of hate replied,
"Excelsior!"

"O stay," cried Sanity, "and cool
Thy fevered head in yonder pool!"
The balefire smouldered in his eye,
And still he muttered, hurtling by,
"Excelsior!"

"Beware the awful precipice!
Beware the bottomless abyss!"
This was Discretion's last Good-night.
He gurgled, as he dropped from sight,
"Excelsior!"

At day-break, when the punctual sun
Explored the hill-tops one by one,
And scoured the solitary steep,
An echo rose from out the deep,
"Excelsior!"

And, from the deeper depths that lay
Beyond the farthest reach of day,
A thin voice wailed, and, mocking it,
Crackled the laughter of the pit,
"Excelsior!"

Some Jumbo.

"Jumbo, the giant elephant of the Stosch-Parasani Circus in Berlin, has been killed for food, telegraphs the Amsterdam correspondent of The Daily Express. He yielded fifty-five tons of flesh."—*Evening Paper* (*Glasgow*).

If this statement had not come from Amsterdam we should have found some difficulty in believing it.

"At a meeting of the King George High School, Kasauli: 'Resolved, that the school be closed for to-day to commemorate the recapture of Kut, for which permission has been so kindly accorded by Pundit Hari Das Sahib, M.A."—*Indian Paper.*

We are all, General MAUDE included, very much obliged to the Pundit.

A MISNOMER.

ONCE upon a time, in the midst of the most detestable Spring ever known—a Spring consisting entirely of hopes of better weather, raised for no other purpose than to be so thwarted and dashed that the spirits of that brave and much harassed creature, man, might sink still lower—once upon a time, even in this Spring, there was a fine evening. It was more than fine, it was tender, and, owing to a North wind, wonderfully luminous, and I walked slowly along the hedges—which were still bare, although April was far advanced—and listened to the blackbirds, and marvelled at the light that made everything so beautiful, and was filled with gratitude to the late WILLIAM WILLETT for re-arranging our foolish hours.

I soon reached a favourite meadow, with a view of the hills and clumps of gorse in it, and, since there were clumps of gorse, many, many of those alluring little creatures which live in the ground and provide man with numbers of benefits—such as sweet flesh to put into pies; and cheap, soft, warm fur to wrap Baby Buntings in; and stubby tails, or scuts, to be used in hot-houses for transferring pollen that peach-blossoms may be fertilised, and (latterly) symbols for Government clerks who prefer civilian clothes and comfort to khaki and warfare; and (in Wales) toasted cheese. I refer to rabbits.

As I stood motionless in this meadow watching the yellowing sky, I was aware of an Homeric contest quite close to me. Two rabbits were engaged in a terrific battle. They kicked and they scratched and made the most furious attacks on each other. The fur flew and the ground resounded to their thuds. First one seemed to be winning and then the other, but there was no flinching.

I had heard of rabbits fighting, but I had never seen it before. "Very unfair to have called them Cuthberts," I said to myself.

"The —— Company have several second-hand cars for sale, starter and non-starter models; petrol consumption low."—*The Autocar.*

Particularly that of the non-starters.

"Good General: sold cheap if taken over this week; good reasons for leaving."
Liverpool Paper.

Can this be HINDENBURG?

"The Rev. Stuart Holden, on behalf of the Strength of Britain Movement, spoke of the enthusiasm for prohibition of audiences throughout the country."—*The Times.*

We understand, however, that this enthusiasm for the prohibition of audiences has not yet extended to the theatrical profession.



SPORTING DAYS WITH THE FOOD-PRODUCER'S STAFF.



Alice (saying her prayers, after a quarrel with her sister). "AND, PLEASE GOD, BLESS BETTY."
Betty. "DON'T YOU DARE TO PRAY FOR ME!"

THE FOOD QUESTION.

RATIONING AT THE ZOO.

"IN the Northern area," says a despatch from Mr. POCOCK, "a period of inactivity has set in which is partly due to the fact that the dromedary has been placed on a vegetarian diet. There has been a cold snap in the crocodile house. Three of our keepers have disappeared."

An attempt to substitute salsify for bloaters in the dietary of the sea-lion was not successful.

Complaints have been received from the elephant-house to the effect that buns sold for the benefit of the occupants have not reached their destination. Should this abuse continue it will be necessary to make arrangements to have every child under the age of twelve submitted to an X-ray examination before leaving the Gardens.

The use of human food for the nourishment of animals is, however, being discouraged; and for the future guinea-pigs and broken glass will be the staple diet of boa-constrictors and ostriches respectively. Peppermint-balls for grizzly bears are to be discontinued; also egg-nogg for anthropoid apes.

HINTS to YOUNG FOOD-PRODUCERS.

Jugged Hare.—A well-known firm of hare-raisers in Carmelite Street informs us that young rabbits fed on sponge-cake soaked in port wine have a flavour which renders them indistinguishable from hare.

Celeriac.—This appetising vegetable has been little cultivated owing to a general but erroneous belief that it was the name of a new kind of motor-car. "Celeriac" is of course a compound of the word "celery" and the Arabic suffix "ac," which means "bearing a resemblance to" or "a small imitation of." Thus it would be correct for the writer to speak of the salariac he earns by writing this sort of thing.

[*Note.*—"Earns" would *not* be correct.—ED.]

Navigation Extraordinary.

"Although the stern and screws of the vessel were well out of the water she was able to make the port under her own steam."
Daily Mail.

"Portatoes in the usual forms have disappeared this week.—LORNA."
British Weekly.

These must be the Devonportatoes of which we have heard so much.

AT REST.

[Baron MORITZ FERDINAND VON BISSING, the German Military Governor-General of Belgium, the murderer of Nurse CAVELL and instigator of the infamous Belgian deportations, after being granted a rest from his labours, is reported to have died "of overwork."]

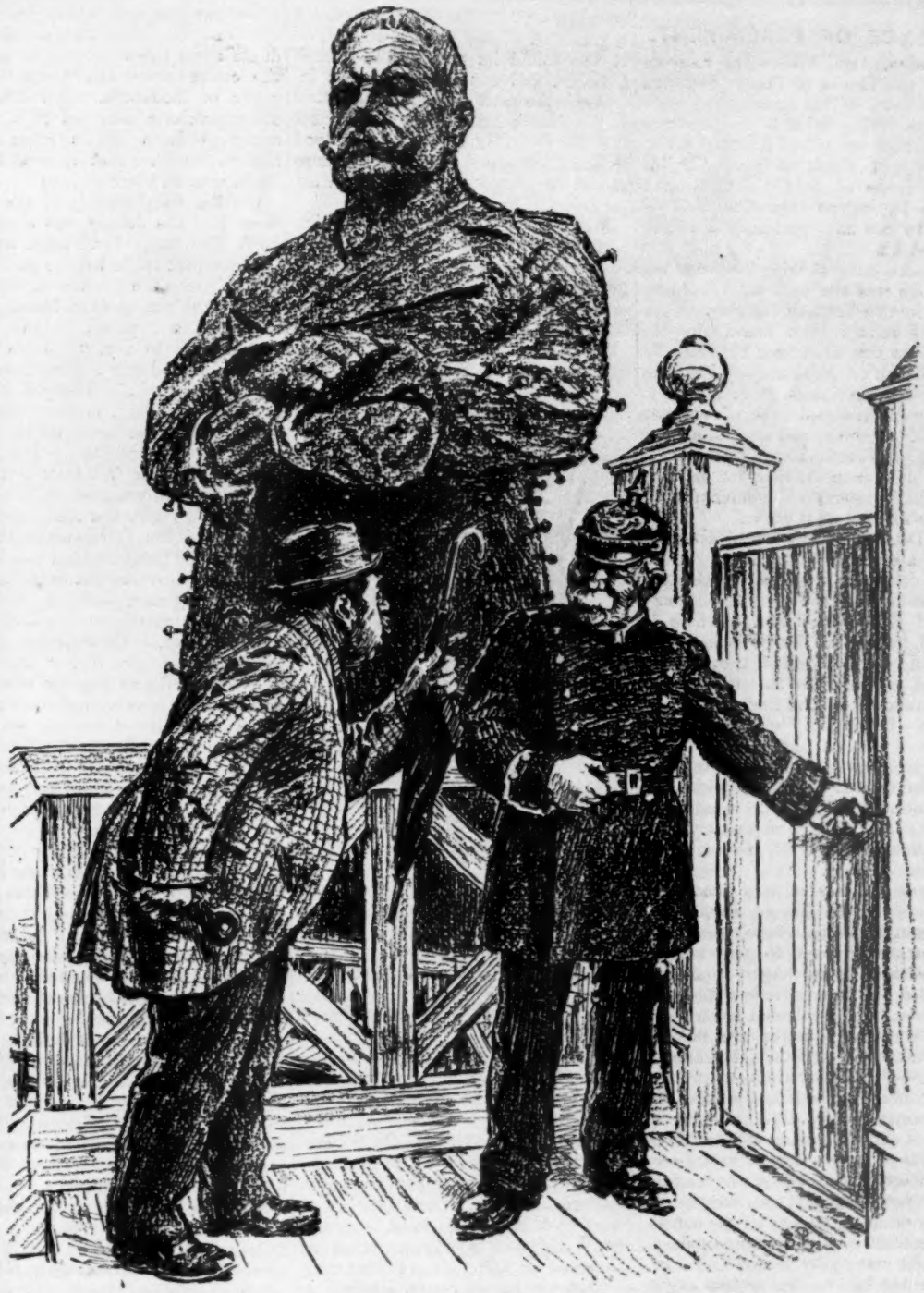
TIRED of pillaging and sacking,
Tired of bludgeoning and whacking,
Tired of torturing and racking,
BISSING takes his "rest."

For the sport of shooting nurses,
Gloating o'er his victims' hearses,
Answering appeals with curses,
He had lost his zest.

All his diabolic striving
To intensify slave-driving
Could not slay the soul surviving
In a Nation's breast.

Still the flame burns ever brighter
Underneath the blouse or mitre;
Still the smitten greets the smiter
With undaunted crest;

While the arch-tormentor, flying
From the hell about him lying,
Mid the fire and worm undying
Takes his endless rest.



THE WANING OF FAITH.

Guardian of Statue. "YOU WISH TO HAMMER ANOTHER NAIL INTO THE COLOSSUS OF OUR HINDENBURG?"

Ex-Enthusiast. "NO; I WANT MY OLD ONE BACK."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Tuesday, April 17th.—The re-opening of the House of Commons found Lord FISHER in his accustomed place over the clock. What is the lure that brings him so often to the Peers' Gallery? I think it must be his strong sense of duty. As Chairman of the Inventions Board he feels he ought to lose no opportunity of adding to his stock.

Quite the most striking feature of the afternoon was the pink shirt worn by a well-known Scottish Member, whose name I refrain from mentioning to spare him any additional blushes. It was of such an inflammatory hue that his brother-legislators at first took it for a well-developed case of measles (probably German) and sheered off accordingly. Nobody knows what caused him to indulge in the rash act, but it is hoped in the interests of coherent debate that he will not do it again.

Mr. DILLON was so much disturbed by the apparition that, having started out to demand an immediate General Election unless the Government at once granted Home Rule to the whole of Ireland, he finished by declaring that he would be satisfied if they would promise to reform the franchise on the lines proposed by the SPEAKER'S Conference. Incidentally he drew a fancy picture of himself and his colleagues striving consistently for thirty-five years to convert their brother-Irishmen to constitutional methods; from which I infer that Mr. DILLON, very wisely, does not make a study of his own old speeches.

As the engineer of two successive extensions of the life of Parliament Mr. ASQUITH offered whole-souled support to the proposal to give a third renewal to its lease. Apart from anything else, how could a General Election be satisfactorily conducted when there was a shortage of paper and posters were prohibited? "What 's the matter with slates?" whispered a Member from Wales. If every Candidate paraded his constituency sandwiched between a couple of slates showing the details of his political programme, it would certainly add to the gaiety of the nation, besides providing an easy method of expunging such items as in the course of the contest might prove unpopular.

A good many silly things have been said in the last month or two about HINDENBURG and his imaginary "line," but the silliest of all perhaps was the remark of *The Nation* that the German retreat on the Somme "has found our soldiers wanting." This article naturally gave great comfort to the enemy, who possibly overestimates the importance of Mr. MASSINGHAM and the significance of the title of his paper. It also found its way to the British trenches, and caused so great an increase in the habit traditionally ascribed to the British Army when in Flanders that Sir DOUGLAS HAIG is understood to have suggested that an embargo should be placed upon the further export of such literature.

What most strikes the imagination is that amid the most stirring events of the greatest war in history British Legislators should devote three of their precious hours to so trumpery an affair.



PAPER SHORTAGE AT A GENERAL ELECTION.

[The Political Slate (with Sponge) has its obvious compensations.]

Was this what the old jurist had in mind when he called the House of Commons "The Great Inquest of the Nation"?

Wednesday, April 18th.—On the motion introduced in both Houses to express the welcome of Parliament to our new Ally, Mr. BONAR LAW, paraphrasing CANNING, declared that the New World had stepped in to redress the balance of the Old; Mr. ASQUITH, with a fellow-feeling no doubt, lauded the patience which had enabled President WILSON to carry with him a united nation; and Lord CURZON quoted BRET HARTE.

A fresh injustice to Ireland was revealed at Question-time. England and Scotland are to enjoy an educational campaign, in which hundreds of speakers all over the country will dilate upon the necessity of reducing the consumption and preventing the waste of foodstuffs. But like most other patriotic schemes it is not to apply to John Bull's other island, though I gather that it is at least as much wanted there as here.

On the third reading of the Parliament Bill the debate was confined to Irish Members. Mr. FIELD, who is in the live-stock trade, led one particularly fine bull into the Parliamentary arena. After complaining that Members had no longer any power in the House, he went on to say, "We are simply ciphers behind the leading figures on the Front Bench." Surely that, arithmetically speaking, is the position in which ciphers are most powerful.

Thursday, April 19th.—The mental processes of Sir WILLIAM BYLES are normally so mysterious that his suggestion that, with the Americans coming in and the Germans making off, this was the psychological moment for the British Government to initiate proposals for peace, did not strike the House at large as specially absurd. It was, however, both surprised and delighted when Mr. SWIFT MACNEILL interposed with an inquiry whether it would not be time enough to talk about peace when the Germans ceased to blow up hospital ships. When Mr. BONAR LAW tactfully observed that the Supplementary Question was better than the answer he had prepared, one felt that the prospects of an Anglo-Irish *entente* had appreciably improved.

When the new MINISTER FOR EDUCATION deposited upon the Table a vast packet of manuscript, and craved the indulgence of the House if he exceeded the usual limits of a maiden speech, I thought of the days when the headline, "The Duke of Devonshire on Technical Education," used to strike on my fevered spirit with a touch of infinite prose. Mr. FISHER began in rather professorial style, but he soon revealed a glowing enthusiasm for his subject which thawed the House. His ambition is to transform the teachers in our elementary schools from ill-paid drudges into members of a liberal and liberally remunerated profession. Our record in the War has shown that, as a Naval Officer wrote to him, "there is something in your d——d Board School education after all."

"The bride, who was given away by her father, was attended by Miss —— as demoiselle d'honneur."

Hawkes Bay Herald (New Zealand).

We fear this marriage was not made in heaven.



Polite Foreigner. "IS ZAT YOUR BEAUTIFUL ENGLISH THAMES—YES?"
London Dame ("*on her guard*"). "I HAVEN'T THE SLIGHTEST IDEA."

A PAPER PROBLEM.

COPY of a letter from the Reverend Laurence Longwind to the Archbishop of CANTERBURY:—

The Rectory,
Little Pottering,
April 1st, 1917.

MY LORD ARCHBISHOP,—I am writing to ask whether Your Grace would be so kind as to assist me in resolving a case of conscience which, I feel sure, must be exercising the minds and hearts of many of my brother clergy at the present time.

The matter to which I refer is closely connected with the sad shortage of paper. It is no doubt known to Your Grace that many ministers of the Gospel, though capable of eloquence of a high order, *write* their sermons. Old sermons tend to increase and multiply at an alarming rate. I myself have a chest of drawers literally stuffed with them. What, in Your Grace's opinion, should be done with these?

Would it be right, in view of the purpose for which they were written, to tear them up and send them away to be pulped? Long and earnestly as I have considered the problem in all its bearings I am still utterly unable to arrive at a solution.

No doubt I could sell them and devote the proceeds to charitable purposes. There is, I am informed, a large and steady demand for old sermons amongst the younger clergy who have not that ripe experience of life which sixty years in a rural parish cannot fail to provide. But I am informed that the dealers do not always offer appropriate prices. And I should hesitate to make a traffic in holy things unless I could make quite certain that no breath of scandal could result from inadequate remuneration.

I have sounded my churchwardens on the subject, but without reaping any benefit from the advice given. "Do you see any harm in selling them simply as paper?" I asked one of them, a Mr. Bloggs. "Not a rap! Not a rap! Get rid of 'em!" was his reply. Naturally I felt hurt. It was not so much what he said as the way he said it. The mere mention of my sermons always seems to make him irritable. Why I cannot imagine.

My dear wife advises me to send them down to the schoolhouse. The children, she thinks, might use the backs (I write on one side of the paper only) for their sums. But I fear such an expedient might give rise to a spirit of irreverence.

Would Your Grace hold me greatly to blame were I to raffle them at our next rummage sale? I feel sure they would fetch a good price. Only yesterday Miss Tabitha Gingham remarked to her sister, Miss Mary, "We had a good long sermon from the Rector this morning." I was passing behind their laurel hedge at the moment, and could not fail to overhear this meed of praise. Miss Tabitha is, I should explain, very hard to please, and if *she* thinks them good there must be others in the parish of the same opinion. I might be able to raise quite a nice sum for our local Seed Potato Committee by a Spring raffle of my longer and more elaborate compositions. And since everybody is beginning to take a modern view of Bonus Bonds I do not think that a raffle for such a purpose need arouse serious opposition.

Trusting that Your Grace will be able to give me your considered opinion in this matter, which is arousing so much attention at the present time,

I am, Your Grace's humble and obedient Servant,
LAURENCE LONGWIND



Resident at Boarding House (to waiter). "DO YOU CALL THIS STUFF MARGARINE OR MARJARINE?"
Mike. "SURE, SORR, IT'S HERSELF WOULD SLING ME OUT IF I CALLED IT ANNYTHING BUT BUTTHER."

FORE AND AFT.

THE A.S.C.'s a nobleman; 'e rides a motor-car,
'E is not forced to 'ump a pack, as we footsloggers are;
'E drives 'is lorry through the towns and 'alts for fags and beer;
We infantry, we does without, there ain't no shops up 'ere;
And then for splashin' us with mud 'e draws six bob a day,
For the further away from the line you go the 'igher your rate of pay.

My shirt is rather chatty and my socks 'ud make you larf;
It 's just a week o' Sundays since they sent us for a barf;
But them that 'as the cushy jobs they lives in style and state,
With a basin in their bedrooms and their dinners on a plate;
For 'tis a law o' nachur with the bloomin' infantry—
The nearer up to the line you go the dirtier will you be.

Blokes at the base, they gets their leave when they 've bin out three munse;
I 'aven't seen my wife and kids for more 'n a year, not once;
The missus writes, "About that pass, you 'd better ask again;
I think you must 'ave been forgot." Old girl, the reason 's plain:
We are the bloomin' infantry, and you must just believe
That the nearer up to the line you go the less is your chance of leave.

"We cussed at Grosvenor House and some steps in this direction may be expected if the demands of retailers become more rapacious."
Daily Mail.

It is no good abusing the FOOD CONTROLLER, however, or prices would long ago have been down to zero.

MAB DREAMS OF MAY.

THE day-dim torches of chestnut trees stand dreamily, dreamily;
In myriad jewels of glad young green, smooth black are the broad beech boles;
The fragrant foam of the cherry trees hangs creamily, creamily,
And the purpling lilacs and the blackthorn brakes are singing with all their souls!

The pinky petals of lady's-smocks peer maidenly, maidenly;
Meadow-sweet, donning her fragrant lace, is daintiest friend of the breeze;
Hyacinths wild, blue-misting the woods, hang ladenly, ladenly,
And tiniest bird's-eye burns deep blue in thickets of tall grass trees!

Daylong I lie, daylong I dream, swung swooningly, swooningly,
In an old-time tulip of flaming gold, red-flaunted and streaked with green,
While song of the birds, of water and bees comes crooningly, crooningly,
And Summer brings me her swift mad months with scent and colour and sheen.

Winter is gone, I ween,
As it had never been!

Dance! dance! Delicately dance!
Revel with the delicatest stamp and go!
Dance! dance! Circle and advance,
Curtsey, twirl about,
Shatter the dew and whirl about,
Stamp upon the moonbeams—heel and toe!

MORE NEWS FROM THE AIR.

The Allies.

The other day I was in a country house whose owners are so lost to shame as still to keep pets. There is a dog there which is actually allowed to eat, in defiance of all those *Times'* correspondents whose sole idea of this stimulating and unfailingly devoted animal is that it is personified greed on four legs. There are two or three horses of unusual intelligence, which no doubt our friend the Hun would long since have devoured, but which, even though hunting is over, are by some odd freak of sentiment or even of loyalty still kept alive. There are rabbits. And there is a bird in a cage against the wall of a small yard. This bird is a chaffinch, which a friend had brought over from France.

After I had fraternised shamefully with all these deplorable drones, my hostess drew my attention to the French chaffinch, a fine big fellow, very tame and cheerful. "We will feed him," she said, "and then you will see something that happens every day. Something very interesting."

So saying she poured into a receptacle for the purpose enough seed, no doubt, to make, mixed with other things, several admirable thimble-loaves of bread substitute, and told me to watch.

I watched, and very soon the French chaffinch, having eaten a certain amount of the seed, dashed his beak amid the rest with such violence that it was spilt over the pan, out of the bars and down to the ground below.

"That's very wasteful," I said. "Lord Devonport wouldn't like that—Lord Devonport wouldn't;" this being the kind of facetious thing we are all saying just now, and something facetious being in this particular house always, for some reason or other, expected of me.

"Wait a minute," my hostess replied. "There's more reason in it than you think."

And there was.

The whole point of this mediocre narrative consists in the fact that within a few seconds some dozen sparrows had descended to the yard and were feeding busily while the chaffinch watched from above. And this happens at every mealtime.

To what extent we are contributing to the French Commissariat I cannot say; but with my own eyes I have seen a French citizen being systematically generous to his English cousins.

"The sale [of potatoes] started at 6 a.m., and the first omnibus from London brought over 200 buyers down."—*Weekly Dispatch.*

A gross case of overcrowding.



Civilian (who has been asked to luncheon at outlying fort). "I say, you know, I can't possibly land by that absurd little ladder."

Host. "Rot, old chap. I've had the very dickens of a job to get you a pass—and, besides, people don't often fall in."

DOUBLE ENTENTE.

["In view of the fact that M.C. is also the abbreviation for 'Military Cross' . . . it has been recommended that the abbreviations for the degrees of Bachelor of Surgery and Master of Surgery be altered from B.C. and M.C. to B.Ch. and M.Ch."]

In view of the fact that P.M. is also the abbreviation for Prime Minister and Post-Mortem, the London and North-Western Railway recommend that in future the abbreviation for afternoon be A.L. (After Luncheon).

In view of the fact that (as every schoolboy knows) D.D. is also the abbreviation for Double Donkey, the Upper House of Convocation recommend that in future the abbreviation for Doctor of Divinity be Doc. Div.

In view of the fact that Q.S. is also the abbreviation for Quarter Sessions, the Committee of the Pharmaceutical Society recommend that in future the abbreviation for Quantum Suff. be S.W. (Say When).

"Herbert Spencer made a rough outline of his 'Sympathetic Philosophy' when forty years old."—*Weekly Paper.*

Alas! he never lived to fill in the details.

A PERSONAL TRIUMPH.

ALWAYS at the same point of my railway journey North I drop my paper and wait till a certain trim red-roofed ivy-clad cottage comes into view across the fields to the right. Till yesterday there were two reasons why I should hail this cottage with delight. First of all, it stands where trim cottages are rarer than pit-heads and slag heaps; and, secondly, GEORGE STEPHENSON once lived there. From now onwards, however, I have a third and more compelling reason for respecting the old building. You shall hear.

Know, then, that I have a friend called Smithson. The Athenians would have had a short way with him; and I admit that there have been times in the course of our relationship when hemlock would really have been the only thing to meet the case. Our conversations (it is no fault of mine) are always dialectical. They take the following form. Light-heartedly I enunciate a proposition. Smithson is interested and asks for a clearer statement. I modify my original position. Smithson purrs. Seeing trouble imminent, I modify my modification, and from that point onwards I make a foredoomed but not (as I flatter myself) an unplucky fight against relentless logic. The elenchus comes soon or late, but it always comes. Only in dreams am I ever one up on Smithson. The old trick of cramming up hard parts of the Encyclopædia overnight is no good. I tried it once with "Hegesippus" and "The Hegira." You don't know what either of these words mean? Smithson did—and he knew the articles. No doubt he and Mr. GLADSTONE had written them in collaboration.

Well, yesterday, Smithson and I were in the neighbourhood of the cottage which I have told you of. Having an hour to spare from work of national importance, we took our sandwiches and were eating them in view of the jolly old house.

"What 's that thing over the door?" I said.

"That I take to be a sun-dial," said Smithson with his accustomed reserve of strength.

"What a delightful stile," I said. (You always have stiles on sun-dials. I knew that).

"*Quâ* stile it is perfect. What do you make of the inscription?"

I went at it bald-headed. "*Pereunt et imputantur*," I said.

"You may be right, of course," replied Smithson, "though it certainly begins with an A."

"True," I corrected. "*Anno Domini*."

"Conceivably—but the second letter is a U."

I left Smithson painfully to reconstruct A-U-G-U-S-T from among the ivy. He had got to the M of a long date when a burst of sun cast a crisp shadow across the dial.

"I don't think much of GEORGE STEPHENSON after all," I said. "His beastly clock doesn't know the right time."

Smithson snorted. Here was a challenge to the omniscient.



Busdriver.—"ALL RIGHT—ALL RIGHT! I SEE YER, YER NEEDN'T KEEP ON SURRENDERING."

"That 's all right," he said, recovering himself in a moment. "All properly constructed dials have a compensating table; we shall find one no doubt behind the ivy; there! I see it, to the left—a compensating table by which you have to correct the actual record of the shadow. For example, we are now in Lat. 55 N. The month is April. At Greenwich——"

But I wasn't listening. A bright truth had flashed into my mind, and I couldn't hold myself back any longer. "It 's just about an hour slow," I said. "You don't think that Daylight Saving has anything to do with it, do you?"

"About twenty-four hours later one of the ship's officers saw something bobbing on the water a few hundred years dead ahead."
New York Evening Post.

America evidently foresees a long war.

THE STRIFE OF TONGUES.

(*Lines suggested by the recent demise of the inventor of Esperanto.*)

As a patriotic Briton
I am naturally smitten
With disgust
When some universal lingo
By a zealous anti-Jingo
Is discussed.

Some there are who hold that Spanish
In the end is bound to banish
Other tongues;
Some again regard Slavonic
As a stimulating tonic
For the lungs.

I would sooner bank on Tuscan,
Ay, or even on Etruscan,
Than on Erse;
But fanatical campaigners,
Gaelic Leaguers and Sinn Feiners
Find it terse.

Some are moved to have a shy at
Persian, thanks to the *Rubáiyát*,
And its ease;
But it 's quite another matter
If you 're anxious for to chatter
In Chinese.

To instruct a brainy brat in
Canine or colloquial Latin
May be wise;
But it 's not an education
As a fruitful speculation
I 'd advise.

French? All elegance equips it,
But how oft on foreign lips it
Runs awry;
German, tainted, execrated,
Is for ages relegated
To the sty.

As for brand-new tongues invented
By professors discontented
With the old,
Well, the prospect of a "panto"
Played and sung in Esperanto
Leaves me cold.

"One of the most striking—and satisfactory—features of the new restaurant régime is the disappearance of the bread-basket."
Daily Telegraph.

Or, at any rate, a considerable shrinkage in its contour.

"If there must be duplication of electric light installations, the apparati might, at least, be made uniform. And it would not be expecting too much if they were made in some way to harmonise with the telephone service."—*Australian Paper.*

Or even with the Latin Grammar?

"5-Seater Car for Sale; must sell; chauffeur at the Front; own body cost over £73. What offers?—RECTOR."—*Times.*

These personal details seem to us a little out of place in a commercial transaction.



John. "BUT WHY MUSN'T WE HAVE NEW BREAD ANY MORE?"

Joan. "WHY, DON'T YOU SEE, SILLY? IF WE EAT YESTERDAY'S AND SAVE UP TO-DAY'S THERE'LL ALWAYS BE SOME FOR TO-MORROW. THEN THE GERMANS CAN'T STARVE US."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

IN these days, when everybody has his reminiscences, there should still be a welcome for so genial a volume as *A Soldier's Memories* (JENKINS), into which Major-General Sir GEORGE YOUNGHUSBAND has gathered his "Recollections of People, Places and Things." The title truly indicates the character of the contents, which are exactly what you would expect from a plain blunt man, who loves his friends, and equally loves a good story about them, at his own or their expense, impartially. The anecdotes in the book are legion, and the actors in them range from troopers to generals, and beyond. KING EDWARD, their present Majesties, Sir DOUGLAS HAIG ("a nice-looking clean little boy in an Eton jacket and collar") all figure in the author's pictures of the past, which include also a highly characteristic study of WILLIAM THE FRIGHTFUL, congratulating the "citizens of Salisbury," represented by a handful of curious urchins, upon their "beautiful and ancient cathedral." (One can fancy the unspoken addition in the Imperial mind, "And what a target for Bertha!") Many of Sir GEORGE'S pages are devoted to stories of the Boer campaign, that old unhappy far-off thing that seems somehow, as one looks back to-day, further off than Waterloo. In fine, a book that all Service folk, and many besides them, will find a treasure-house of good stories, of exactly the kind that should be certain of their appeal now, when we are all, or like to think ourselves, soldiers in the greatest of England's wars, and inheritors of the traditions here shown in the making.

A short hour's reading and you will have laid down, with a sigh for its brevity, a little book that is a very model of artistry. It is by Mr. E. V. LUCAS, and *Outposts of Mercy* is its happy name. But I am not to seek reflected glory by the praising of a colleague; simply for the sake of the cause that he pleads I wish to commend this fascinating account of the author's visit, in the company of Lord MONSON, Chief Commissioner, to the stations of the British Red Cross on the Carso, at Gorizia and among the Carnic and Julian Alps. Resisting sternly the temptation to embroider his theme with the distractions of scene and circumstance (of course he had to tell us of that dinner at the mess of an Alpine regiment where he met the man who had discovered the "Venus of Cyrene"), he keeps as closely as may be to his main subject, but cannot escape from infusing it with his own sense of colour and romance and the unconscious appeal of his personality. One may envy him his rare experience, yet fully share his pride in the fearless devotion of the men and women of our race (one can imagine it of no other) in these perilous and lonely outposts of mercy. A little paper book, illustrated with little photographs, and costing just a shilling. The author and his publishers (METHUEN) are devoting the profits to the British Red Cross; so you who buy and read it—and I don't see how anybody can refuse—may extract a claim to virtue from an hour of pure delight.

A quiet style, keen powers of observation, and a delightful assumption of his own unimportance combine to make Mr. FREDERICK PALMER'S *With the New Army on the Somme* (MURRAY) a book that will be read long after the Hun has returned to the place from which he came. "Those whose business it was to observe, the six correspondents . . . went and came always with a sense of incapacity and sometimes with a feeling that writing was a worthless business when others were fighting." There we have his

apology for doing what obviously seemed to him a second-best thing; but much as I like his modesty I can assure him that no finer tribute has yet been paid to our new army. Mr. PALMER was the accredited American correspondent at the British Front, and though the days are happily passed when he was a neutral in name his position as an impartial spectator gives him an advantage denied to the most veracious of our own correspondents. Our French Allies too may be congratulated, by themselves as well as by us, on being observed by eyes so shrewd and friendly. "No two French soldiers seem quite alike on the march or when moving about a village on leave. Each seems three beings—one a Frenchman, one a soldier, a third himself." Anyone who has been in the war-zone and seen a French regiment resting cannot fail to be struck by the acuteness of this remark; indeed it provides the key to what, for an ordinary British mind, is a puzzle. It is one of Mr. PALMER's many virtues that, although his main business was to watch the soldiers and the fighting, he never forgets the man inside the uniform. This gives to his historical record the added interest of a study in psychology.

The Unspeakable Perk (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) and his attendant puppets are, to put it kindly, selected from the stock characters of Lesser American Fiction. There is the "radiant" heroine from Squeedunkville, Wis. (or Mass.), the tame Poppa with the simoleons, the hero heavily disguised as a worm, and a worm or so to do the real heavy worming when the hero's turn comes to pull off the grand-stand play (this doesn't sound like English but it is really the standard "line of talk" in Lesser American Fiction). And last but not least there is the "fiery" Southerner. In real life Southerners are melancholy men with a tendency to *embonpoint* and clawhammer coats of ante-bellum design. But in Lesser American Fiction they are for some undiscovered reason always "fiery." To the fiery one the heroine "unconsciously turns" when the apparent earmarks of the hero's wormhood are dramatically revealed, and of course she hands him what she would probably describe as the "sister" stuff when the gentleman emerges in his natural colours. That is what makes the story-book Southerner so fiery. Place these complex characters in an imaginary Carribean Republic, a sort of transpontine Ruritania; add a revolution fostered by the serpentine diplomats of a European power; let the American eagle issue a few screams, and there you have the environment in which *The Unspeakable Perk* lives and moves and has his unreal being. The keynote of SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS' story is what the *Perk* person would describe as a want of "pep." Even the villains turn out to be comparative gentlemen in the end, the dirty work being conveniently fastened upon some "person or persons unknown." The yarn is well enough to wile away an hour; but in these days of burning realities fiction has lost its bite unless it too is informed with the spirit of reality.

I have to warn you that the early chapters of *The Moulding Loft* (METHUEN) are liable to plunge you into some mental agitation, due to the author's deliberately baffling method of starting her plot. The hero, for example, is introduced to us abed, and semi-delirious, waited upon by a pale and sinister young female whom he detests. He appears to be in a house strange to him, which contains also an unpleasant old woman and a queer little boy whose behaviour is wrop in mystery. Slowly, perhaps somewhat too slowly, it is revealed that the hero has been knocked silly by a large stone dropped upon his unoffending head by the small boy. But why? And why does the child protest his innocence with such apparent good faith? These problems I must leave MARGARET WESTRUP (Mrs. W. STACEY) to resolve in her own unhurried way. Of course before long the "little aversion" between hero and heroine gives place to an emotion more appropriate. But there remains an obstacle to their union, one concerned (also, of course) with the detestable grandmother and the mysterious small boy. Shall I give you one clue? Somebody is mad; nor is it (as you may at one time have been tempted to suppose) either the author or reader. More than this wild horses should not extort from me. But I confess to a rewarding thrill and a very grateful relief when the mystery was finally cleared up. A good and interesting book, both for its plot and for some very agreeable Cornish scenes, which would have been even more welcome had the delectable Duchy not already engaged the pens of our novelists more than enough.



The Airman. "I SAY, HAVE YOU SEEN A CIGARETTE-HOLDER ANYWHERE ABOUT? I DROPPED MINE YESTERDAY WHEN I WAS FLYING OVER THIS PLACE."

Mrs. "J. E. BUCKROSE" is one of those writers whose work can always be depended upon. A pinch of pathos, a *soupçon* of sentiment, a spice of humour—there you have the recipe, and a very palatable mixture it makes. The common element that pervades the dozen stories which compose *War-Time in Our Street* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON), all in the author's best manner, is the staunch devotion to duty displayed by her heroines under stress of war. Pangs of hunger are endured nobly, hard-hearted folk are softened, lonely women fight and win the battle against depression. If these pictures of life behind the windows of our village streets are too *couleur de* BUCKROSE to be quite true, there is nevertheless a real quality in them. They are not for the cynic, but for readers who can appreciate simple tales of simple people, told without affectation.

"To shoot well at fixed targets, after the range has bten exactly registered, as in trench warfare, is one thing, but front and pick up distances smarly, is quite to trot into action, unlimber and form action another, and this is where many phophets anticipated our new Army would be found wanting, but prophecy is becoming a profitless business in this war."—*Bath Herald.*

Well, why not try proof-reading as a change?

"The Rector nominated Mr. C. Yells as his warden. Captain Noyes was appointed sidesman."—*Provincial Paper.*

Otherwise the proceedings seem to have gone off quietly.

CHARIVARIA.

WE envy the freshness of America's experience as a member of the Alliance. New York will hold its first flag day on June 2nd.

* * *

America is anxious to see a settlement of the Irish Question, but there is no truth in the rumour that we have cabled to say that we will take on Mexico if America will take on Ireland.

* * *

VON IHNE, the KAISER'S Court architect, is dead. It is thought that future alterations to the House of Hohenzollern will not reflect, as heretofore, the ALL-HIGHEST'S personal taste.

* * *

"Stern measures for King Tino," says a contemporary. We have always felt that that is where the castigation should take place.

* * *

The Daily Chronicle reminds us that Downing Street owes its origin to an American. There are some people who never will let bygones be bygones.

* * *

Whole haystacks are said to have been eaten in a night by mice in Victoria, Australia. The failure of Mr. HUGHES to provide a state eat in each rural area may, it is thought, prove to be the deciding factor in the present election campaign.

* * *

The *Tageblatt* points out that in view of the extreme goodwill of Germany towards Spain that country cannot possibly find any grievance in the torpedoing of her ships. This assurance of uninterrupted friendliness has confirmed the worst fears of the pessimists in Madrid.

* * *

Mr. BALFOUR, it is stated, has invited President WILSON to play a game of golf. In the event of a match being arranged there is a growing desire that the occasion should be made a half-holiday throughout the war-area.

* * *

The Ministry of Shipping, it is stated, employs only 830 persons. This violent departure from the recognised Parliamentary rule, that a Minister who cannot find use for a couple of thousand employees should resign, has gone far to undermine the popularity of this Department.

* * *

Owing to the shortage of corn on which race-horses must be fed, ordinary handicaps will soon have to be abandoned. The idea of putting the horse-radish to the use for which it was originally intended does not seem to have struck the imagination of trainers.

* * *

The Director of Women's Service has issued an appeal for several thousand milkmaids. These must not be confused with milksops who are being taken care of by other Departments.

* * *

"I have heard more bad music at temperance meetings," says Dr. SALEEBY, "than I knew the world could contain." The temperance people are certainly having persistent bad luck.

* * *

The keenest minds in Germany, says a Berlin correspondent, are now seeking to discover the secret of the Fatherland's world-wide unpopularity. It is this absurd sensitiveness on the part of our cultured opponent that is causing some of her best friends in this country to lose hope.



"WHAT MAKES YOUR HUSBAND SO CROSS THESE TIMES?"
"HE KEEPS FRETTING DREADFUL BECAUSE HE'S OVER THE AGE AND SO HE CAN'T BE A CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTOR."

* * *

A swallow has been seen over the Hollow Ponds at Epping Forest, but *The Daily Mail* is still silent as to whether Spring has arrived or not.

* * *

"New Laid Eggs," Sir JOHN MILLAIS' masterpiece, has recently been sold for £1,155. It is reported that last December, when it looked as if the egg might become extinct, a much higher price was offered for the picture.

* * *

In the absence of other grain, hens are to be fed upon frostbitten wheat imported from Canada. Poultry-keepers anticipate that it will result in a greatly increased number of china eggs being laid by their stock.

* * *

A correspondent of a morning paper complains that while the entire nation is on rations our Germans, naturalised and unnaturalised, "continue to eat in the usual way." This is not true of the ones we have heard.

* * *

In view of the excessive rains of late, we are glad to note that one organisation is not to be caught napping. The National Lifeboat Institution is fitting out its boats with a new life-belt.

* * *

The KAISER, it is reported, has written a play. It only needed this to convince us that he is quite himself again.

* * *

We also learn that he is once more on speaking terms with Count REVENTLOW. He told the COUNT, the other day, "to mind his own business."

* * *

There were 1,084,289 visitors to the London Zoological Gardens last year. It is worthy of note that not one of them was accepted.

* * *

A wood-pigeon shot at Heytesbury was found to have in its crop sixty-five grains of corn—enough to produce half a sack of wheat. In fairness to the bird it is only right to say that it was not aware of this.

* * *

Mr. BRACE has lately introduced a Bill in the House to reduce the number of jurors at inquests. A further improvement would be to repeal the old technicality which makes it illegal for a man to give evidence at his own inquest.

* * *

"I met the prisoner twenty years ago," said a witness in a Northern police court last week, "and I well remember his face." It is better to have that sort of memory than that sort of face.

* * *

At a rally of five hundred boy scouts of London, Wolf Cubs greeted Cardinal BOURNE with the "Great Howl." It is not known in what way the CARDINAL had offended the young Cubs.

* * *

Under the new order the police will not have power to enter the premises of persons suspected of food hoarding. Cooks who in the past have been in the habit of hoarding cold rabbit pie will have to be dealt with in other ways.

* * *

According to a Billingsgate fish merchant kippers are daily increasing in price. It is, of course, too much to hope that they will ever become so dear as to prohibit their use among comedians on the music-hall stage.

THE POTSDAM ALTRUIST.

[*The Frankfurter Zeitung* protests against the idea that "the KAISER in Germany's gravest times allows anxiety about himself or his dynasty to have access to his thoughts."]

AMONG the penalties imposed on Kings
Who govern absolutely by divine right,
I am no more affected by the things
That Socialists and other dirty swine write
Than when a pin is thrust
Into a pachyderm's indifferent crust.

But now I deign to answer, even I,
The vilest yet of these revolting sallies,
Where they allege that when our German sky
Rocks to the air of "*Deutschland über alles*,"
"*Und Ich*," I add (aside),
"*Ich über Deutschland!*" There the blighters lied.

I 'm not like that. I never use the first
Personal pronoun, like the Monarch LOUIS,
Who said (in French—a tongue I deem accurst),
"*L'état, c'est moi.*" My conscience, clear and dewy,
Tells me that, as a Kaiser,
I am a very poor self-advertiser.

This is a feature of our dynasty;
And no historian who has ever studied
The traits peculiar to the family tree
On which the Hohenzollern *genus* budded
In all that noble list
Has come across a single egoist.

They loved their people better than their throne;
Lightly they sat on it, dispensing Freedom;
They never said, "Your souls are not your own,
But simply there in case your King should need 'em;"
They would have thought it odd
To want to be regarded as a god.

Thus have I served my land; and if a wave
Of lurid revolution overswept her,
And I, her loyal and obedient slave,
Were called upon to down my orb and sceptre,
That grace I 'd freely do,
And so, I 'm sure, would LITTLE WILLIE too.

O. S.

GEMS FROM THE JUNIORS.

THE following articles have been written by a little band of patriots who, without any hope of gain or self-aggrandisement, have poured forth of their store of wisdom and experience for the instruction, comfort and encouragement of their fellow-countrymen:—

THE BRITISH NAVY.

We are all very proud of the Navy. It is the largest in the world and all the men in it are very brave, and kind too I expeck. ALFRED THE GREAT invented it hundreds of years ago so it has had a long time to practis in. When a sailer wants to say yes he says Ay, ay, sir, not offen mum because the captain is always a man. Perhaps some day he wont be. I have got an uncle who is a captain in the Navy. He says that in the olden days sailers had such bad food that it walked about and if it was up the other end of the table you ony had to whissel and it came down your end dubble quick. But I don't know if that is true. Anyhow everything is all rite now but this plesant thouhgt must not stop us sending parsels to the sailers, as you cant fish up cakes and apples out of the sea and they like them very much. JOHN BRIGHT (age 9½).

SOLGIERS.

Solgiers wear karki. If you are an offiser the others salut you if you arn't they don't. People musn't kill each other unless they have to becos it 's rwong. Solgiers have to. They have to pollish there buttens as well. It is there cheef job unless they are offisers. Then they don't becos they get paid more and let some one else do it for them. Before the war solgiers were only one kind of man, now they are all kinds but mostly good. Granpa is a genral so he knows. A frend of fathers is a private, he is quite nice but he mayn't come to dinner when granpas here. I shall be a solgier when I grow up praps a genral but Im not sure. I would like to be someone with a sord and a drum. Granpa hasn't got a drum.

DOUGLAS BAYSWATER (age 8).

AMERICA.

America is really the name of a continent but when we say America we mean the bit of it that used to belong to us. Americans do not have a king they used to have our King but they gave him up. It wasn't the King we have now or perhaps they wouldn't have. So they have someone called a President who does instead but he doesn't wear a crown and he only lasts a short time like the Lord Mare or a little longer. Besides the President there are men called millonares, they are normously rich and do insted of princes and dukes, who they haven't got either but not because they don't like them but because it is a Republic. Americans don't like war but if they have to fight they can do it all right Father says. MARY GREY (age 10).

OUR ALLIES.

It is with great pleasure that I take up my pen to write about Our Allies. They are France, Belgium, Russia, Italy, Serbia, Portugal, Rumania, and America. I think thats all at present but eight is a good number. To begin with France. In time of peace the French are a gay and polite people which is very nice I think. They are noted for their coffee and for their fashions as both are better than ours. And all the women can cook. How beautiful it would be for England if she could imitate her sister country in these things! I can make a cake but not a very light one. Now let us look at Verdun on the map. It is a great fortress and the Germans thought they could take it but I rejoice to say they couldn't as the bravery and patrioticness of the French troops came in the way. Belgium is the next on the list. Belgium is a little country and Germany is a big one so of course the Germans had the best of it at first but they won't much longer. So it will be all right soon if we dont eat too many sweets and things. Russia, Italy, Serbia, Portugal, Rumania, America and Montynegro, which I forgot before, are all splendid countries but space forbids more.

KATHLEEN CHALFONT (age 12).

The German soldiers' opinion of "retirement according to plan": "Each for himself; and the Devil take the Hindenburg."

"To fill up the gaps in the ranks trains of German reserves are being hushed to the front incessantly."—*Star*.

We don't believe this. The Bosch has long given up the habit of singing as he goes into battle.

"J. J. (New Brighton) sends us a case of a novel method to keep out would-be marauders from the garden. A friend of his who has some expensive ferns planted in a rockery put up the notice, 'Beware of the Scolopendriums and Polypodiums'—which, of course, are the Latin names of garden insects."—*Pearson's Weekly*.

Clearly a case of nature mimicry.



SELF-PROTECTION.

John Bull. "I'VE INVESTED A MINT OF MONEY IN OTHER LANDS; IT'S TIME I PUT SOMETHING INTO MY OWN."

REVIVALS AND REVISIONS.

"IT" (as Mr. GOSSE says at the beginning of his fascinating monograph on SWINBURNE, a work which we understand has just been crowned by the Band of Hope) it is now beyond doubt that Mr. H. B. IRVING's drastic way with *Hamlet* is to have a far-reaching effect on all revivals. New authors can be acted more or less as they write, or as they happen to be stronger or weaker than their "producers"; but to be revived is henceforward to be revised, and fairly stringently too.

Mr. IRVING has made a clearance of certain parts of *Hamlet* which interfere with the movement of its story. Actuated by old-fashioned motives and writing for a public that was not yet wholly lacking in discrimination, SHAKSPEARE did his best to make *Hamlet* a poetical as well as a dramatic tragedy. With this end in view he accumulated the mass of rhetoric with which we are now so familiar. It has been Mr. IRVING'S task to prune this well-meant but somewhat excessive verbiage so that the real dramatic stuff can at last "get over." But he has done no more. Any rumour to the effect that he has introduced American songs or dances, or that a "joy plank" bisects the stalls of the Savoy, is untrue and deserves the severest denial.

One of Mr. Punch's livest although middle-aged wires, who has been interviewing the great managers of the Metropolis — and by great he means those most likely to become revivalists —says that it is the same tale with all. For example, Mr. FRED TERRY, interviewed at his home near the Zoo, in his study furnished with the works of all the greatest writers, from the Baroness ORCZY to HAVELOCK ELLIS, admitted that it was perfectly true that he was contemplating a revival of *The Three Musketeers*, with certain alterations to bring it into line with modern taste in warrior heroes.

"To-day," said Mr. TERRY, "as you may have noticed, soldiers wear khaki. Very well then, the musketeers shall wear khaki. They shall also be transformed into Englishmen and be made recognisable and friendly. Thus *d'Artagnan* will become an airman, *Aramis* a padre with fighting instincts, *Athos* a general, and *Porthos* an officer in the A.S.C. A certain amount of re-writing and adjusting is necessary, but that will come."

In order to find Mr. GEORGE GROSSMITH, of the old firm of Grossmith and Laurillard, who is now, as all the world, and especially Germany, knows, a conning-tower of strength in the Navy, it is necessary to visit the North Sea; but Mr. Punch's middle-aged men stick at nothing.

"Yes," said Mr. GROSSMITH, "we are doing *The Bells*. Mr. IRVING has kindly leased it to us. But we are not adhering too slavishly to the plot, nor does he wish us to; and, in fact, we have turned the part made so famous by Mr. IRVING'S father into something a shade more droll, to suit Mr. LESLIE HENSON, than whom, I take the liberty of thinking"—here the young officer saluted—"no funnier comedian now walks the boards. We are also changing the title from *The Bells* to *The Belles*, as being more in keeping with Gaiety traditions. But I must ask you to excuse me; I fancy Sir DAVID BEATTY wants me."

But the most interesting case of revision will be that of *The School for Scandal*, because, two managements being at work upon it, each with somewhat peculiar ideas, the public will be presented, at the same time, with versions so unlike as to amount to two different plays. And this suggests how valuable is Mr. IRVING'S lead, for it means that one old play can be multiplied into as many new plays as the thoroughly conscientious brains through which it passes. The two managers who have cast longing eyes on SHERIDAN'S comedy are Mr. SEYMOUR HICKS and Mr. OSCAR ASCHE. Mr. SEYMOUR HICKS is convinced that there is a new lease of life for this play if it is taken at a quicker pace. He has therefore arranged an acting version which will occupy about an hour, with laughs. By eliminating the word "sentiment" alone, which is tediously harped upon, several minutes are saved. Some of *Sir Peter* and *Lady Teazle's* repetition of the word "Never" also goes. The satirical conversation in Act I. is much abbreviated as being out of date, and the whole piece is redressed in the present manner. Mr. ASCHE also is re-dressing it, or rather un-dressing it. In his opinion what the play lacks is a touch of savagery. It is too sophisticated. He has therefore kept no more of the plot than is consistent with a change of scene to Hawaii, the fashionable primitive country of the moment. By this change, even if a little of the wit and spirit evaporate, a certain force is gained, a powerful epidermic part for Miss LILY BRAYTON as *Mrs. Candour* (the new heroine of the comedy) being not only possible but natural. Mr. ASCHE himself will play *Charles Surface*, with the accent on the surface, since he turns out to be a devotee of sun-baths and the simple life.

In reply to a cablegram to America, Sir HERBERT BEERBOHM TREE sends the following message:—"Am busy rehearsing *He Stoops to Cinema; or, The Mistakes of a Knight.*"



UNPLEASANT NIGHTMARE OF HANS, THE EX-CINEMA ATTENDANT, AFTER LEARNING OF THE AMERICAN DECLARATION OF WAR.

Food Control.

There is no truth in the rumour that there is to be a "sauceless" day for our Post-Office employees.

"The Craven Stakes of 500 sobs."
Evening News (Portsmouth).

Horse-racing in war-time *is* rather a sorry business.

"A LADY giving up her electromobile, on account of the war, which is in good running order. . . ."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

We are glad to have this confirmation of reports from General Headquarters.



Skinner. "WHAT ARE YOU DOING ABOUT THE RATIONING?"
Podmore. "OH, WHEN MEALTIME COMES I TIGHTEN MY BELT."
Skinner. "FROM THE OUTSIDE OR THE INSIDE?"

FROM A FULL HEART.

In days of peace my fellow-men
Rightly regarded me as more like
A Bishop than a Major-Gen.,
And nothing since has made me warlike;
But when this age-long struggle ends
And I have seen the Allies dish up
The goose of HINDENBURG—oh, friends!
I shall out-bish the mildest Bishop.

When the War is over and the KAISER's out of print,
I'm going to buy some tortoises and watch the beggars sprint;
When the War is over and the sword at last we sheathe,
I'm going to keep a jelly-fish and listen to it breathe.

I never really longed for gore,
And any taste for red corpuscles
That lingered with me left before
The German troops had entered Brussels.
In early days the Colonel's "'Shun!"
Froze me; and, as the War grew older,
The noise of someone else's gun
Left me considerably colder.

When the War is over and the battle has been won,
I'm going to buy a barnacle and take it for a run;
When the War is over and the German Fleet we sink,
I'm going to keep a silk-worm's egg and listen to it think.

The Captains and the Kings depart—
It may be so, but not lieutenants;
Dawn after weary dawn I start
The never-ending round of penance;
One rock amid the welter stands
On which my gaze is fixed intently—
An after-life in quiet lands
Lived very lazily and gently.

When the War is over and we've done the Belgians proud,
I'm going to keep a chrysalis and read to it aloud;
When the War is over and we've finished up the show,
I'm going to plant a lemon-pip and listen to it grow.

Oh, I'm tired of the noise and the turmoil of battle,
And I'm even upset by the lowing of cattle,
And the clang of the bluebells is death to my liver,
And the roar of the dandelion gives me a shiver,
And a glacier, in movement, is much too exciting,
And I'm nervous, when standing on one, of alighting—
Give me Peace; that is all, that is all that I seek . . .
Say, starting on Saturday week. A. A. M.

Things that Matter in War-Time.

"Among the audience the Duchess of ——'s slim height and long neck, swathed in sables, stood out."—*Evening Standard.*

"Mrs. —— was looking beautiful in a bottle-green suiting, collared with skunk, but a little thin, I thought."—*Daily Sketch.*

"King Albert of Belgium made a long aeroplane flight, under fire, over the fighting front. . . . German anti-aircraft guns kept up a sustained fire, but no German airman ventured in the way of the King's aeog rogarth habtheb habtheb habtha aeroplane."
Vancouver Daily Province.

It is rumoured that the Air Board has already ordered a number of machines of the new type.

THE WATCH DOGS.

LX.

MY DEAR CHARLES, — Those who insist that between the Higher Commands on either side there is a tacit understanding not to disregard each other's personal comfort and welfare must now modify their views. Recent movements show that there is no such bargain, or else that the lawless Hun has broken it. He has attained little else by his destructiveness save the discomfort of H.Q. Otherwise the War progresses as merrily as ever; more merrily, perhaps, owing to the difficulties to be overcome. Soldiers love difficulties to overcome. That is their business in life.

It was open to the Camp Commandant, when it became likely that H.Q. would move, to go sick, to retire from business, or else, locking his front-door, shutting his shutters, disconnecting his telephone and confining to their billets all potential bearers of urgent messages, to isolate himself from the throbbing world around him. Being a soldier himself, however, he was undone by his own innate lust for overcoming difficulties. He was seen hovering about, as good as asking for the instructions he most dreaded. And he got them, short and sharp, as all good military instructions should be.

If I was called upon to move a busy community from one village to another, and if the other village was discovered, upon inquiry, not to be there, I should ask for ten to twelve months' time to do it in. The C.C. asked for a fortnight, hoping to get ten days; he got a week. "It is now the 31st. We should move to the new place about the 7th," said the Highest Authority. "Let it be April 7th." Thus April 7th became permanently and irrevocably fixed. For everybody except the C.C. and his accomplices the thing was as good as done.

The ultimatum went forth at 10 A.M. at noon on the same day; the period of unrest for the C.C. was well set in. Every department, learning by instinct what was forward, forthwith discovered what it had long suspected, its own immediate and paramount importance. Every department appointed a representative to go round and see the C.C. about it, another representative to write to him about it, and a third to ring him up on the telephone, and go on ringing him up on the telephone, about it. The only departments that kept modestly in the background were those upon which the execution of the move fell. The C.C., noting the queue of representatives at his front-door and the agitation of his telephone, slipped out by the back-door, and went to look for the workers, and, when he'd found them, he lived with them, night and day, here, there and everywhere.

Humanity is not constituted for such close friendships. As time passed the C.C. and his accomplices found relations becoming strained. They said things to each other which afterwards they regretted. Meanwhile also the departments with the paramount and immediate needs grew bitter and restless. Only the Highest Authorities remained tranquil.

I'm told it was an A.D.C. who called attention to the difficulty of milk supply. This was a popular suggestion; it was just the sort of difficulty a soldier loves. In the bare and arid circumstances of the new camp there was no milk supply. "Buy one," said the Highest Authority, and again the thing was as good as done, except for the C.C., who had to think out a cow, so to speak, with regard to its purchase, equipment, transport, housing, maintenance and education. A man of infinite variety, the arrival of the cow (in bulk) found the C.C. nonplussed. He could not even begin to solve the food question. To him it seemed there were only two alternatives for the beast: bully beef or ration allowance at three francs a day in lieu of rations. The cow, he was told, was entitled and likely to refuse both.

We all crowded round the C.C. to help. "As to a simple matter like food," said A. and Q., "the Lord will provide. But as to the more difficult and complicated matters of establishment we will issue your orders." These ran: "Reference Cow: (1) This unit should be shown on your Weekly Strength Return, with a statement of all casualties affecting same. Casualties include admission to or evacuation from hospital; change of address; marriage, and leave to the United Kingdom. (2) To be brought on the proper establishment of H.Q., it should be shown as 'Officer's Charger, one,' and should be trained and employed by you as such. (3) Please report action taken, and whether by you or by the Cow."

Even as the C.C. was contemplating this communication and hearkening to the cow grumbling away in his front-garden, his old regiment took occasion to march through the village and, in so doing, added insult to injury. The regiment had a mascot; the mascot was a goat; the goat fell out on the march and went sick. It did this in that portion of the C.C.'s front garden which was not already occupied by the cow, and its orders from the Colonel, who was its C.O. and had once been the Camp Commandant's C.O., were to remain with the C.C. and upon his charge till called for. This is all a very true story, but it's poor rations I'll be getting from the C.C. during what remains of this War for divulging it.

Be anything in the military world you like, Charles, from a courtly General to a thrusting Loot in charge of some overwhelmingly important department or other, but do not be a Camp Commandant. As there is no terrible complication which may not occur in the life of such, so there is no bitter irony which may not follow all. The early afternoon of April 6th found the C.C. on the site of the new camp, surrounded by confusion and an angry crowd of experts. There had been words and more words; there had only just not been blows, and all with regard to this wretched and incessant subject of April 7th. The C.C., never broad-minded on the point, had become positively ridiculous and tiresome about that irrevocable date, April 7th. It was a dull subject in any case, said the experts, but in the circumstances it was inane and cruel to go on insisting on it. R.E., Lorries, Signals and all their suites, not having been on too friendly terms among themselves these latter days, were fast becoming united in their intense loathing of the C.C. and his everlasting and impossible April 7th.

At this moment the Highest Authority itself arrived on the scene to have a look at it. He was not in the least discontented with what he saw; he was inclined to congratulate the experts upon their expedition.

"We shall be hard put to it, Sir," said the C.C., "to be ready for to-morrow."

"To-morrow?" said the Highest Authority. "Why to-morrow particularly?"

"To-morrow is the 7th, Sir," said the C.C., with sinister emphasis.

"And what about it if it is?" asked the Highest Authority.

"We have to move in here on April 7th, Sir," said the C.C., with almost an injured note in his voice.

"Have you?" said the Highest Authority. "Why?"

The experts saluted and moved off, commenting quietly among themselves upon the good sense and magnanimity of the Highest Authority. As for that Camp Commandant——

Yours ever, HENRY.

Food before Clothes.

"EXCHANGE Fawn Costume, slight figure, good condition, for two broody hens."
The Smallholder.

THE HEROINE OF THE NEW NOVEL.



"But I cannot linger thus with you, Sir Reginald," said the rustic beauty; "I have to clean the pig-sty." She paused, and then almost inaudibly, "You may help me, if you like."

Sir Reginald Vavasour's heart leapt within him.



At last he had his chance. "How much is it to the Marble Arch?" he asked.

"Tuppence," she replied softly; and the simple word rang through every fibre of his body.



Dusk was descending. His back tyre was punctured, and he was alone—lost in the wild moorland. Suddenly a cheery young voice smote upon his ear: "What's up, old chap? Can I be any use?"



"Oh, I'm so fearfully sorry!" said a sweet young voice in distressed accents. And then he became aware of a dainty little foot and ankle coyly protruding from a blue trouser almost at a level with his eye.



Captain (newly attached). "Er—is there anything you'd like me to get on to, Sir?"
Major (regimental economist). "Ah, yes! I wish you'd just look after the bones and dripping."

In Memoriam.

FRANCIS COWLEY BURNAND,

1836—1917.

Editor of "Punch," 1880—1906.

Hail and Farewell, dear Brother of the Pen,
Maker of sunshine for the minds of men,
Lord of bright cheer and master of our hearts—
What plaint is fit when such a friend departs?
Not with mere ceremonial words of woe
Come we to mourn—you would not have it so;
But with our memories stored with joyous fun,
Your constant largesse till your life was done,
With quips, that flashed through frequent twists and bends,
Caught from the common intercourse of friends;
And gay allusions gayer for the zest
Of one who hurt no friend and spared no jest.
What arts were yours that taught you to indite
What all men thought, but only you could write!
That wrung from gloom itself a fleeting smile;
Rippled with laughter but refrained from guile;
Led you to prick some bladder of conceit
Or trip intrusive folly's blundering feet,
While wisdom at your call came down to earth,
Unbent awhile and gave a hand to mirth!

You too had pondered mid your jesting strife
The deeper issues of our mortal life;
Guided to God by faith no doubt could dim
You fought your fight and left the rest to Him,
Content to set your heart on things above
And rule your days by laughter and by love.

Rest in our memories! You are guarded there
By those who knew you as you lived and were.
There mid our Happy Thoughts you take your stand,
A sun-girt shade, and light that shadow-land.

R. C. L.

CHILDREN'S TALES FOR GROWN-UPS.

VIII.

Sour Grapes.

"I have no doubt," said the fox, after a last futile attempt to reach them, "that the grapes are sour;" and he went off slowly down the hill.

At the bottom of the hill a barrel was lying, and the philosopher was filled with new hope. "The very thing," he said to himself.

He put his shoulder to the barrel and pushed and panted and panted and pushed till he got it nearly to the top. But it broke away at the last moment and rolled down the hill.

He rolled it up again and again perseveringly. He tried as often as Sisyphus. He tried indeed just once more, because at last he succeeded and the barrel was placed on end under the vine.

Joyfully he climbed on the barrel and bit at the fruit.
Then he jumped down with a bark of disgust.
The grapes *were* sour.

"Mutiny aboard a German U-boat, aided by the demolarizing effects of a submarine bomb, made the diver a prize of the British Admiralty and her crew the willing prisoners of a patrol boat."
Ottawa Evening Journal.

This kind of bomb—the demolariser—is just what we want to draw the enemy's teeth.



THE END OF THE THOUSAND-AND-ONE NIGHTS.

THE OFFICIAL STORY-TELLER (*to Wilhelm-al-Raschid*). "I CAN'T THINK OF ANY FRESH FAIRY TALES. WOULD YOU LIKE A TRUE ONE NOW?"

[April 30th was the thousand-and-first day of the War.]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, April 23rd.—Any intelligent foreigner who obtained admission to the Distinguished Strangers' Gallery in the expectation that on the feast-day of our national saint and the birthday of our national poet he would be privileged to listen to a series of eloquent speeches upon patriotism, delivered by our most accomplished orators, must have been deeply disappointed. The one subject that the House of Commons seems to care about is food.

The CONTROLLER has hit one section of the House in its tenderest portion. Those Members who make their mid-day meal off tea and bread-and-butter think it very hard that they should be allowed no more bread than others who take the full luncheon. On their behalf Mr. LUNDON, like *The Carpenter*, said, "Give us another slice." But, despite a slight facial resemblance to *The Walrus*, Colonel LOCKWOOD was inexorable.

The late Mr. JUSTIN MCCARTHY was once described by his ex-leader as "a nice old gentleman for a quiet tea-party." If anyone had said that a Sunday-School treat would furnish the appropriate *milieu* for that ardent Pacifist, Mr. JOWETT, I should, until this afternoon, have been inclined to agree with him. But it is evident that his acquaintance with Sunday-School treats is purely academic, for in requesting the FOOD CONTROLLER to remove the ban lately placed upon them he spoke of the treat as a "simple meal, consisting of *a* bun and tea only." The italic is our own comment on this estimate of the capacity of our brave tea-fighters.

Tuesday, April 24th.—Those Members to whom their constituents have given notice to quit at the next election, and who have recently been somewhat depressed by the thought of the impending loss to the nation of their valuable services, are plucking up heart again now that the life of Parliament is to be once more extended. Mr. KING, for example, was in his best form this afternoon. It goes without saying that his advice to the Board of Agriculture to set a good example to the country by sending their racehorses out to grass was well received, for any reference to the Government stud is equivalent to the "Pass the mustard" of the established humourist. His real success came when Mr. BONAR LAW denied that Sir GEORGE MCCRAE had been appointed Chief Whip to the Government. Mr. KING drawled out, "As *The Times* has stated that this gentleman was so appointed will its foreign circulation be stopped?" Then the laughter came spontaneous and loud.



Hodge. "I'M TO BE QUEEN OF THE MAY."



VISCOUNT CHAPLIN MAKING NOTES ON THE MILLENNIUM FROM THE PEERS' GALLERY.

Another little joke which tickled the House was, I suspect, the outcome of a conspiracy. At least I cannot understand why Mr. OUTHWAITE should have been so anxious to know the amount of ginger imported into this country last year, unless it was to afford Mr. MACVEAGH an opportunity of asking, when the amount, some three thousand tons, had been announced, "How is it that the new Government has got none of it?"

There is a growing tendency on the part of Ministers, when charged with the conduct of a Bill, to speak of it as "a poor thing not mine own." They imagine, I suppose, that an air of deprecation, not to say depreciation, is likely to commend the measure to an audience in which party-spirit is supposed to be defunct.

At first it seemed as if Mr. PROTHERO, in moving the second reading of the Corn Production Bill, was going to adopt the modern attitude of *insouciance*, for he spoke of it as "bristling with controversial points" (as if it were intended to promote the growth of quite another kind of corn), and observed that he himself had originally been opposed to State interference with agriculture. But he soon warmed to his work, and spoke with all the zeal of the convert. Among his most appreciative listeners were the occupants of the Peers' Gallery—the Duke of MARLBOROUGH, who has transformed the sword of Blenheim into a ploughshare, and Viscount CHAPLIN, to whom the announcement of State bounties for wheat-growing seems like the arrival of the Millennium.

Another ex-Minister of Agriculture was, to put it mildly, less enthusiastic. I should be doing Mr. RUNCIMAN little injustice to say that for the moment the politician in him rose superior to the patriot. If after the War the old party-quarrels are to break out again with all their fatal futility I can imagine that Liberal wire-pullers in the rural districts will be much embarrassed by the existence of bounties which economically they cannot approve but which politically they dare not remove. But surely we shall have learned our lesson badly if the old strife of Tory and Liberal is to be revived in all its former virulence and sterility. Besides there is the Labour Party to be considered, as Mr. GEORGE ROBERTS reminded the House in the best speech he has made since he went



"BE A GOOD BOY AND STOP YOUR 'OLLERIN', AND I'LL LET YER SEE THE OLD GENT FALL OFF THE BUS."

on the Treasury Bench. He pointed out that if high wages and good conditions were to be secured for agricultural workers the prosperity of the agricultural industry as a whole must be ensured; and he hoped that the policy of State-aid would not stop there. No wonder the hard-shell Free Traders looked glum.

Sir HEDWORTH MEUX must be careful or he will jeopardize his reputation as a humourist. Mr. PARTINGTON having asked whether the Government would put down their racehorses, the gallant Admiral could think of no better jest than that the proposal was as futile as that of the hon. Member's namesake, who endeavoured to keep out the Atlantic with a mop. Shortly afterwards Mr. YEO asked whether the Government would consider the destruction of cats, with a view, perhaps, to the suppression of MEUX.

The Corn Production Bill had to run the gauntlet of a good many criticisms during the second day's debate. The unkindest cut of all was delivered by the SPEAKER. Mr. MOLTENO had asked whether Members who were landowners or farmers might vote on a measure affecting their financial interests, and Mr. LOWTHER replied that the benefits were "so problematical and so uncertain" that he thought they might. Mr. MOLTENO used his freedom to vote against the Second Reading; but only a handful of Members followed his example. Mr. RUNCIMAN and his friends decided that abstention was the better part of valour.

Thursday, April 26th.—Major BAIRD made a modest and candid defence of the Air Board against its many critics. He did not pretend that they were yet satisfied—in the case of so new a service there could be no finality—but he claimed that the departments had worked much more harmoniously since they were all housed under the hospitable roof of the Hotel Cecil, a statement which Lord HUGH of that ilk subsequently endorsed. Major BAIRD, despite the general mildness of his voice and demeanour, can deliver a good hard knock on occasion. He warned the House against indulging in a certain class of criticism, on the ground that there was no surer way of killing an airman than to destroy his confidence in the machine he was flying; and he asserted that the "mastery of the air" was a meaningless phrase impossible of realization. I think Mr. PEMBERTON-HICKS and Mr. JOYNSON-BILLING took the rebuke to heart, for they were much less aggressive than usual.

SICK.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Excuse this tosh,
But I've succumbed to measles (Bosch),
And all my dreary hours are spent
Inside a vast and gloomy tent.
So, as I'm feeling rather blue,
I thought I'd better write to you.
All known diseases here you'll find
(This letter's steamed, you needn't mind);
But in my tent there's only one,
I'm glad to say, viz., measles (Hun).
The Nurses all are Scotch and stout,
So are the drinks I do without;
I don't complain of lack of fruit—
At least we don't get arrowroot—
Nor have I even ever seen a
Single plate of semolina.
So life is not so bad, you see,
Except for chlorine in the tea.
I think that's all, so now will end,
Hoping this finds you, dearest friend,
Just as it leaves me, in the pink
(My rash is not quite gone, I think).

"Now these precious divisions have to be hurled into the furnace to avert a veritable landslide."—*Sunday Paper.*

The shortage of men in the German Army has evidently been exaggerated. This confirms the evidence from other sources that they have troops to burn.

AT THE PLAY.

"HAMLET."

To prepare a very own version of *Hamlet* and play it with credit—that is still the blue riband of the Stage. Mr. H. B. IRVING has fairly won it. The version seemed to me apt. He tells us that his main purpose was to bring out the story as if for those who had never seen the play before. It is a rational point of view, and certainly it seemed a distinct improvement not to lose sight of *Hamlet's* adventure to England, as is commonly the case, and to keep the essential sequence of events and the personality of the Prince constantly before the audience. The justification of the heroic cuts and adaptations was that the action did move faster towards the tragic end, instead of seeming to drag rather tiresomely as (be it confessed) it sometimes does.

Observers contrasting this with Mr. IRVING'S earlier performance remarked a gain in depth and fire and a happier restraint of mannerism. It was a very notable and gracious piece of work. He has the player's first gift, an arresting personality. His elocution has distinction. He conveys the beauty of the words and the richness of the packed thought thoughtfully. The complex play of action and motive—the purpose blunted by overmuch thinking, the spurs to dull revenge, the self-contempt, the assumed antic disposition, at times the real mental disturbance—all this was set before us with a fine skill and resource. The "To be or not to be" soliloquy was masterly in its sincerity and restraint; the two broken love passages with *Ophelia* showed a fine tenderness through the distraught, bitter mood. An ingenious turn was given to that difficult change of weapons in the fencing bout, though I doubt if the Sword Club would wholly have approved the technique of the fencing.

Miss GERTRUDE ELLIOTT'S *Ophelia* in the Mad Scene was full of beauty, sweetness and dignity—and we have so often been bored by our lesser *Ophelias*. A very fine performance. Mr. HOLMAN CLARK was the foolish prating knave, a *Polonius* robbed of his best speech, and the more consistent therefore. Mr. IRVING is obviously right in his view that *Polonius* could never by any chance have given any such advice to his truculent son.

One may congratulate the producer on the courage of his convictions. But I wonder if the Shakspearean tradition is really dying. The general quality of the performance was, it must be confessed, not inspiring. There was little of the king's divinity hedging *Claudius*; the *Queen* (an always difficult part) was elaborately unconvincing, though played by a clever actress; *Guildenstern* and awkward *Rosencrantz* deserved any fate which awaited them in England. Neither *Laertes* nor *Horatio* seemed authentic. But Mr. TOM REYNOLDS' grave-digger had humour and avoided tedium. *Hamlet* was the thing. T.

"A Berlin official telegram states that the Kaiser has sent the following telegram to the Crown Prince:—'The troops of all the German tribes under your command, with steel-hard determination and strongly led, have brought to failure the great French attempt to break through on the Aisne and in Champagne. Also there, again, the infantry had to bear the grunt.'"—*Northern Whig.*

The Imperial euphemism, we suppose, for the cry of "Kamerad!"



"OUR SON IS FAT AND SCANT OF BREATH."
(We shouldn't have guessed it, but his own mother ought to know.)

Hamlet . . . . . MR. H. B. IRVING.

The New Rations.

"Joint Hospital Board, ——, 14th April, 1917. The above Board require two Probationer Nurses for their Consumption."
Provincial Paper.

A correspondent having observed in a morning paper the headline, "Pomeranians Surrender!" sends us a suggested contents-bill for *The Barking Gazette*:—

GREAT CAPTURE OF POMS!
PEKINESE BREAK OFF RELATIONS.
GREAT DANES NEUTRAL.
RAID BY TERRITORIAL FLYING CORPS
(SKY TERRIERS).
ROUT OF DALMATIANS.
FIELD-GREYHOUNDS DRIVEN OFF.

THE ADJUTANT ON LEAVE.

"LEAVE, I'm afraid," remarked the Adjutant, standing with his back to the fire and hitching his bath towel more securely over his left shoulder, "can only be granted now in special circumstances."

Flying being prevented for that afternoon by the weather conditions, we had been playing hockey, and the Adjutant, who by virtue of seniority had just had first go at the bathroom, was in a warm and expansive mood. The rest of us sat about in his quarters awaiting our turns at a hot-water supply that would certainly cease to have anything warming or expansive about it by the time it reached the junior Second Lieutenant.

"The question is," said that dejected officer, fixing the Adjutant with a watchful eye—"the question is, what are you going to regard as special circumstances?"

"You state your circumstances to me officially to-morrow," said the Adjutant cheerfully, "and I'll tell you quickly enough whether they're special or not."

"I suppose," suggested the Stunt Pilot, "that a wedding would be a pretty special sort of circumstance, wouldn't it?"

"That depends," replied the Adjutant. "Are you thinking of getting married yourself?"

The Stunt Pilot said that he hadn't been, but if there was any leave going with it he might think of it.

"One 's simply got to get leave *somehow*," he complained. "What about a breach of promise case? Suppose I manage to get mixed up in a breach of promise case, wouldn't that do?"

"That 's no good," commented the Junior Officer gloomily. "You 'd have to get leave for something else first before you could manage it."

"And if you did," added the Adjutant severely, "you 'd get leave for rather longer than you bargained for."

"How about funerals?" put in the Equipment Officer hopefully. "Funerals are a fairly sound stunt, aren't they?"

"Funerals," observed the Adjutant, "are played out. If you come to me to-morrow and talk about dead uncles and things I shall have all sorts of inquiries made that will surprise you. I've been had before by funerals. When I was in the Army"—the Adjutant talks like this since he was attached to the Flying Corps—"when



Farmer (to "land-lady"). "HI, MISSIE, WHAT BE YE DOIN' WI TRACE-HORSE BEHIND, AND A LOAD LIKE THAT?"

"*Land-lady.*" "OH, WELL, YOU SEE, WHEN HE WAS IN FRONT HE WAS ALWAYS TURNING ROUND WRONG WAY ON, SO I JUST PUT HIM BEHIND TO HELP UP HILLS, LIKE THE RAILWAY ENGINES."

I was in the Army there was a fellow who used to come to the orderly-room and talk funerals to me until I was sick of the sight of him. After some months of it I made him give me a written list of all his surviving relations, and then as he killed them off I used to scratch them out. I caught him at last on his third grandmother."

"That 's all very nice," said the Stunt Pilot, "but the question at present before the meeting is how are we poor beggars to get any leave?"

"It 's no good blaming me," returned the Adjutant blandly. "Command Orders are Command Orders."

There was a brief silence, and then the Stunt Pilot lifted up his voice and spoke eloquently about the War Office and Brass Hats generally. He said that they had hearts of granite and were strangers to all loving-kindness. Their days were spent in idleness in the Metropolis (so said the Stunt Pilot), while he and his fellows drove rotten 'buses for hours together over the beastliest district in Europe. Of an evening the Carlton and the Piccadilly, the Bing Boys and the Bing Girls, all the delights of London were ready to their hands, while poor devils like himself, shorn of leave, were condemned to languish in a moth-eaten Mess in the society of such people as the Adjutant. Where was the sense in it, where the justice, and when the deuce were they, any of them, going to get a chance at the bath-room?

The Adjutant regarded him with amused pity.

"The fact of it is," he observed, "you people have been absolutely spoilt over leave. When I was in the Infantry we used to consider three or four days in six months quite handsome."

The Stunt Pilot inquired sarcastically whether he meant three or four days' work or three or four days' leave.

"I don't mind saying," pursued the Adjutant, ignoring this sally, "at the risk of making myself unpopular, that personally I think it 's a very good thing that leave *has* been cut down. My own opinion is that in the past there 's been a lot too much leave flying about. Running up and down to London on leave isn't going to help beat the Germans. What we 've got to do if we want to win this War is to——"

At this moment the C.O. entered and put down a hockey-stick in the corner.

"Thanks for the stick, Jervis," he said, and turned to go. "By the way, shall I see you at the orderly-room to-morrow before you go? What train are you catching?"

The Adjutant hesitated for the fraction of a second.

"Well, Sir," he said, "I thought of taking the 9.5."

"I see," said the C.O. "Right-o. You won't be away longer than forty-eight hours, I suppose?"

"Oh, no," said the Adjutant. "That 'll do well, Sir."

A brief astonished silence followed the C.O.'s departure, a silence broken by the excited tones of the Stunt Pilot.

"The 9.5?" he cried. "Are you going to *London*?"

The Adjutant lit a cigarette with some deliberation.

"Only just for forty-eight hours," he remarked.

"Forty-eight hours!" gasped the indignant Pilot; then, raising his voice to surmount the din, "Forty-eight hours' leave in London, and you 've just been pouring out hot air about——"

"*Leave?*" interrupted the Adjutant, in pained surprise. "What d' you mean by leave? I 'm going on *duty*."

A chorus of derisive laughter greeted

the announcement. "Duty?" echoed the Stunt Pilot bitterly. "*What* duty?"

The Adjutant took another furl in his bath-towel.

"If you really must know," he said composedly, "I'm going to buy a vacuum-cleaner for the Mess."

"You infernal old wangler!" cried the outraged Pilot, when at last he was able to make himself heard. "Of course it takes forty-eight hours to buy a vacuum-cleaner, doesn't it?"

"As a matter of fact," said the Adjutant solemnly, "my whole experience of vacuum-cleaners leads me to the conviction that you have to look at a great many of them before you can pick a really good one." He glanced round for his clothes. "And now if you fellows will get on with your baths, I've got an air mechanic coming in a minute or two to cut my hair. I expect I shall be far too busy in town for the next two days to have any time to waste on barbers."

GENERAL POST.

EVERYTHING was just as usual. I caught my tram at the corner of the street. It was the six o'clock car—I noticed the usual evening crowd, and they were all as bored and cross and frigid as usual.

The old gentleman of the whiskers was, as usual, reading his evening paper. He looked personally affronted as I sat down beside him. The elderly relative—as I call her—was opposite to me. She had her small attaché-case and her knitting as usual, and she made me feel at a glance that my face bored her intolerably. For the rest, I saw the fat paterfamilias, the wish-I-had-a-motor lady, the pert flapper and all the crew who travel with dejected spirits to and fro on our suburban line.

So far all was in order. Then the conductress came round.

"Tuppenny," I murmured. "Albemarle Road."

"What's your town?" she asked, taking a pencil from behind her ear.

"Town? It's Albemarle Road I want."

"But what town do you choose for Post?" she asked. "You've all got to have a town, you know. Don't make it too long. Hurry up! I've got to write you all down, and it's time to begin."

"Pontresina," I gasped wildly. That seemed to be the only town I had ever heard of.

"And you, Sir?" she was asking the old gentleman.

"Macclesfield," he said very decidedly.

The elderly relative was fidgeting to say hers. I could have guessed it would be St. Ives.

The conductress made her way from one end to the other.

"All got towns?" she asked. "You, Sir? Pernambuco? I do wish you'd stick to English names. Are you all ready?"

She rang the bell.

"Now," she said, "the gentleman on the stool has to catch. The Post is going from Paris to Pontresina."

I rose and looked wildly down the car. The flapper was beckoning slightly. Her contemptuous boredom had vanished, and she looked a merry child again. I rushed, stumbled, rocked into her place; she sank with a gasp into mine.



"THE BLOKE WOT PAINTED THAT KNEW 'OW TO DO A BIT O' FOOD 'OARDING, DIDN'T 'E?"

"York to St. Ives!"

It was the paterfamilias who was up now, and the elderly relative was signing to him. In a breathless scurry she was in his place gasping beside me. For the first time in her life she spoke to me.

"What an escape!" she said. "There, *he*'s caught—York, I mean. I don't know his proper name. It's odd, isn't it, we know each other's faces so well and yet we don't know each other's names. Now that we have towns for names it will be far more friendly, won't it? I always called you Cicero to myself. Oh, I hardly know why—you looked a little satirical sometimes. But now you're Pontresina, of course."

"Macclesfield to Pernambuco!"

"There!" laughed my companion. "I knew Macclesfield would be caught—he's so stately, isn't he? But look how he's laughing. Do you know I never thought any of the people in this car *could* laugh, or even smile. I do think this Society for the Abolition of Boredom in Public Conveyances is an excellent thing, don't you?"

"Pontresina to St. Ives!"

Breathlessly we changed places; her black hat was a little crooked, but she only laughed.

"I've lost my knitting, too," she said, "but I don't mind. This exercise keeps one so warm these cold days."

The game was in wild progress; the car rocked and jolted and the conductress shouted the names.

"General Post!" she called. "Those inside change places with those outside."

That was the most breathlessly exciting moment of the whole game. There was a solid struggling mass of humanity on the tram staircase. Those without were pushing frantically to come down; we were shoving to get up.

The lady called St. Ives was thumping my shoulders.

"Climb up the railing," she said.

Somehow I did it, and leaned down to catch her hands and drag her upwards. We launched ourselves breathlessly on to the furthest seat.

Stout old Macclesfield was the next. He had lost his hat and his white hair was ruffled.

"I'm here," he said. "Macclesfield for ever!"

The flapper had scrambled up the front staircase against the rules. She cast herself down beside Macclesfield.

"Here I am, old dear," she exclaimed. "I left York simply *jammed* in the wedge. Oh, isn't it fun? I never laughed so much. We never *can* be serious with each other after this, can we?"

St. Ives nodded.

"I'll never forget Pontresina climbing the rail," she said. "I used to think him so haughty; now——"

"Albemarle Road—don't you want Albemarle Road?" the conductress was asking me. She spoke very loudly.

"Pontresina—I'm Pontresina," I answered.

"This is Albemarle Road. If you're going on it'll be another penny," she insisted.

I rose in bewilderment.

St. Ives was looking at me while she knitted. I raised my hat to her and smiled. We had been such good friends all the evening—how could I ever forget it? But she did not smile; she only stared. She seemed to think I was mad. Macclesfield was reading his *Star* just as if he had never hurled himself on to the top of the 'bus. The flapper



Rector's Daughter. "HOW SPLENDID OF JOE JARVIS'S SON TO VOLUNTEER FOR THAT VERY DANGEROUS JOB! I'M SO GLAD HE GOT THE MILITARY MEDAL."

Mrs. Mullins (not to be outdone). "YES, MISS. AND MY BOY COULD HAVE GOT IT TOO IF HE'D CARED TO HAVE TAKEN THE RISK."

was squinting at herself in a little pocket-mirror; she looked contemptuously at me as I passed. Old York was half asleep. One would think they had never been rushing about in that frantic General Post. And we were all inside the car again.

It *was* odd!

'TWAS FIFTY YEARS AGO.

(Lines suggested by an old Magazine.)

PUBLISHED the year I went to school—
The second of life's seven ages—
How fragrant of Victorian rule
Are these forgotten pages!
When meat and fruit were still uncanned;
When good CHARLES DICKENS still was writing;
And SWINBURNE'S poetry was banned
As rather too exciting.

No murmurs of impending strife
Were heard, no dark suggestions hinted;
Our novelists still looked on life
Through spectacles rose-tinted;
And Paris, in those giddy years,
Still laughed at OFFENBACH and SCHNEIDER,
Blind to the doom of blood and tears,
With none to warn or guide her.

The index and the authors' names,
Their stories and their lucubrations,
Recall old literary aims
And faded reputations;
We wonder at the influence
That SALA'S florid periods had on
His fellows, and the vogue immense
Of versatile Miss BRADDON.

And yet I read *Aurora Floyd*
In youth with rapture quite unholy—
Not in the way that I enjoyed
Mince-pies or roly-poly;
While "G. A. S." appeared to me
Like a Leonid fresh from starland,
Not the young lion that we see
Portrayed in *Friendship's Garland.*

And there are tinklings of the lute
In orthodox decorous fashion,
But altogether destitute
Of "elemental" passion;
And illustrations which refrain
From all that verges on the shady,
But glorify the whiskered swain,
The lachrymose young lady.

The sirens of the "sixties" showed
No inkling of our modern Circes,
And swells had not evolved the code
That guides our precious Percys;
Woman, in short, was grave or gay,
But not a problem or a riddle,
And maidens still were taught to play
The harp and not the fiddle.

And writers in the main eschewed
All topics tending to disquiet,
All efforts to reorganize
Our dogmas or our diet;
You could not carp at MENDELSSOHN
Without creating quite a scandal,
And rag-time on the gramophone
Had not supplanted HANDEL.

Blameless and wholesome in their way,
At times agreeably subacid,
I love these records of a day
Long dead, but calm and placid;
And with a sigh I now replace
This ancient volume of *Belgravia*
And turn the "latest news" to face
Mutans amaris suavia.

A Slump in Marionettes.

"For the first time for centuries the Old Bailey Sessions were opened on Tuesday without the customary ceremonies connected with the summoning of a Grand Judy."
Lincolnshire Echo.

"Too proud to fight" has now become "Proud to fight too."

"'It was between half-past seven and eight,' said a fireman, 'and as I was off duty I came out on deck for a blow. The force of the explosion threw me along the deck for some yards.'"—*Daily Paper.*

"This is indeed a blow," said the gallant stoker—we *don't* think.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I HAVE the feeling that when Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING called his new volume *A Diversity of Creatures* (MACMILLAN) he was rather taking the word out of my mouth, or the sword out of my hand, or whatever one does for the confusion and discomforting of critics. Because it is just the extreme diversity of the tales herein which, while providing (as they say) something for all tastes, makes it very hard to appraise the book as a whole. In form it follows the KIPLING convention, endeared to us by so much pleasure, of sandwiching prose and verse, the poems echoing the idea of the tale that has preceded them, and themselves likely to prove for many the most attractive pages of the book. As for the stories, here we get diversity indeed; and not of theme alone. It is, of course, almost impossible for anything signed by Mr. KIPLING to be wholly commonplace, but I am bound to admit that there is at least one of the collection (which, pardon me, I do not mean to name) that makes a notable effort in that direction. Also there are two of which one can honestly say that no other pen could have written them with anything like such finished art—*The Village that Voted the Earth was Flat*, which one might call a fantasia upon Publicity, and (to my mind the best thing in the volume) *My Son's Wife*, an exquisitely humorous and cunning study in the Influence of Landed Estate upon a Modern. If this definition strikes you as obscure, read the story and you will understand. For the rest, as I said above, all tastes are catered for; so that the rival schools who admire Mr. KIPLING most as the creator of *Plain Tales*, or *Stalky* or *Puck*, will each receive encouragement and support; while, if there be those who prefer the pot-boiler undisguisable, they too will not find themselves altogether neglected.



"HENRY, I WISH YOU WOULD WRITE TO THE URBAN COUNCIL AND TELL THEM TO SEND A DUSTMAN WHO TURNS HIS TOES *IN*. OUR ROCK BORDER'S BEING COMPLETELY RUINED!"

I do wish our publishers would grasp the great truth that praise of their own wares needs (to say the least of it) most careful handling. What they, or some anonymous admirer, say on the cover of *The Worn Doorstep* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) is that they should like to shout its merits from the housetop. Possibly; but let me protest that it is for me, and not for them, to do the shouting, if any; which said, I will proceed to admit that the book is one of considerable charm. It is told in the form of letters (never to be posted, since they are from a young wife to her soldier-husband, presumed to have been killed before the opening of the book). Miss MARGARET SHERWOOD thus reverts to a convention more popular some few years ago than with our present-day romanticists. The matter of her tale shows how the young wife in question found consolation in befriending others, especially in the love affairs of a Belgian refugee couple, to whom she opens her home and heart. A very pretty idea, developed with many dainty and amiable touches. Perhaps (I set down no dogmatic verdict on the point) the cynical or impatient may find its sweetness something too drawn out. On the other hand, there are many "gentle readers," probably a vast majority, to whom its appeal will prove entirely successful. And as they can be trusted to spread its merits in the right quarters there will be no need for the publishers to shout, either from the house-top or anywhere else, which (as I suggested above) is as it should be.

When we are introduced to *Margaret Grenfield*, the heroine of *Fetters on the Feet* (ARNOLD), she is living with some Quaker cousins and spending most of her time in mending stockings. So many people make stockings who refuse absolutely to mend them that I imagine there must be something peculiarly unattractive in this work of restoration, and it was a fortunate day for *Margaret* when the pedantic young man of the house proposed to marry her. After this we discover that she has both a history and a will of her own. She leaves the Quakers, and goes as secretary to a lady who holds eccentric if broadminded views on every conceivable subject, and the change of atmosphere, however delightful in various ways, was too much for *Margaret's* peace of mind. The young Quaker was an obstinate wooer and followed her up, but his chances of success, which were never rosy, grew dimmer and dimmer as *Margaret*, freeing herself of shackles, gradually began to see life as a whole instead of through the eye of a darning-needle. In the end Mrs. FRED REYNOLDS tells us that "the day dawned. The whole earth sang and sparkled in the glad light of it," which is her way of saying that *Margaret* had found happiness. But all the same I fancy that introspection had become such a habit of this heroine that she is still likely to have days when the dawn is grey and no birds sing.

"He was also the first officer to make a successful flight from the deck of a British warship, and on one occasion he changed an aeroplane propeller blade whilst flying 2,000ft. above the sea."—*Evening Paper.*

The above extract has been forwarded by the members of a R.F.C. mess, who are anxious to know what happened when he stopped his engine.

"Wanted, for a Farmhouse, Middle-Aged Person to look an Old Lady; lifting and light duties."—*Newcastle Daily Journal.*

We doubt if there will be much response. Most middle-aged persons nowadays prefer to look like flappers.

From a trade prospectus:—

"—— Cubes contain the nourishing proprieties of beef."

We have always been great believers in bovine modesty.

CHARIVARIA.

According to a Rome paper, Hindenburg has requested that all the Royal Princes shall be removed from the West Front. The original plan of protecting Their Royal Highnesses by moving the Front further West has been definitely abandoned.

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The *Vossische Zeitung* informs us that the late Bissing was a "veritable angel of mercy." The Kaiser is wondering who started this scandal.

* * *

"We are back in the days," says Mr. Pretyman, "when the Mercantile Marine and the Navy were one." If these are the official figures that the Press has been clamouring for, the bread tickets will come none too soon.

* * *

Highland sheep-raisers are said to be feeding their lambs by hand on a mixture of hot milk and whisky. The little patients appear to take kindly to the diet, and one or two have even been understood to suggest that it seems rather a waste of milk.

* * *

The Imperial Government, we are informed, repudiates responsibility for the attack by one of its airmen on the Dutch village of Zierikzee, on the ground that, notwithstanding repeated warnings to abandon the unneutral practice, the village persisted in looking like a portion of the Isle of Wight.

* * *

Saluting is said to have been abolished in the Russian Army. Our own military authorities, on the other hand, declare that it would be unwise to abolish a practice in which the inventive genius of the young soldier has so much scope.

* * *

Many Germans, says Mr. Gerard, have food concealed in their wainscoting. But very few of them have any noticeable quantity behind their dadoes.

* * *

To mark the disapproval of a tax on complimentary theatre tickets several lifelong supporters of the British drama have already requested leading managers to take their names off the free list.

* * *

We learn from the Press, among the things that matter, that for two years a well-known Wye Valley angler has been trying to catch a certain large trout and at last he has succeeded in securing it. We understand that the trout died with a smile on his face.

* * *

We hope it is not due to the distraction of war, but America seems to be losing her dash. At a baseball match in New York the other day only three of the spectators were injured.

* * *

At the Shoreditch Tribunal a firm appealing for a man stated that he was "a director, traveller, buyer, manager, acted as cashier and costs clerk, loaded the vans, kept the place clean and made himself generally useful." It is just as well that they added the last item,



"No, dear, I'm afraid we shan't be at the dance to-night. Poor Herbert has got a touch of allotment feet."

or people might have thought he was one of those slackers we hear so much about.

* * *

News comes from Athens that King Constantine is realising his position and contemplates abdication in favour of the Crown Prince George. It is not yet known in whose favour the Crown Prince George will abdicate.

* * *

Phenomenal prices were again paid at Christie's last week for pearls. It is thought that official action will have to be taken to combat the belief, widely held in munition-making circles, that pearls dissolved in champagne are beneficial to the complexion.

* * *

"When we go to the Front we become the worst criminals," writes a German soldier taken prisoner at Trescault. We appreciate this generous attempt to shield his superiors, but cling to our belief that the worst criminals are still a good way behind the German lines.

* * *

M. Tribu, the Public Executioner to the Emperor of Austria, has just been married. The bride has promised to obey him.

* * *

It is thought probable that Mexico will very shortly decide to declare peace on America.

* * *

Colonel W. F. N. Noel, of Newent, claims that Gloucestershire cheese is as good as any made in England. He omits, however, to state whether these cheeses make good pets and are fond of children.

* * *

Paper-covered books are foreshadowed by the Publishers' Association, and it is rumoured that in order to conserve the paper supply Mr. Charles Garvice has decided that in future he will not write more than two novels per week.

* * *

We resent the suggestion that the public is not prepared to accept "substitutes." Only the other day a man rushed into a London *café*, asked if they had any prussic acid, and, when told that they never kept it, remarked, "Very well. Bring me a pork pie."

* * *

Three hundred fishing-rods have been sent to the Mesopotamia Field Force. No request was forwarded for flies.

* * *

Dealing with Ibsen's *Ghosts* at the Kingsway Theatre, the critic of a halfpenny morning paper refers to it as a "medley of weird psychopathy and symbolism." Just as if he were writing for a penny paper.

* * *

A woman at West London Police Court has been sentenced for "masquerading as a man." Several conscientious objectors are now getting very nervous on sighting a policeman.

* * *

Only egg-laying hens will be permitted to survive under the new regulations of the Board of Agriculture. Villagers who in the past have made a nice thing out of training hens to get run over by motor cars will be hard hit.

* * *

Now that racing has been prohibited it is unlikely that the Slate Club Secretaries' Sprinting Handicaps will be held this year.

STOMACH FOR THE FIGHT.

O NOT because my taste for bread
Tended to make me much too stout,
And all the leading doctors said
I should be better far without;
Not that my health may be more rude,
More svelte my rounded style of beauty,
I sacrifice this staple food—
But from a sense of duty!

I "can no other" when I think
Of how the Hun, docile and meek,
Suffers his ravenous maw to shrink,
And only strikes, say, once a week;
If he for all these months has stood
The sorry fare they feed the brute on,
I hope that I can be as good
A patriot as your Teuton.

Henceforth I spurn the dear delight
That went so well with jam or cheese;
No tum of mine shall wear the white
Flour of a shameless life of ease;
Others may pass one loaf in three,
Some rather more than that, and some less,
But I—the only course for me—
Go absolutely crumbless.

So, when I quit this mortal strife,
Men on my grave these lines shall score:—
"Much as he loved the Staff of Life
He loved his country even more;
He needed no compelling ban;
England, in fact, had but to ask it,
And he surrendered, like a man,
The claims of his bread-basket."

O. S.

DIPLOMATIC NOTES.

THE Latin-American situation remains obscure. According to advices from Archangel, Paraguay intends to act, though curiously enough a strange cloud of silence hangs over recent (and coming) events in Ecuador. Bolivia has decided to construct a fleet, despite the fact that the absence of a seaboard is being made a reason for sinister opposition in pro-German circles. Patagonia has mobilised both her soldiers, but her gun is still under repair.

Panagua has declared war on Germany. It is hard to over-estimate the value of this new adhesion to the Allied cause. The standing army is well over six hundred strong, and there is a small but modern fleet, consisting of two revenue cutters, one super skiff, eight canoes (mounted with two pairs of six-inch oars) and one raft (Benamuckee class). The President, in a moving address to the Panaguan Senate, declared, "The world is watching Panagua; it does not watch in vain." Señora Hysterica, the first woman senator, cast the only vote against war. "I cannot," she sobbed.

Things are moving in Mexico. General CARRANZA has summoned a mass-meeting of ex-Presidents to consider the situation, and a counter-demonstration by the Brigands' Trade Union Congress is feared. Even as far north as Greenland the repercussion may be felt. Here, owing to the new régime of blubber-cards, Eskimo opinion is in a very nervous state. Indeed, according to an inspired semi-official utterance by Prince Bowo, the Siamese Deputy Vice-Consul at Fez, it is not too much to say that almost anything may, or may not, happen in this Arctic quarter.

The outlook in Palestine is dark. Strict silence is enforced in all public places, and even whispering is forbidden at street corners. More than two-thirds of the population are spies. Relatives are only allowed to speak to each other if granted a special licence or talking-ticket by the Sheikh-ul-Islam, though there is a special dispensation for mothers-in-law. The reported mobilization of eighty goats on Mount Tabor shows pretty clearly which way the wind is blowing; whilst it is persistently rumoured in Joppa that five camels were seen passing through Jerusalem yesterday. Suspicious dredging operations in the Dead Sea are also reported by a Berne correspondent. The future is big with presage.

All eyes are fixed on the two great African Powers which still stand aside from the maelström of war. The position in Ethiopia is, to say the least of it, tendentious, and at any moment the natives may change their skin. The coronation of the new Empress of Abyssinia is being followed as usual by the great Feast of the Blue Umbrella, at which an important pronouncement is, I learn, to be made. I hear, moreover (from a private source in Trondhjem, *viâ* Mecca and Amsterdam), that Wady-ul-Dzjinn, the new Premier, and a staunch pro-Ally, is expected to speak with no uncertain voice. Unfortunately serious liquorice riots have broken out in the capital, and these are being cunningly used by German agents to turn popular discontent against the Allies. Fräulein von Schlimm, a niece by marriage of the acting Montenegrin Envoy, is accused of purposely hoarding five hundred sticks of "Spanish" so as to aggravate the crisis. The usually reliable correspondent of *The Salt Lake City Morning Pioneer* telegraphs (*viâ* Tomsk) that she only escaped lynching by distributing her treasure to the mob.

In a similar way economic issues are determining the attitude of Thibet. Prices in Lhassa are rising fabulously. The new Food Controller is endeavouring to grapple with the situation, and the yak ration has again been reduced. It behoves British diplomacy to see that the ensuing discontent is not turned into Germanophil currents. Where is our Foreign Office? What is being done? We are in the third year of the War and yet, while the German Minister is distributing free arrowroot to the populace, Whitehall slumbers on. It may be nothing to our mandarins that a full platoon was added to the Thibetan field-strength only last week, and that the Government dinghy is already watertight.

Later. Paraguay's attitude is now defined as one of Stark Neutrality. Patagonia has increased her army by fifty per cent. The new recruit promises to make an excellent fighting unit.

IN A GOOD CAUSE.

Mr. Punch begs to call attention to a Great Lottery of Paintings, Drawings, Sculptures, etc., by many of the chief British artists of the day and of earlier schools, which is being organised, by licence of the Board of Trade, in aid of the St. Dunstan's Hostels for Blinded Soldiers and Sailors. These works of art (including many by Mr. Punch's artists) will be exhibited at the Bazaar which is being held this week at the Royal Albert Hall in aid of the same splendid cause. After May 10th they may be seen at the Chenil Galleries. Tickets for the Lottery (5*s.*) are to be obtained from Mr. Kineton Parkes, The Chenil Galleries, 183A, King's Road, Chelsea, S.W. The drawing of the Lottery Prizes will take place on July 10th at St. Dunstan's Hostel, Regent's Park.

Mr. Punch also commends to his kind readers the claims of "Lamp Day," which is to be celebrated in London on Friday, May 11th, and in the suburbs on May 12th, the birthday of FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE. The proceeds are to be divided between the Women's Service Bureau, which registers and trains women for national employment, and the Scottish Women's Hospitals, whose London units are doing gallant work with the Serbian division of the Russian Army in Roumania. Each of these is a cause that would have appealed to the heart of the "Lady of the Lamp," devoted pioneer of Women's Service both at home and in the field. Those who live outside the Metropolitan area are begged to send a little money to the Hon. Treasurer of Lamp Day, Lady COWDRAY, 16, Carlton House Terrace, S.W. Cheques and Postal Orders to be crossed "London County and Westminster Bank, Victoria Branch."



DONNERWETTER.

HINDENBURG. "WHICHEVER COMES OUT, IT'S ROTTEN WEATHER FOR ME!"



Lidy (referring to Court Rival). "I WON'T 'ARF GIVE 'ER SOMEFINK WHEN I SEE 'ER—LEARNIN' 'ER BLOOMIN' KIDS TO SWANK PAST MY DOOR SUCKIN' *SUGAR*—LIKE BLINKIN' PLUTERCRATS."

TOLD TO THE MARINES.

THIS is the yarn wot Sergeant Wells
O' 'Is Majesty's Marine
Told in the mess 'bout seven bells—
'E 's the skipper's servant an' knows a lot;
An' I don't say it 's true and I don't say it 's not,
But it easily might 'ave been.

"'Twas in the fust few months o' the War,
An' the vessel wot I was on
Was layin' a couple of cables from shore;
I 'd pulled to the steps in the scullin' boat
To get some thread for the skipper's coat
Where the seam of the arm 'ad gone.

"I was driftin' back on the fallin' tide,
And feeling a trifle queer,
When somethin' grated agin the side;
I sat up straight and I scratched my 'ead;
'There ain't no rocks round 'ere,' I said,
'It must 'ave bin all that beer.'

"When suddenly close on my starboard beam,
With scarcely a foot between
(I can see it now like an 'ijjus dream),
Rearin' its 'ead like a pisonous snake
Was a periscope, an' I saw the wake
Of a big 'Un submarine.

"An' I knew the ship wos an easy mark,
Like shootin' a sittin' 'en,
For the sky wos bright an' 'er 'ull wos dark
With the 'ole of 'er broadside showin' clear—
Couldn't 'ave missed, she was layin' so near,
If 'e 'd got 'er bearin's then.

"I saw 'is cruel little eye
A-swivellin' stem to starn;
'Now, Wells,' I ses, 'you must do or die,'
So I crammed my cap a-top o' the slit
And lashed it fast in place with a bit,
Wot I 'd pinched, of the bo'sun's yarn.

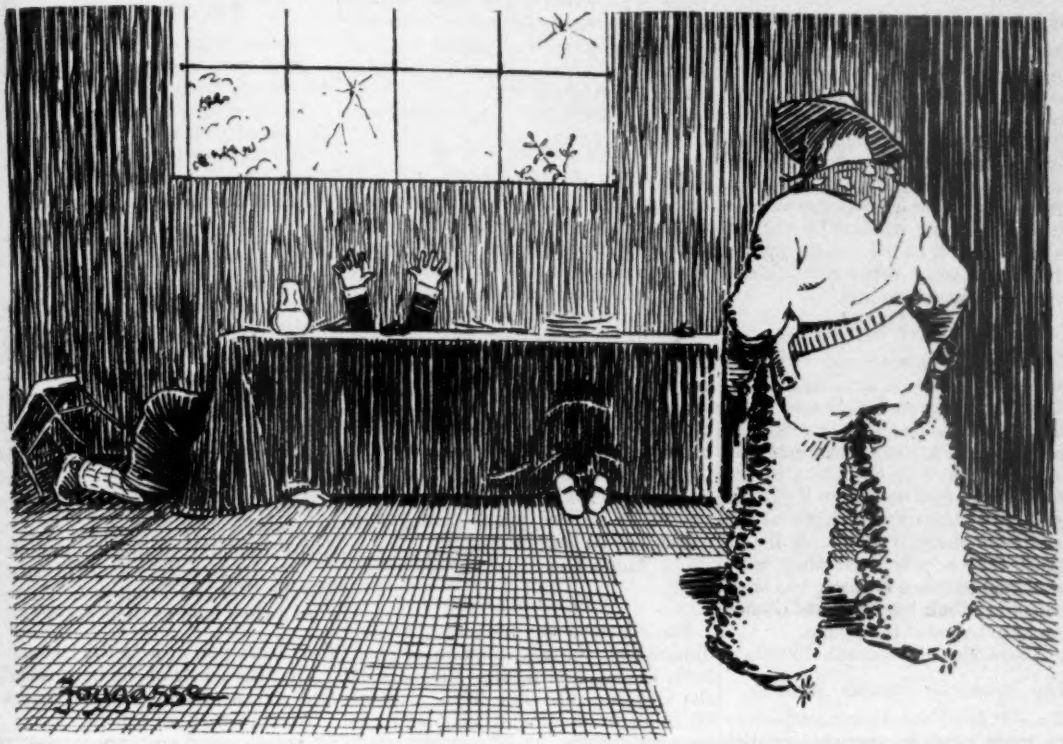
"'E wos blinded, of course, an' 'e sank like a stone,
Which wos all that the blighter could do,
An' I 'urried to speak to the skipper alone;
I found 'im pacin' the quarter-deck,
An' I told 'im the truth in every respec'
The same as I 'm tellin' you.

"Well, 'e looked me up an' 'e looked me down
Till I felt my cheeks go warm,
For I knowed there wos somethin' adrift by 'is frown;
Then 'e closed 'is jaw with a wicious snap;
'Where,' ses 'e, 'is your perishin' cap?
Do you call that uniform?'

"An' so long as Brittanyer is queen of the sea,
Which is wot she 'as always bin,
You may do your dooty as well as me,
But you won't 'ave no credit at all for the same
Unless you give 'eed to the rules of the game,
Which is Service Discipline."

Our Polygamists.

"The bride carried a sheaf of harem lilies and orchids."—*Provincial Paper.*



WAR-TIME IN THE WILD WEST.

POSTMORTEM PETE APPEARS BEFORE THE LONE GULCH TRIBUNAL TO PLEAD FOR EXEMPTION ON CONSCIENTIOUS GROUNDS.

DOCKING THE DRAMA.

It has been reported that, in view of the necessity for restricting the consumption of artificial illuminant, the authorities propose drastically to curtail the duration of theatrical entertainments. Should this prove to be the case, we venture to anticipate certain further regulations that may shortly be added to those already printed upon the programmes:—

(1) Every possible effort must be made to reduce the two-and-a-half hours' traffic of the stage to one hour-and-a-half. With this purpose it is enacted that—

(2) No reference to any supposed events prior to the commencement of the action will be permitted in the dialogue. All such particulars as may be essential to an understanding of the plot must be legibly printed upon the programmes.

(3) No performer to take more than thirty-five seconds in quitting the stage. Backward looks and doorway pauses forbidden (provided always that nothing in this section shall apply to the case of an actor-manager when surrendering heroine to youthful rival).

(4) All applause, except at the fall of the curtain, to be instantly suppressed by ushers appointed for that purpose.

(5) Friend-of-the-Family parts to be restricted to one illustrative anecdote and one advisory monologue, neither to exceed three-and-a-half minutes in delivery.

In addition, the Limelight Control Committee furnishes us with the following scale of allowances and restrictions under a new clause of the Defence of the Realm Act:—

DRAMA.—The duration of the employment of limelight in Drama may be as follows:—

During eviction of heroine into snowstorm, allowance of one beam for a reasonable period not to exceed one minute.

For death of infant-phenomenon, double-beam lasting two minutes; supplementary allowance for angelic vision subsequent to same.

Embrace of hero and heroine at curtain fall, double-beam, two-and-a-half minutes.

FARCE AND COMEDY.—It is regretted that, in view of the situation, no allowances of limelight can at present be sanctioned.

MUSICAL PLAYS AND REVUES.—Patriotic or Hortatory Songs may be accompanied by four beams, with supplementary allowance for encore verses. (N.B. In these cases application should be supported by a recommendation from the particular Government Department, War Office, Admiralty, or Ministry of Munitions, extolled in the proposed ballad.)

Ethiopian Serenades, hitherto given by the light of (apparently) two full-moons, must be restricted to one beam, of reduced candle-power, thus combining realism with economy.

The Mysteries of Arboriculture.

From an American Nursery Company's pamphlet:—

"Practise thinning in the winter time and head back in the summer. A tree can be kept bearing practically regular crops. Of course, it is impossible to keep any tree bearing practically regular crops, but, of course, it is impossible to keep any tree bearing a full crop regularly. Wonders can be done by this system of pruning.

We can well believe this.

"'Wild Foods of Great Britain,' with 46 figs. 1s. 6d. net."
"Times" Literary Supplement.

With fruit at present prices the figs alone should be worth the money.

HINTS TO GROSVENOR HOUSE.

Mr. Punch is not more free from correspondents who know how to solve the food problem than other papers are.

The following six letters have been selected with care from some thousand and three received during the week. The others are at the service of any enterprising editor, or Lord Devonport can have them if he will send a waggon to take them away. They should make pleasant week-end reading.

An Excellent Suggestion.

Sir,—What we plain men want to know and what we are entitled to know is—What does Lord Devonport eat? What does Mr. Kennedy-Jones eat? What does Mr. Alfred Butt eat? It would make a vast difference to the success of the food campaign if each of these administrators was visible at his meals, doing himself extremely ill. I suggest that a prominent shop window should be taken for each, and they should have their luncheon and dinner there in full view of the public.

Yours, etc., Common Sense.

The Power of British Humour.

Sir,—If the Food Economy posters were more carefully thought out the trick would be done. I suggest, for example, something really pithy and witty, such as—

IT IS NOT ENOUGH
FOR
ONE OR TWO DAYS
TO BE
MEATLESS DAYS.
YOU SHOULD SEE
THAT ALL DAYS
ARE
EAT-LESS DAYS.

Something like that would soon drive the fear of England into the [unprintable word] Germans.

Yours, etc., Downright.

To Master the Rolls.

Sir,—My experience is that all rolls are too big. I personally can get through a meal comfortably with only half the fat roll that is automatically put before me at most of the restaurants. Let Lord Devonport decree a roll just half the size, and the difference both in consumption and waste will be enormous. At a dinner-party which I attended the other evening, not, Sir, a hundred miles from your own office, the excessive size of the rolls was the subject of much comment. No one should be given the opportunity of leaving any bread. It should be doled out in the smallest doses.

Yours, etc., Observer.

The Use of Abuse.

Sir,—The real trouble with the food economy campaign is that ordinary people, who perhaps, not unnaturally, have got into the habit of not believing the daily papers, do not realise what their enemy and the chief enemy of the country at this moment is—I mean the German submarine. In order to get this fact into their intelligence I suggest that free classes in objurgation are at once instituted, in which, instead of the common "You beast!" "You brute!" "You blighter!" and so forth, the necessity of saying nothing but "You (U) boat!" in every dispute or quarrel is insisted upon. The young might also be thus instructed.

Yours, etc., Far Sighted.

Writ Sarcastic.

Sir,—I have an infallible plan for diminishing the consumption of good food, at any rate among Members of the Government. Let them give up all other forms of nutriment and eat their own words. The Prime Minister might begin. I am, Yours, etc.,

Organised Opposition.

"Food Hogs" superseded.

Sir,—I am told that there are people so lost to shame that they are still, in spite of the King's Proclamation and all the other appeals to their patriotism, eating as usual. I suggest that they be branded as the "Alimentary Canaille." Yours, etc.,

Disgusted.

"Sir G. Cornewall Lewis made the best speeches in the moist manner."
British Weekly.

We had always understood till now that he was one of our dry speakers.

"Mr. R. M'Neill was surprised that the hon. member should have thought it worth while to make a point of that sort. Surely he knew the rule 'Qui facit peralium facit perse.'"
The Times.

The maxim seems to have jammed.

"Mr. Bonar Law replied: 'The Imperial War Cabinet is both executive and consultative, its functions being regulated by the nature of the subject of the Bandman Opera Coy.'"
The Empire (Calcutta).

As one of the subjects of the Company (according to its advertised programme) is a piece entitled "The Rotters," we feel confident that Mr. Bonar Law has been misreported.

TROOP HORSES.

Through lingering long months idle
They have kept you ready and fit,
All shining from hock to bridle,
All burnished from hoof to bit;
The set of your silk coat's beauty,
The lie of its lightest hair,
Was an anxious trooper's duty
And a watchful captain's care.

Not the keenest eye could discover
The sign of the sloth on you,
From the last mane-lock laid over
To the last nail tight in the shoe;
A blast, and your ranks stood ready;
A shout, and your saddles filled;
A wave, and your troop was ready
To wheel where the leaders willed.

"Fine-drawn and fit to the buckle!"
Was your confident Colonel's pride,
And the faith of the lads—"Our luck 'll
Come back when the Spring winds ride;"
And, dropping their quaint oaths drolly,
They dragged their spurs in the mire,
Till the Western Front woke slowly
And they won to their hearts' desire.

They loose you now to the labours
That the needs of the hour reveal,
And you carry the proud old sabres
To cross with a tarnished steel;
So, steady—and keep position—
And stout be your hearts to-day,
As you shoulder the old tradition
And charge in the ancient way!

W. H. O.

MORE ZOO NOTES.

Raw sugar, Captain Bathurst states, cannot be sold on account of the presence of the sugar louse. It is thought that Mr. Pocock, who has so successfully brought the Zoo's rations into conformity with war conditions, might probably persuade the animal to live on hemp seed.

"Changes in the Zoo's dietary," says Mr. Pocock, "were effected without difficulty." The rumour that the hippopotamus demanded a pailful of jam with its mangel-wurzels, in the belief that they were some kind of homœopathic pill, appears to have been baseless.

In order to assist the many fine specimens of moth in the Insect House, it is reported that several actor-managers owning fur coats have offered them a good home.

The birds of paradise are no longer fed on beetroot. Since the all-red route has been denied them they protest against being called birds of paradise, and wish to be known simply as "birds."



OUR PERSEVERING OFFICIALS;

OR, THE RECRUIT THAT WAS PASSED AT THE THIRTEENTH EXAMINATION.



Private Saunders (whose battalion, having been sent back from the front line for "rest," is compelled to spend the night in the street, its billets being still occupied by other troops—to cheery pal, who breaks into song). "'USH, GINGER—YOU 'LL GIVE THE TOWN A BAD NAME."

WHITEHALL WHISPERINGS.

(*With apologies to the seers of the Sunday papers.*)

A GREAT port was swathed in bunting last week. I was there, but I must not say what caused this outburst of enthusiasm. But even the Censor can scarcely forbid my hinting that it was connected with a naval success of peculiar brilliance which must be suppressed because we wish to keep the Bosches guessing.

Who was in Switzerland when he was regularly reported as being in attendance at War Council meetings? Who was actually supposed to have addressed a public meeting in England when in reality he was hundreds of miles away? I make no statement; I merely write the word "Austria." To those who understand it will be enough.

Have you noticed that for some weeks we have had no news from the Port of Danzig? I draw no deduction, but do not be surprised to hear in a few weeks that the Port of Danzig has ceased to exist.

There is grave trouble at Scotland Yard. A Hun Colonel captured at Arras was found to have in his pocket a receipted bill from a London hotel of the previous week's date. It would surprise you very much if I told you at which hotel "Mr. Perkins" stayed and what guests he entertained there.

Why did the Liberian envoy call at the Foreign Office six times last week? His explanation, offered to an inquiring Pressman, that he had lost an umbrella, was naïve, to say the least. I must not betray what I know, but I may hint that KING FERDINAND of Bulgaria is famous for the devious ways in which he carries on negotiations.

A neutral diplomatist of considerable importance has never taken a holiday since the War began, and has always told his friends that he will never leave his post till peace comes. On an afternoon this week he was seen with beaming face buying a travelling rug and two portable trunks at one of London's largest emporia. I wonder—yes, I wonder.

[*The Editor.* You are not very spicy this week.

The Contributor. Nor would you be if you had been confined to the house at Peckham Rye with influenza. Better work next week. I have an appointment to lunch with a member of the National Liberal Club and shall get right to the heart of things.]

Extract from Army Orders at the Front:—

"A C. of E. Chaplain will shortly join the Heavy Artillery. Please make arrangements for him to be accommodated in the —— Heavy Battery Horse Lines."

The nearest thing that could be got, we suppose, to a Canon's stall.

"As approved up to date, the bread ticket will comprise four squares, each entitling the holder to purchase two ounces of bread; or, by presenting the whole ticket, two quartern loaves of 4lb. each."—*Birmingham Daily Mail.*

Mr. Punch, though yielding in patriotism to no one, has already decided to present the whole ticket.

From a letter by "Retired Diplomat" on "Maize Bread":—

"To obtain this result the hard yellow husk must be separated from the soft white core, as does the parrot, and the latter alone retained for baking purposes."—*Evening Paper.*

As in these days no means of increasing the supply of food-stuffs should be neglected, we have much pleasure in passing on "Retired Diplomat's" suggestion to the authorities of the Zoo. Personally we prefer Cockatoo *en casserole.*



THE PRICE OF VICTORY.

"WELL, OLD GIRL, IF WE CAN'T DO THAT MUCH, WE DON'T DESERVE TO WIN."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, April 30th.—After this week Newmarket will be "a blasted heath," for all horse-racing is to be stopped. Irish Members could hardly believe the dreadful news. What are the hundred thousand young men who refuse to fight for their country to do with their spare time? Scotch Members, on the contrary, were rather pleased. Mr. DUNCAN MILLAR, whose desire to deprive his countrymen of their national beverage is only equalled by his zeal on behalf of their national food, rejoiced in the prospect that fewer oats for high-mettled racers would mean more "parritch" for humble constituents.

There never was a dockyard Member who more faithfully fulfilled the House of Commons' conception of the type than Sir CLEMENT KINLOCH-COOKE. In a comparatively short Parliamentary career he must have already cost the country a pretty penny in extra pay and pensions to the "mateys" and "matlows" of Devonport. Latterly he has given the Admiralty a rest and has devoted himself to strafing the Home Office for its alleged tenderness to the Conscientious Objectors lodged at Princetown—a race of sturdy beggars, according to his account, who live like fighting-cocks, do next to no work, get leave periodically to air their eloquence at pacifist meetings, and, worst of all, invade his constituency in their leisure hours. Mr. SHIRLEY BENN, who represents the neighbouring borough of Plymouth, supported this indictment, and added the amazing detail that one of the Princetown pacifists was an ex-pugilist.

Invited to select from the 670 members of the House the two men least likely to engage in personal violence I should have thought myself safe in choosing Sir GEORGE GREENWOOD and Mr. JOSEPH KING. The former is so devoted to animals that he would not turn upon a worm; the thought of bloodshed so shocks the latter that he welcomes any suggestion of peace however illusory. But, when Mr. KING described a proposal of Sir GEORGE'S as "infected with Prussianism," that gallant knight promptly invited him to repeat his language outside the House; and Mr. KING, nothing daunted, declared his readiness "to meet the hon. Member where he likes and with whatever weapons he likes." If the meeting had come off it is believed that Blue Books at forty yards would have been the choice; but, happily, peace was soon afterwards restored.

Tuesday, May 1st.—Some of our super-patriots have no luck. Mr. JOYNSON-HICKS, having discovered that the British Vice-Consul at Riga was a gentleman with the suspicious name of WISKEMANN, thought that he had got hold of a sure thing—not the whole Hidden Hand, perhaps, but certainly one of the phalanges. And then down came Lord ROBERT CECIL with the information that the gentleman in question was not only British-born but was a product of Wellington and Cambridge, and a public servant in whom the Foreign Office had the utmost confidence. "Foiled again," muttered HICKS to JOYNSON, "but a time will come!"



THE PROPOSED DEMOLITION OF THE LADIES' GRILLE.
The SPEAKER and Sir A. MOND (together). "AFTER YOU, SIR."

Like the retired soap-boiler who always looked in on melting-days, Lord HARCOURT could not resist the attraction of the Office of Works' Vote. He never displayed his ability more signally than in the rapidity and ease with which he used as First Commissioner to get his Estimates through the House. It was a treat to hear him poking fun at the bores, demolishing the captious and humouring the serious critics of his administration. His present successor goes about his business in a more stolid way. In his hands the rapier has become a ploughshare. At first the few Members who stayed to listen found him *Le Mond qui nous ennuie*, but he woke them up later with the startling announcement that he can, if he likes, with a stroke of the pen remove the ladies' grille, and admit the fair visitors to a full view of the House, and, what is more important, admit the House to a full view of the fair visitors. For the moment, I gather, he means to hold his hand, pending full consideration of all the changes that such a revolution may involve. Besides, the SPEAKER may have to be consulted, although up to the present he has exhibited no desire to rush in where angels—bless them!—love to tread.

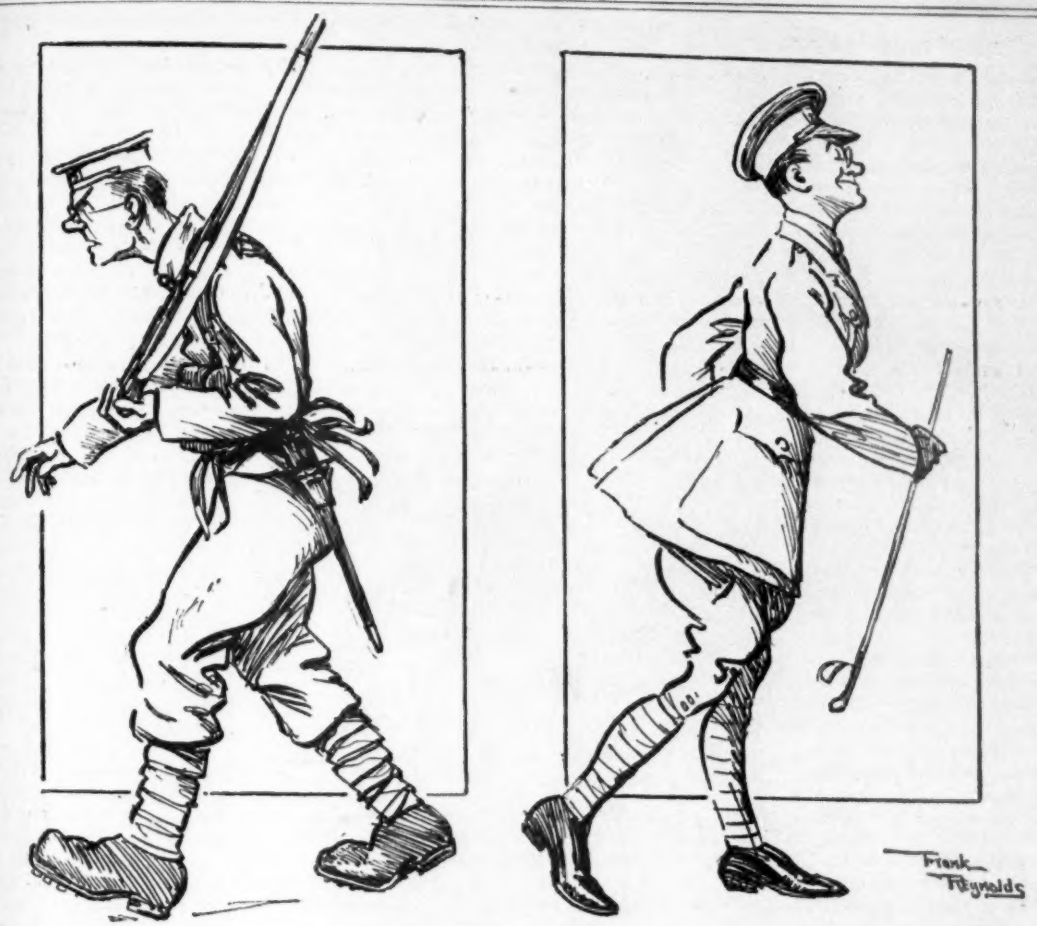


THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER LYING IN WAIT FOR A RICH PRIZE.

Wednesday, May 2nd.—Curiosity to hear Mr. BONAR LAW'S first Budget-speech caused a full House. The Peers attended in force, and among the distinguished strangers was "Dr. JIM," a man of action who, as a rule, takes little interest in the men of talk.

The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER'S Budget statement was praised by his predecessor for its ability and lucidity. Personally, I thought rapidity was its most notable characteristic. Unhampered by manuscript (save a couple of sheets of notepaper containing a few of the principal figures) and relying upon his exceptional memory, he rattled through his thousand-million totals at such a pace that my panting pencil toiled after him in vain. In seventy-five minutes by the clock he spoke four solid columns of *The Times*.

As we have failed to drink ourselves out of our difficulties, for the Excise returns show a steady falling off, we



A CADET'S DAY.

9 A.M.—Sad Rags. 7 P.M.—Glad Rags.

are to do our bit towards smoking ourselves out of them by paying 1*s.* 10*d.* a pound more on our tobacco. This last impost constitutes a real piece of self-denial on the Chancellor's part, for he is much addicted to cigars both long and strong, somewhat resembling those which enabled Mr. W. J. Travis to carry off the Amateur Golf Championship to America.

Thursday, May 3rd.—The secrets of the Budget were so well kept that Mr. Law himself forgot the most important of them until to-day. In future it will be a case of "one man (or woman) one dog," unless the owner is prepared to pay on an ascending scale for his extra pets. In our fight with Germany we must neglect no precaution however small. To get the Kaiser back to his kennel we will, if necessary, empty our own. Doggedness is essential to victory, but not over-doggedness. Then let us, in Calverley's phrase, "curtail the already cur-tailed cur."

A MINISTERIAL WAIL.

["The most trenchant critics of the Government since its formation have been Mr. Pringle and Mr. Hogge."—*British Weekly*].

The gipsy camping in a dingle
I reckon as a lucky dog;
He doesn't hear the voice of Pringle,
He doesn't hear the snorts of Hogge.

The moujik crouching in his ingle
Somewhere near Tomsk or Taganrog
I envy; he is far from Pringle
And equally remote from Hogge.

I find them deadly when they're single,
But deadlier in the duologue,
When the insufferable Pringle
Backs the intolerable Hogge.

I'd rather walk for miles on shingle
Or flounder knee-deep in a bog
Than listen to a speech from Pringle
Or hearken to the howls of Hogge.

Their tyrannous exactions mingle
The vices of Kings Stork and Log;
One day I give the palm to Pringle,
The next I offer it to Hogge.

The style of *Mr. Alfred Jingle*
Was jumpy, but he did not clog
His sense with woolly words, like Pringle,
With priggish petulance, like Hogge.

I'd love to see the *Bing Boys* bingle,
To go to music-halls *incog.*,
Instead of being posed by Pringle
And heckled by the hateful Hogge.

My appetite is gone; I "pingle"
(As Norfolk puts it) with my prog;
My meals are marred by thoughts of Pringle,
My sleep is massacred by Hogge.

O patriots, with your nerves a-tingle,
With all your righteous souls agog,
Will none of you demolish Pringle
And utterly extinguish Hogge?

Of Margarine: *C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas le beurre.*

THE MUD LARKS.

In the long long-ago, Frobisher and I, assisted by a handful of native troopers, kept the flag flying at M'Vini.

We hoisted it to the top of a tree at sun-up, where it remained, languidly flapping its tatters over leagues of Central African bush till sun-set, when we hauled it down again—an arduous life. After we had been at M'Vini about six months, had shot everything worth shooting, and knew one another's funny stories off by heart, Frobisher and I grew bored with each other, hated in fact the sight, sound and mere propinquity of each other, and, shutting ourselves up in our separate huts, communicated only on occasions of the direct necessity, and then by the curtest of official notes. Thus a further three months dragged on.

Then one red-hot afternoon came Frobisher's boy to my wattle-and-dab, bearing a note.

"Visitor approaching from S.W. got up like a May-Queen; think it must be the Kaiser. Lend me a bottle of whisky and mount a guard—must impress the blighter."

I attached my last bottle of Scotch to the messenger and sallied forth to mount a guard, none too easy a job, as the Army had gone to celebrate somebody's birthday in the neighbouring village. However, I discovered one remaining trooper lying in the shade of a loquat-tree. He was sick—dying, he assured me; but I persuaded him to postpone his demise for at least half-an-hour, requisitioned his physician (the local witch doctor) and two camp followers, and, leaving my cook-boy to valet them, dashed to my hut to make my own toilet. A glimpse through the cane mats five minutes later showed me that our visitors had arrived.

A fruity German officer in full gala rig (white gloves and all) was cruising about on mule-back before our camp, trying to discover whether it was inhabited or not. We let him cruise for a quarter of an hour without taking any steps to enlighten him. Then, at a given signal, Frobisher, caparisoned in every fal-lal he could collect, issued from his hut, and I turned out the improvised guard. A stirring spectacle; and it had the desired effect, for the German afterwards admitted to being deeply impressed, especially by the local wizard, who paraded in his professional regalia, and, coming to cross-purposes with his rifle, bayoneted himself and wept bitterly. The ceremonies over and the casualty removed, we adjourned to Frobisher's *kya*, broached the whisky and sat about in solemn state, stiff with accoutrements, sodden with perspiration. Our visitor kept the Red, White and Black flying on a tree over the border, he explained; this was his annual ceremonial call. He sighed and brushed the sweat from his nose with the tips of a white glove—"the weather was warm, *nicht wahr?*" I admitted that we dabbled in flag-flying ourselves and that the weather was all he claimed for it (which effort cost me about four pounds in weight). Tongues lolling, flanks heaving, we discussed the hut tax, the melon crop, the monkey-nut market, the nigger—and the weather again.

Suddenly Frobisher sprang up, cast loose the shackles of his Sam Browne, hurled it into a corner, and began tearing at his tunic hooks. I stared at him in amazement—such manners before visitors! But our immaculate guest leapt to his feet with a roar like a freed lion, and, stripping his white gloves, flung them after the Sam Browne, whereupon a fury of undressing came upon us. Helmets, belts, tunics, shirts were piled into the corner, until at length we stood in our underclothes, laughing and unashamed. After that we got on famously, that Teuton and we, and three days later, when he swarmed aboard his mule and left for home (in pyjamas this time) it was with real regret we waved him farewell.

But not for long. Within a month we were surprised by a hail from the bush, and there was Otto, mule, pyjamas and all.

"'Ullo, 'ullo, 'ullo!" he carolled. "'Ere comes ze Sherman invasion! Durn out ze guard!" He roared with laughter, fell off his palfrey and bawled for his batman, who ambled up balancing a square box on his woolly pate.

His mother in Munich had sent him a case of Lion Brew, Otto explained, so he had brought it along.

We wassailed deep into that night and out the other side, and we liked our Otto more than ever. We had plenty in common, the same loneliness, fevers, climate, and niggers to wrestle with; moreover he had been in England, and liked it; he smoked a pipe; he washed. Also, as he privily confided to us in the young hours of one morning, he had his doubts as to the divinity of the Kaiser, and was not quite convinced that Richard Strauss had composed the music of the spheres.

He was a bad Hun (which probably accounted for his presence at the uttermost, hottermost edge of the All-Highest's dominions), but a good fellow. Anyhow, we liked him, Frobisher and I; liked his bull-mouthed laughter, his drinking songs and full-blooded anecdotes, and, on the occasions of his frequent visits, put our boredom from us, pretended to be on the most affectionate terms, and even laughed uproariously at each other's funny stories. Up at M'Vini, in the long long-ago, the gleam of pyjamas amongst the loquats, and "'Ere comes ze Sherman invasion!" booming through the bush, became a signal for general good-will.

In the fulness of time Otto went home on leave, and, shortly afterwards, the world blew up.

And now I have met him again, a sodden, muddy, bloody, shrunken, saddened Otto, limping through a snow-storm in the custody of a Canadian Corporal. He was the survivor of a rear-guard, the Canuck explained, and had "scrapped like a bag of wild-cats" until knocked out by a rifle butt. As for Otto himself, he hadn't much to say; he looked old, cold, sick and infinitely disgusted. He had always been a poor Hun.

Only once did he show a gleam of



Friend (to animal painter). "I SAY, OLD CHAP, YOU LOOK A BIT OFF COLOUR TO-DAY."
Artist. "YES, I AM. I CAN'T DO A STROKE OF WORK."
Friend. "ONE OF YOUR MEATLESS DAYS, IN FACT."

his ancient form of those old hot, happy, pyjama days on the Equator.

A rabble of prisoners—Jägers, Grenadiers, Uhlans, what-nots—came trudging down the road, an unshorn, dishevelled herd of cut-throats, propelled by a brace of diminutive kilties, who paused occasionally to treat them to snatches of flings and to hoot triumphantly.

Otto regarded his fallen compatriots with disgusted lack-lustre eyes, then turning to me with a ghost of his old smile, "'Ere comes ze Sherman invasion," said he.

CAUTIONARY TALES FOR THE ARMY.

II.

(Second-Lieutenant Humphrey Spence, who was slightly wounded through a lack of a proper sense of the rights of rank.)

Second-Lieutenant Humphrey Spence
Had no idea of precedence;
To him his Colonel was no more
Than any other messroom bore;
And he would try to make a pal
Not merely of a General,
But even a horrified non com
He'd greet with "Tiddly-om-pom-pom!"
Although in other ways quite nice,
He was perverted by this vice.
For instance, once he had to tea
A private in the A.S.C.,
And asked to meet him Cathcart-Crewe,
A Major in the Horse Guards Blue.
Too frequently did it occur
That, when a senior officer
Was with him, he would up and take
Salutes from privates. Why, he'd shake
Even Sir DOUGLAS by the hand
And say, "Old chap, you're doing grand."

This sort of thing caused some distress
Among the members of his mess.
He often took the Colonel's chair;
He often flourished in the air
His water-glass (when wine was scanty),
And shouted, "Cheero, Adjutanty!"
You see, he simply had no sense
Of military precedence.

His regiment went out to France
To help a general advance.
Now in a minute they must hop
Like billy-o across the top.
Amid the din the Colonel said,
"It will be hellish overhead.
Machine-guns will let loose a jet
Of bullets on the parapet;
We'll meet a burst of rifle fire,
And, as for shells, I don't desire
To see in so confined a space
A thicker lot than we shall face.
Now, gentlemen, attend, I pray—
When we attack, I lead the way!"



Distracted Wife. "OH, ALFRED—THE POTATO-PATCH!"

Now wouldn't anyone concur,
Saying at once, "With pleasure, Sir!"
Nor with undisciplined delight
Baulk the good Colonel of his right?
Not so young Spence. The moment came,
And, heedless of the cries of "Shame!"
He never offered *once* to wait
Until the Colonel, more sedate,
Had scrambled o'er the parapet,
But got there first—and promptly met
A bullet . . . *Folk who arrogate*
The privileges of the great
Must take what ills thereto attach
(The Colonel never got a scratch).

"Kamerad!"

"BABY GIRL, 18 months, will surrender entirely to good home."—*Daily Paper.*

"The Archdeacon of Stow thought it was a good maxim not to argue with the huntsmen while shooting the rabbits, and moved the previous question."—*Morning Post.*

If you want a real argument with a huntsman (of the ante-bellum type) you should try shooting a fox.

Consecutive paragraphs from *The Continental Daily Mail*:—

"Mr. Arthur J. Balfour, like President Wilson, is an ardent golfer. He has challenged Mr. Wilson to a match, and the President of the United States immediately took him up. The match will be played in a few days.

"'Every able-bodied man and woman found golfing at the present time should be taken by the scruff of the neck and made to do some work of national importance,' said Mr. Waldie at the Edinburgh Parish Council."

So that's that.

SCHOOL.

DURING the past week there has taken place, almost without our knowledge, a great migration of boys. From their homes, out on to the roads and railways, has been pouring a flood of big boys, middle sized boys, small boys, old boys, new boys, all tending towards the various schools where they are supposed to make all the best parts of human knowledge their own and to live a life of dignified abstraction from the troubles of the world, in the midst of their own *argot* and their own special traditions.

Of the big boys and the middle-sized boys I have little to say. They are already imbued, if one may say so, with the influence of their school, and can hold their own with the masters and their fellow-boys. Much as they enjoy their holidays, they show no undue reluctance to take up again the burden of their studies at a place which they will afterwards consider as having given them some of the happiest days of their lives. Many of them indeed are already or are in process of becoming the trusted coadjutors of the headmaster and his colleagues in the work of maintaining good order and discipline in the school. They are monitors—tremendous word!—or prefects or præpostors, and their *mitis sapientia*, no less than their muscular strength, causes them to be feared and venerated.

Of such awful beings one must not speak lightly lest some terrific fate reserved for scoffers overtake one. No, my concern at present is rather with the little boys who have gone up for the first time to their preparatory school, those forlorn scraps of humanity who are beginning a life entirely new to them in all its details. Hitherto, except for visits to the seaside with their parents and family, they have not spent a night away from home. Now they are separated from their parents and plunged into a world of perfect strangers. Everything is done to make them at ease and comfortable in their new surroundings; the headmaster is kindness itself, the matron beams on them with smiles and fortifies them with encouragement; but just at first the wrench for the little fellows is great. In a day or two, however, they will begin to acclimatise themselves; the strangeness will begin to wear off; and having borne up bravely against their first sense of loneliness in the midst of a crowd they will gradually become parts of the machine to the making of which many gentle and sympathising hands for years past have contributed.

"Schools are not what they were," says one of my friends. "There is no bullying nowadays and little roughness of any kind. Masters are not looked upon as the natural enemies of boys. Corporal punishment, except for the gravest offences, is abolished. Whereas, formerly, little boys were at once sucked into the vortex of a Public School, there are now Preparatory Schools, where Tommie and Dickie and Harry, aged from nine to ten, learn the business of Public Schooling in a manner suited to their age and capacity. When we were boys," he continues, "these admirable buffer states were so few that they might almost be said not to exist at all; they now flourish everywhere. The path of the little boy is thus made easier for him."

"But," I said, "is a little boy, then, never brought to a sense of his unimportance by being physically, if not morally, kicked? Is he to pass his life in a condition of Sybaritic softness?"

"You need not," he said, "worry about that. Softness makes no appeal to the average English boy."

When therefore, on a day in last week, it happened to me to take a little boy I happen to know to his Preparatory School on his first day of his first term there, I did so with no undue depression. "Be a good boy," I said to him; "never tell a lie, never push yourself forward, and don't swank about yourself." It was good advice so far as it went, but it did not make any great impression on him, for he only answered, "Of course," or "Of course I shan't," to every item that I put before him. I wonder how many fathers have recently inculcated these and similar high-toned principles on their little boys, only to meet with the same uninterested acquiescence. And even our parting was not so dejected as it might have been, for by that time another new boy had come upon the scene, and he and mine had been irresistibly drawn to one another, and were chatting gaily when it was time for me to go.



THE CELEBRITY.

THIS IS BILLY SMIFF, 'IM WOT REMEMBERS THE TIME WHEN THERE WASN'T NO WAR.

CHILDREN'S TALES FOR GROWN-UPS.

IX.

THE UNWRITTEN TREATY.

"BE careful," said the worm to the slug, "there is one of those nasty birds over there. What ugly things they are!"

"Not half so ugly as men. Ugh!" said the slug.

"Men are big, not ugly. They don't eat worms."

"But they cut them in two with spades."

"Only by accident. There is nothing so ugly as a bloated over-grown bird eating a slender delicate worm."

"Except," said the slug, "a monstrous man crushing a tender slug under his clumsy hoofs. Birds I can tolerate. They are not so big as men."

"But they hop quicker and eat more for their size," said the worm.

"Not slugs, they don't eat slugs. We have a treaty with the birds, you know."

"Was it signed?" asked the worm.

"There was no need. You see it is a matter of convenience. We don't get eaten, and the birds don't get their beaks slimy."

"Convenience is a great thing," said the worm, "but it isn't everything. Well, good-bye; I am going in till the bird goes."

"And I am staying out till the man comes."

"Slugs are nasty slimy things," said the thrush, "but in these hard times one must eat what one can get," and he swallowed the slug with a wry face.

Well-Meant.

Extract from a New Zealand school-boy's letter:—

"We also had songs, the College song, and the Harrow School song, for the special benifit (*sic*) of the Governor, who is an Etonian."



Motor-Launch Officer (who has rung for full-speed without result). "WHAT'S THE MATTER?"
Voice from below. "ONE OF THE CYLINDERS IS MISSING, SIR."
Commander. "WELL, LOOK SHARP AND FIND THE BALLY THING—WE WANT TO GET ON."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I WAS some way into *Thorgills of Treadholt* (WARD, LOCK), thinking what an unusually plausible and imaginative yarn it was, when I turned back for possible enlightenment, and found a note to the effect that it was a transcription of an Icelandic saga. Those old fellows knew their business. I am not sagacious enough to guess where Mr. MAURICE HEWLETT has passed beyond transcription to creation, but I can tell you that he offers his readers a very charming and finished piece of work. Boys of all ages should delight in this record of the fights and wanderings and stout diplomacy of the chieftain *Thorgills*, who was destined from his cradle to be a notable leader of men. His marriage with *Thorey* was a romance of as exquisite a flavour as any that our sophisticated age can show, and its tragic end wrings the heart with its infinite pathos. By some singular discretion Mr. HEWLETT has chosen to eschew the least approach to Wardour-Street idiom, and this gives the narrative a simplicity, a sanity and a vivid sense of reality which are extraordinarily more effective than the goodliest tushery, of which flamboyant art Mr. HEWLETT is no mean master. I am sure he has chosen this time a more excellent way. There are transcriptions and transcriptions. This is brilliantly done.

I cannot help regretting that Miss RHODA BROUGHTON has not thought fit to publish her total fictional tonnage (if without disrespect I may employ a metaphor of the moment) on the title-page of her latest volume. Certainly the tale of her output must by this time reach impressive dimensions. And the wonder is that *A Thorn in the Flesh* (STANLEY PAUL) betrays absolutely no evidence of staleness. If the outlook here is a thought less romantic than in certain novels that drew sighs from my adolescent breast, this is a change inherent in the theme. For the matter of the present work is a study in conjugal tedium. *Parthenope* (name of ill-omen) was one of those unhappy and devastating beings who go through life fated to bore their nearest and dearest to the verge of lunacy. So that her marriage to poor well-meaning *Willy Steele* had not endured for more than a matter of weeks before the wretched man fled from his newly-made nest, with the heart-cry (uttered to *Parthenope's* female relatives, themselves too sympathetic to resent it), "I cannot stand her any longer!" This unfortunate *débâcle* is very ingeniously contrasted with the courtship of another couple, immune from the curse; and the whole story is as fresh as it is amusing. Perhaps it might have been told in fewer words; at times the slender theme seems a trifle overladen. But probably your true Broughtonians (who must be reckoned in thousands) would condemn such a suggestion as heresy; and, if they be satisfied, as they certainly will be, then all is well.

It is a tribute at once to the art of her treatment and the actuality of her theme that, after reading the delicate little study of modern romance that ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL

calls *The Lovers* (Heinemann), I cannot determine whether the clever writer was reproducing or inventing—she begins so convincingly with the statement that it was her first chapter, itself an article in *The Century*, describing the life of The Lovers as she watched it from her window, that brought about her friendship with the originals, and thus her knowledge of their further history. Anyhow, true or not, it is the kind of story that has been going on all round us in these days of love and heroism. Mrs. Pennell first began to watch her pair of *amoureux* in their attic, which was overlooked from her higher window (most readers could probably make a shrewd guess at its postal district) in those seemingly so distant years when the young champions of artistic London used to meet at a certain *café*, wonderfully clad, to consume vast quantities of milk. Then came the War; the boy-husband enlisted, went to the Front—and the end is as we all have known it many and many times. In this little book the too familiar story is given with a restraint and absence of striving after effect that leave me, as I say, uncertain whether its appeal is due to art or actuality. But in either case Mrs. Pennell has told it very well.

"Father, what is the difference between Tories and Radicals?" "Radicals, my dear, are the infamous crew who wish to destroy all the noble institutions for which the Tories would give their life-blood." "And which are you, Father?" I have inflicted this ancient (and, I always think, rather touching) scrap of dialogue upon you because it exactly illustrates my impression of *The Soul of Ulster* (Hurst and Blackett). In other words, this little book, written as ably and attractively as you would expect from the author of *The First Seven Divisions*, is really less a dispassionate survey of the Home Rule difficulty than a piece of special pleading for the Northern cause. According, therefore, to your own attitude towards this problem will be your estimate of Lord Ernest Hamilton's arguments. To the bigoted (or confirmed) Orangeman they will seem revelation; to the confirmed (or bigoted) Nationalist they will as clearly seem rubbish. Even I, who admit the justice of the author's contentions, fancied now and again (as in the matter of the "Peep-o'-Day Boys," for example) that a slightly more generous admission of faults on his own side would have strengthened the presentation of his case. One of the most interesting chapters of a quite short volume is that in which the author explains his belief, at first rather startling, that the eventual solution of the vexed question may be provided through the Sinn Fein movement. That hope, and the reasons for it, are certainly alone worth the half-crown for which you can examine them.

Serge Aksakoff, a distinguished Russian writer of the first half of the nineteenth century, gave the world a portrait of his grandfather. It is now translated with a singular felicity by Mr. J. D. Duff, under the title, *A Russian Gentleman* (Arnold), and I should like to say that I, who have suffered something from translations out of the Russian, have very rarely read one which ran with such plausible smoothness and gave so clear an impression of a charming original. Stepan Mihailovitch Bagroff was reckoned a good sort and a just if rather uncompromising man. His character is drawn with faithful exactness and praised with simple filial appreciation. The foibles of this worthy patriarch, such as the dragging of his wife along the floor when he was excessively annoyed, so that she went with her head bound for a year thereafter, are excused on the ground of his general decency. And indeed he was a lovable old boy, and the simple and unselfconscious artistry with which the author develops his character, and that of his daughter-in-law, Sofya Nikolayevna, delights the jaded literary palate. Aksakoff has a quite singular power of selecting just the incident, the phrase, the gesture, the feature of the landscape which make you exclaim with a start, "Why, I'm seeing and hearing all this!" It is such a book as an historian of the modern school would delight in, more engrossing than fiction of the most realistic type. There is incident in it too—as of the degenerate Kurolyessoff, a cousin-in-law of Mihailovitch, who used to flog his serfs, sometimes to death, for the pleasure of seeing them suffer; while the opening pages, describing the trekking of the family out of far-eastern Orenburg into the adjoining province of Ufa, and the building of the mill and the dam, are astonishingly vivid and agreeable.



"See that, Sir? 'Farm labourers, minimum twenty-five shillings a week.' Now, Sir, would you advise me to leave my present occupation and take up farm-work?"

A Maid o' Dorset (Cassell) can be recommended to anyone in need of light refreshment after a course of sterner literature. Here we are back again in the world of small things; but if "M. E. Francis's" theme is trivial there is no denying the art with which she handles it. Just a quartette of characters occupies her rural stage—an old grandmother, wise with the wisdom of years, her granddaughter, a middle-aged farmer and a young gipsy "dairy-chap." To the horror of her relations the Maid o' Dorset conceives an infatuation for the gipsy, a clever rogue but no match for the grandmother. I have met a good many farmers in my time, but never one so simple-minded as *Solomon Blanchard*. It is all very Franciscan, and seems easy enough, but if you think, for that reason, that you could do it yourself, you couldn't. Its charm lies in its fragrance, and that is a quality which is not lightly come by.

Our Helpful Contemporaries.

"The majority of the Russian soldiers are not so naif as, after having deposed the Tsar, to set to work for the King of Prussia.

Note.—'Travailler from le Rois des Prusses' is the French colloquial equivalent for 'To work for nothing.'"—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Faint Praise.

"Commander Wedgwood said there was no newspaper in this country—not even the *Daily Mail*—which had not printed during the three years of war something to which objection could not be taken."—*Daily Paper.*

CHARIVARIA.

SEVERAL factories where counterfeit bread tickets were printed have been discovered in Berlin. We understand that the defence will be that the tickets were only intended to be exchanged for counterfeit bread.

* * *

"The enemies' desire," says KING LUDWIG of Bavaria, "will be dashed to pieces against our troops, who are accustomed to victory." A number of the victors who are now eating themselves in behind our positions profess to be absolutely nauseated with it.

* * *

Five million four hundred thousand pigs, says HERR BATOCKI, have "mysteriously disappeared" in Germany in the last year. The idea of having the CROWN PRINCE'S baggage searched does not seem to have been found feasible.

* * *

A festival performance of *Parsifal* is to be given in Charlottenburg, to celebrate the anniversary of the Battle of Jutland. The proposal to substitute the more topical opera, *The Flying Deutschmann*, has been received without favour.

* * *

"With such troops," says the CROWN PRINCE, "we could fetch the Devil from Hell." We have always maintained that the German military route lay on a direct line to Potsdam.

* * *

A Manchester man writes to say that he has not heard the cuckoo this year. What England hears to-day Manchester may hear next month.

* * *

A Norfolk lady has left an annuity of seventy pounds for the support of her two favourite cats. Since the announcement of this windfall we understand that the beneficiaries have been overwhelmed with offers of marriage.

* * *

"The bascules of the Tower Bridge were lifted 3,354 times last year," says a news item. Yet there are those who pretend that petty crime is on the decrease.

* * *

Arundel proposes to have a house-to-house collection of bones. The Borough Engineer is understood to be completing specifications for a dog-proof trouser which will be a part of the collector's uniform.

* * *

The Islington Borough Council report that in the Lady Day quarter only ten per cent. of the residents had removed without paying their rates. Th inhabitants of the New Cut now accuse Islington residents of losing their nerve.

* * *

"Ipswich," says a daily paper, "is fighting a rat plague by putting a penny on the head of every rat captured in the borough." The arrangement with birds is of course different. You put salt on their tails and capture them afterwards.

* * *

The new restrictions on the use of starch will, says Captain BATHURST, affect the wearing of starched garments. It is expected that in the House of Lords Lord SPENSER and Lord HARCOURT will join in an impassioned plea that, until the shortage grows more acute, really well-dressed men should be allowed to compromise on stiff dickeys.



THE BRIBE.

"WHO GOES THERE?" "K—KAMERAD—MIT SOUVENIRS."

* * *

Owing to the surveyor receiving increased powers the work of conscientious objectors on the roads in East Essex has improved. Mr. OUTHWAITE, we hear, will ask in Parliament whether under these powers the surveyor has actually threatened to give one conscientious objector a good hard slap.

* * *

We understand that Mexico has promised to stand by America on condition that if she takes this step on the side of law and order America will raise no objection to her having a revolution now and then just to keep her hand in.

Allotment-holders in all parts of the country say that their gardens need rain very badly, and *The Daily Mail* is going to take the matter up.

* * *

It was stated by a defendant at Wandsworth County Court that his house was haunted, the bell being rung several times without any visible human instrumentality. The "Hidden Hand" again!

* * *

To enjoy good health, says Dr. A. FISHER in an American journal, we should occasionally sleep for twelve hours on end. We confess that we may be faddy in these things, but when sleeping we prefer the horizontal position.

* * *

"One hundred thousand tons of sugar is wasted each year," says Mrs. PEEL, "through being left in the bottom of the teacup." A correspondent points out that if that amount has ever been left in the bottom of his teacup it was an oversight.

* * *

The German people, says the *Kölnische Zeitung*, will not soon forget what they owe to their future Emperor. The CROWN PRINCE, while thanking them for their kindly intention, privately expressed a wish that they would not keep rubbing it in.

* * *

According to *The Express*, every British theatrical star who plays in America is regarded as the best that England has ever sent out. Until he has heard from Mr. CHARLES CHAPLIN, Sir HERBERT TREE is holding back his message, which reads, "That is so."

* * *

A workman at a brewery last week fell into a large vat of beer. It is given to few men thus to realise the dream of a lifetime.

* * *

All vendors of comic postcards at Llanfairfechan, North Wales, are to be asked by the Town Council to cover them up on Sundays. We understand that comic postcards may be differentiated from others by the word "Comic" plainly printed on the card.

* * *

The Daily Mail has just celebrated its twenty-first birthday, and the silence of the POET LAUREATE on the matter is being adversely commented upon.

* * *

The Anarchist, LENIN, says the Swedish *Dagblad*, has been missing for two days. Even before that he never really seemed to make a hit.

HEREINAFTERS.

I.

There are people in the world called tenants. I think nothing of them; Celia thinks nothing of them; jointly we do not think anything of them. However, as this is not so much a grammar as an explanation, I will get on with it.

For the last two years we have been letting our flat. Naturally Celia has had to do most of the work; my military duties have prevented me from taking my share of it. I have been so busy, off and on, inspecting my fellow-soldiers' feet, seeing their boots mended and imploring them to get their hair cut that I have had no time for purely domestic matters. Celia has let the flat; I have merely allotted the praise or blame afterwards. I have also, of course, taken the money.

Our tenants have varied, but they are all alike in this. They think much more of their own comfort as tenants than of our happiness as landlords. They are always wanting things done for them. When they want things done for them, then I am firm. Celia may be a shade the more businesslike of the two, but I am the firmer. I am adamant.

Take the case of Mr. Toots. As the wife of an officer proceeding overseas, Celia let the flat to Mr. Toots at the nominal rental of practically nothing a week. I said it was too little when I heard of it, but it was then too late—Celia had already been referred to hereinafter as the landlord. When he had been established some weeks Mr. Toots wrote to say that he wanted seven different kinds of wine-glasses, six of each. Personally I wanted seven different kinds of Keating's Powder just then; tastes differ. The trouble with Mr. Toots was that for some reason he expected Celia to supply the glasses. Whether he only wanted them during his tenancy or meant to keep them afterwards, we never knew. In any case Celia was businesslike; she wrote regretting that she could not supply them.

But I was firm. I sent a picture-postcard of the champagne country, which said quite simply, "You must not drink wine during the War. My husband's milk-glass is in the corner cupboard."

Again, take the case of Mr. and Mrs. Winkle. After getting the flat practically presented to them for a small weekly bonus, they suggest that they should only pay half terms during the summer, as they wish to take the children to the seaside. Celia was for telegraphing to say that it was impossible. For myself I have just written the following letter:—

"Dear Sir,—Could I consult my own feelings I would say, 'Pay no rent at all during the summer. Further, why not sub-let the flat to any of your own friends who can afford to give you a few guineas a week for it? Nay more, let *me* have the privilege of paying your expenses at the Sunny South. What do you say to the Métropole at Brighton?' But, alas, I cannot speak thus; there are others to think of. The King of Greece, President Wilson, Marshal Joffre—I need say no more. You understand. Things will have to go on as they are, except that the rent will probably be doubled about July.

Yours admiringly."

This letter is now waiting to go off. Celia says it is waiting for a stamp. Personally I don't see the necessity for a stamp.

II.

There are people in the world called owners. I think nothing of them; Celia thinks nothing of them; jointly we do not think anything of them. However, as I said before, this is not a grammar.

For the last two years we have been renting cottages. Naturally Celia has had to do most of the work; the cut and thrust of a soldier's life has prevented me from taking my share of it. I have been so busy, off and on, seeing that my fellow-soldiers have baths, getting them shaved and entreating them to send their socks to the wash that I have had no time for domestic trifles. Celia has taken the cottage; I have merely allotted the praise or blame afterwards. I have also, of course, paid the money.

Our landlords have varied, but they are all alike in this. They think much more of their own comfort as landlords than of our happiness as tenants. They are always wanting things done for them. When they want things done for them, then I am firm. Indeed I am granite.

Take the case of Mr. Perkins, who owns our present cottage. Celia borrowed the cottage from Mr. Perkins at a rental of several thousands a week. I said it was too much when I heard of it, but it was then too late—she had already been referred to hereinafter as the tenant. As soon as we got in we began to make it look more like a cottage; that is to say, we accidentally dropped the aspidistra out of the window, lost the chiffonier, removed most of the obstacles and entanglements from the drawing-room to the box-room, and replaced the lace curtains with chintzes. In the same spirit of altruism we improved the bedrooms. At the end of a week we had given Mr. Perkins a cottage of which any man might be proud.

But there is no pleasing some people. A closer examination of the lease, in the hope that we had over-counted the noughts in the rental, revealed to us the following:—

"At the expiration of the said tenancy, all furniture and effects will be delivered up by the tenant in the same rooms and positions in which they were found."

Not a word of thanks, you notice, for the new avenues of beauty which we had opened out for him; no gratitude for the great revelation that art was not bounded by aspidistras nor comfort by chiffoniers; nothing but that old reactionary spirit to which, if I may speak of lesser things, the Russian Revolution was due. Like Mr. Perkins, the Bourbons learned nothing and forgot nothing.

Naturally I wrote to Mr. Perkins:—

"Dear Sir,—I regret to inform you that the aspidistra has perished. It never took kindly to us and started wilting on the second day. As regards other *objets d'art* once in the drawing-room, but now seeking the seclusion of the box-room, we are in a little difficulty. Before letting it go my wife took the bearing of the marble how-now from the bamboo what-not and made it 28° 20′, quite forgetting, unfortunately, that the what-not had also decided to lie fallow for a season. Consequently, while the direction of the what-not-how-now line is definitely fixed, their actual positions remain unestablished. Is it too much to hope that when the time comes for them to seek again the purer air of the drawing-room they will be able to rely upon the guidance of an old friend like yourself rather than upon that of two comparative strangers?

Yours anxiously."

III.

Sometimes I wonder what Mr. Perkins would say if I suggested paying half-rent during the winter.

Sometimes Celia wonders what she will say if she finds that Mrs. Winkle has re-arranged all her furniture for her.

"We might," said Celia, looking at the two letters, "send the Perkins one to Mrs. Winkle and the Winkle one to Mr. Perkins."

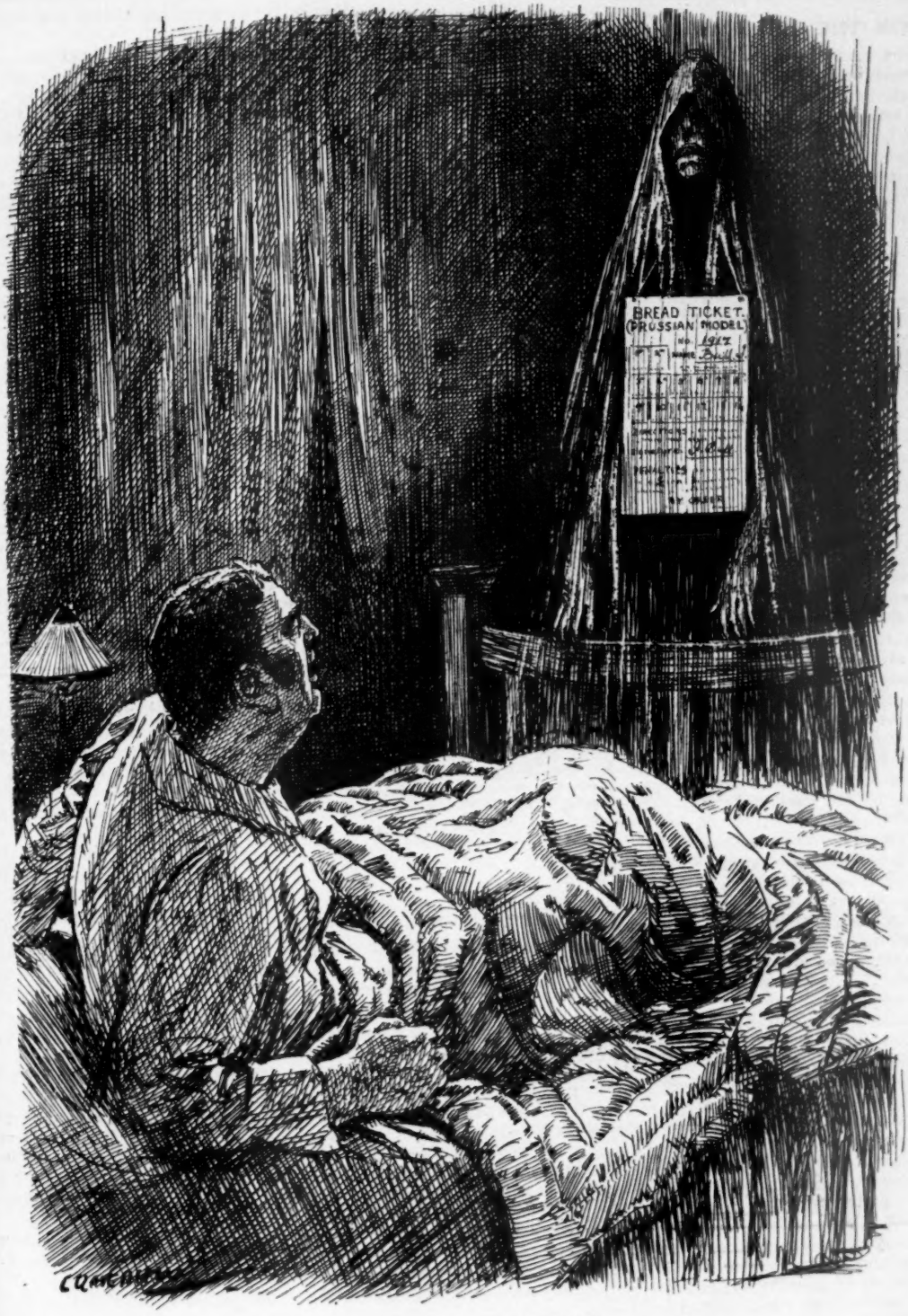
"Why?" I asked.

"Just to show how broad-minded we are," said Celia. A. A. M.

Economy.

Seen in a Birmingham shop window:

"Second & Furniture."



A BAD DREAM.

SPECTRE. "WELL, IF YOU DON'T LIKE THE LOOK OF ME, EAT LESS BREAD."

ON THE SPY-TRAIL.

Jimmy says he thought there must be something the matter with Jones minimus, he was so gloomy.

He actually told Jimmy that he wished he was in heaven. Jimmy had to tell him not to say such wicked things, because sometimes when you wished things like that they came true, and then where would Jones minimus be?

Jimmy says it takes a lot to make Jones minimus gloomy, but it turned out that he had lost the War Loan; he had either lost or mislaid it, he told Jimmy.

It was on a card, and Jones minimus only wanted another shilling to make 15*s.* 6*d.*, and then in five years they gave you one pound, and it was because of the compound interest someone invented.

Jimmy says as they were talking the milkman came up and asked if they had seen his pig. The milkman is always losing his pig. Jimmy says it wanders off for a walk nearly every day talking to itself and going into gardens and relishing things. It is a very good relisher, Jimmy says.

Jimmy says the milkman's pig is being talked about in home circles; but it doesn't seem to mind, it just goes on its way.

You can always tell the milkman's pig by the black spot on its back.

Jimmy says he knows a man who is going to shoot the pig at sight next time.

Jimmy was just telling the milkman that he ought to put butter on its feet to make it stay at home, when Jones minimus suddenly remembered. He had put the War Loan in his algebra book and left it in Jimmy's garden. Jimmy says it was a good thing they went back when they did, because when he got home he found his bloodhound, Faithful, busy suspecting a chimney-sweep of being a spy; he had done it to the chimney-sweep's trousers, Jimmy says.

Jimmy says the chimney-sweep was doing bayonet exercises with his brush at Faithful and working his black face at him.

Jimmy says the chimney-sweep had evidently never seen a prize bloodhound before, because when Jimmy came up he stood on guard, and in a frightened whisper said to him, "What is it?"

Jimmy says the beads of perspiration stood on the chimney-sweep's face like ink. The chimney-sweep told Jimmy that he was travelling the country sweeping chimneys; but Jimmy said that they had already had theirs swept, because a cat got in their dining-room and Jimmy had put in his bloodhound to tell it to go out.

Jimmy says they looked everywhere for the algebra book, but couldn't find it, and they were just giving up in despair when they heard Jimmy's bloodhound wrestling with something in his kennel, and there it was.

Old Faithful had worked half-way through the algebra and was busy solving simultaneous equations whilst sitting on the War Loan.

Jimmy says his bloodhound looked so disappointed when they took the algebra book from him that Jones minimus gave it him back again, as he said it was no good to him, and perhaps Faithful would find out how to catch another German spy, or else how to make up the War Loan to 15*s.* 6*d.*

Jimmy says his bloodhound did enjoy the algebra, and the way he tackled several pages of harder problems made old Jones minimus's mouth water.

Jimmy says Faithful had finished the problems and was just beginning to chew some quadratics when he looked up and there was the milkman's pig calmly standing in the garden next door, looking at him through the hedge and actually munching a piece of coal at him.

Jimmy says it made his bloodhound chew algebra like anything, and when the pig began flapping his ears at him old Faithful had to go right into the far corner of his kennel and nurse his wrath.

Jimmy says that bloodhounds have been known to kill a pig in a very short time; but the pig didn't seem to know this, when Jones minimus and Jimmy took hold of the kennel and shook out Faithful at him. Jimmy says the pig just turned on its heel and walked round the garden sampling things and inquiring into them.

Jimmy says that Faithful is a good sampler too, and when the pig saw him they tried to sample each other. Faithful thought he was chasing the pig, and the pig thought he was chasing Faithful, and they did it in a ring on the lawn.



Scandalised N.S. Volunteer. "'INDENBURG 'S WATCHIN' YER!"

Jimmy says he could see they were both working themselves up, because the pig went up to a standard rose-tree and scratched his back at Jimmy's bloodhound, whilst Faithful kept smelling the ground like anything.

Jimmy says the pig is a sacred animal to the natives of some places, but it wasn't to the man who owned the garden; he came out and accused it of being there.

Jimmy told him that if you placed a pig in the middle of a lake it always cut its throat when it tried to swim out. But the man hadn't got a lake, he had only got an ornamental fountain, and the pig had already scratched that over with its back. The pig seemed very uneasy about its back, Jimmy says.

Jimmy says the man offered Jones minimus a shilling if he would remove the pig and that piebald anteater from the garden in five minutes.

Jimmy says Jones minimus is a very good pig-remover, and he thinks it must be a gift with him. Jimmy says the pig was very much surprised at Jones minimus, and it wanted to go home and get to bed.

Jimmy says the pig trod on Faithful's toe as they both squeezed through the gate together, and Faithful pulled the pig's ear, and then they both went down the road, Faithful leading by about a yard, and looking behind him with both eyes to make sure the pig was following him. Jimmy says his bloodhound was working beautifully, and when the pig stopped to smell one end of a cabbage-stalk which was lying in the gutter old Faithful, with his nose to the ground, his ears hanging slightly forward, and his eyes looking upwards, crept slowly back and deliberately smelt at the other end. It was grand, Jimmy says. There they stood



Newcomer (to veteran sanitary orderly). "ARE YOU THE REG'LAR GARD'NER, OR JUST IN FOR THE DAY?"

in silent contest for about five seconds, each trying to bend the other to his will, till the pig could stand the strain no longer, and, breaking away with all its strength, actually rushed into the garden of the man who had promised to shoot it at sight next time.

Jimmy says you might have thought the pig owned the garden until the man came out. It rooted up wall-flowers and bit off tulips and browsed on some early peas and was making a regular meatless day of it, and then the man came rushing out with his gun.

Jimmy says that he and Jones minimus had to duck down, because the man was so excited; he kept rushing about, talking about things and aiming his gun at the pig, and the pig kept running round and round and getting mixed up with Faithful. Then just as Jimmy was expecting the gun to go off the chimney-sweep suddenly came round some laurels from the back part of the house, with a bag of soot on his shoulders, and walked right into the middle of it all.

Jimmy says the way his bloodhound had worked it all out made even Jones minimus gasp. There was the pig being puzzled at the chimney-sweep's face; there was the man with his double-barrelled gun pointed straight at the chimney-sweep, and there was the chimney-sweep, with both hands up in the air, shouting "Kamerad!" as hard as he could.

Jones minimus couldn't get over it. To think that Jimmy's bloodhound had actually made up the War Loan to 15*s.* 6*d.*, and caught a German spy at the same time, with nothing more to work with than a pig! Of course Jimmy knew how old Faithful had done it, but then he knew what a really prize bloodhound is capable of. It was the simultaneous equations, of course.

"Scheinboden, who is very well known as a partisan of the 'Mailed Fish.'"
Manchester Evening News.

The very man for a submarine campaign.

"The main goal for which our troops went was the Oppy switch line, a hastily constructed main goal for which our troops went was the Oppy switch line, a hastily constructed trench system by which the Germans have extended their Hindenburg line northwards."
Sunday Paper.

Some of our contemporary's own lines seem also to have been rather hastily constructed.

NATIONAL SERVICE;
OR, THE SINGLE EYE.

Good Jones, who saw his duty plain,
Resolved he would not live in vain;
He bought some land and made a start,
He gave up literature and art,
He studied books on what to grow,
He studied Mr. PROTHERO;
He worked from early dawn till ten,
Then went to town like other men,
And in his office he would stand
Expatiating on the land.
From five again he worked till eight,
Although it made his dinner late;
He could not tear himself away,
He could not leave his native clay.
At last, his energy all spent,
He put his tools away and went,
Took off his suit of muddy tan,
Became a clean and cultured man,
And settled firmly down to dine
On fish and fowl and meat and wine
And bread as much as he might need;
And while he dined he used to read
What PROTHERO had said last night,
And felt that he was doing right.
He didn't notice food was short;
He quite forgot Lord DEVONPORT.

THE TWO CONSTABLES.

IT happened one evening when my wife was staying away with her mother, in the dark months of last winter, when we were without servants, and I was glad to have received an invitation from my neighbour Jones to dinner.

He and his wife welcomed me warmly, and their rather unintelligent maid had just brought in the saddle of mutton—a great weakness of mine—when we heard a firm knock on the hall door. She returned to say that someone wanted to speak to Mr. Brown immediately. "Who is it?" I demanded. "I don't know, Sir," said the girl, "but he looks like a policeman."

"I hope nothing has happened to your wife," said Mrs. J. anxiously. "Or her mother," added Jones rather cynically.

The man at the door was certainly a policeman, and an elderly one, and had probably been recalled from pension when the War broke out.

"Good evening, Sir," he said, staring hard at me. "Are you Mr. Brown"—I nodded—"of Myrtle Villa, next door"—he eyed me suspiciously—"No. 17?"

"Yes, yes," I said impatiently; "what of it?"

"I must ask you for your name and address, Sir," pulling out his note-book, "for showing a strong light at the back of the 'ouse at 8 P.M."

"That's all nonsense," I answered impatiently; "the house is empty."

"Excuse me, Sir, I saw it myself from the road at the back and came straight round," said he with his note-book ready.

"But it can't be," I said, getting annoyed.

At this moment a Special came running down the path. "They're coming," he panted.

"Who are?" I asked. "No one's been invited but myself."

"The engines."

"But I haven't ordered any," said I.

"I gave the alarm myself," he added proudly.

Jones's rather unintelligent maid had been standing by my side the whole time. "Excuse me, Sir," she said, "I don't know, but I think there's something wrong with your 'ouse—the little room at the back, where you sit and smoke of an evenin'. There's been a big light there for some time—a wobbly one. I don't know, Sir, but I think the 'ouse is a-fire."

"*What?*" I yelled, and dashed aside the two varieties of constabulary. Yes, it was all true. The strong light at the back of the house—a wobbly one—was rapidly becoming a glow in the heavens, as they say in journalese. I stood and looked at it, staggered for the moment, when I heard a cheer and saw the engines coming. I dashed for my front-door, but found myself forcibly dragged back. It was the Special, who seemed to be having the time of his life.

"No one allowed to enter a burning building," said he importantly.

"But I must," I cried; "there are some valuable papers——"

"No one allowed to enter," he repeated firmly—he seemed to have learned it by heart—"except the firemen and police."

"Well, you go in and get them then. I'll——"

"Pass along, please," he said quite suddenly, as a new phase of his duties seemed to occur to him, and I found myself edged back towards the crowd.

Now I had to have those papers, and an idea occurred to me, so I stopped. "I say, how about your dinner? You'll miss it altogether. I don't want to keep you. Perhaps if you hurry off at once——"

"Dinner," he cried indignantly, gripping me fiercely by the arm—"what is dinner compared with duty? Do you know, man, I've been doing this bally Special business for over two years and never had a case yet, and now that I've got a real fire—and this is my own fire, mind you, my very own——"

"I thought it was mine," I ventured.

"You talk to me of dinner! Pass right along, please;" and I found myself back among the crowd, who seemed to be thoroughly enjoying it.

There was a small cheer just then as the flames came through the roof. Of Jones and his wife I saw nothing, but supposed they must have stayed on to enjoy their saddle of mutton, and wondered if they had kept mine hot for me. I could have kept it hot in my own house, I reflected rather miserably.

* * * * *

The fire had been extinguished. As the crowd dispersed I felt a touch on my shoulder. It was the elderly constable, note-book in hand. "You are Mr. Brown, Sir, of Myrtle Villa?" he inquired patiently. "I haven't had your name and address yet, Sir, for showing an unguarded light at the rear of the premises at 8 P.M."

"Plain Cook (good). Wanted for country house; six kept."—*Devon and Exeter Gazette.*

Too many; sure to spoil the broth.

"The Irish Party cars are placarded with posters calling on the electors to vote for 'Unity and Party,' and there are the cryptic words, '½ Up. M'Kenna.'"—*Daily Paper.*

But as the result of the election Mr. MCKENNA went to a slight discount.

A CHÂTEAU IN FRANCE.

ARTISTS reared it in courtly ages;
WATTEAU and FRAGONARD limned its walls;
Powdered lackeys and negro pages
Served the great in its shining halls;
Minstrels played, in its salons, stately
Minuets for a jewelled king,
And radiant gallants bowed sedately
To lovely Pompadours curtseying.

Pigeons cooed in its dovecots shady;
Down in the rose-walk fountains played;
Many a lovelorn lord and lady
Here in the moonlight sighed and strayed;
Here was beauty and love and laughter,
Splendour and eminence bravely won;
But now two walls and a blackened rafter
Grimly tell the tale of the Hun.

My lady's chamber is dust and ashes;
The painted salons are charred with fire;
The dovecot pitted with shrapnel splashes,
The park a tangle of trench and wire;
Shell-holes yawn in the ferns and mosses;
Stripped and torn is the avenue;
Down in the rose-walk humble crosses
Grow where my lady's roses grew.

Yet in the haunted midnight hours,
When star-shells droop through the shattered trees,
Steal they back to their ancient bowers,
Beau Brocade and his Belle Marquise?
Greatly loving and greatly daring—
Fancy, perhaps, but the fancy grips,
For a junior subaltern woke up swearing
That a gracious lady had kissed his lips.

Commercial Candour.

From a butcher's advertisement:—

"TOUGH & INDIFFERENT MEAT
IS DEAR AT ANY PRICE.
TRY
—— & Sons
And prove it for yourselves."

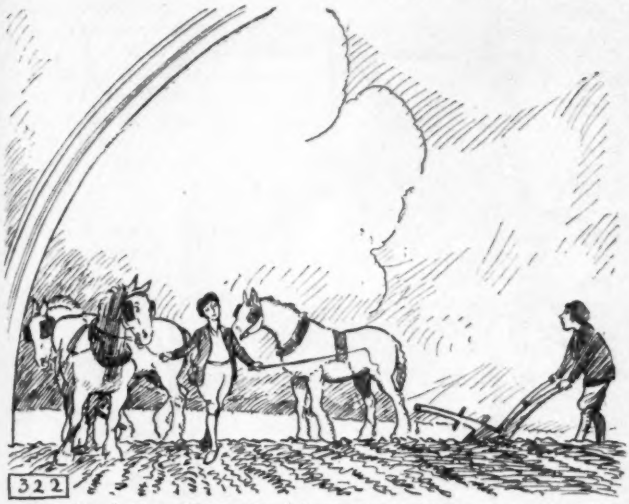
"A certain amount of discussion took place, and it was acknowledged that the number of horses in training had been exagggerated."
Daily Chronicle.

Nevertheless there is certainly one gee too many.

The *Lokalanzeiger* publishes an appeal for a new German National Anthem. We understand that the best composition that has been sent in up to the time of going to press begins as follows:—

Who is WILLIAM? What is he
That all our swine adore him?

ROYAL ACADEMY DEPRESSIONS.



The Plough Girl. "NOW THEN, MABEL, NOT SO MUCH POSING OR YOU 'LL HAVE THE HORSES BUMPING INTO THAT RAINBOW."



Old Lady (regarding the mannequin). "I DON'T THINK THAT DRESS WOULD REALLY SUIT ME. CHIN-CHIN DOESN'T SEEM TO CARE ABOUT IT EITHER."



THE UNHAPPY DINER WHO HAS BEEN REFUSED A SECOND HELPING.



Mr. Martin Harvey.—"IT IS A FAR, FAR BETTER *HAMLET* THAN ANYONE HAS EVER DONE."



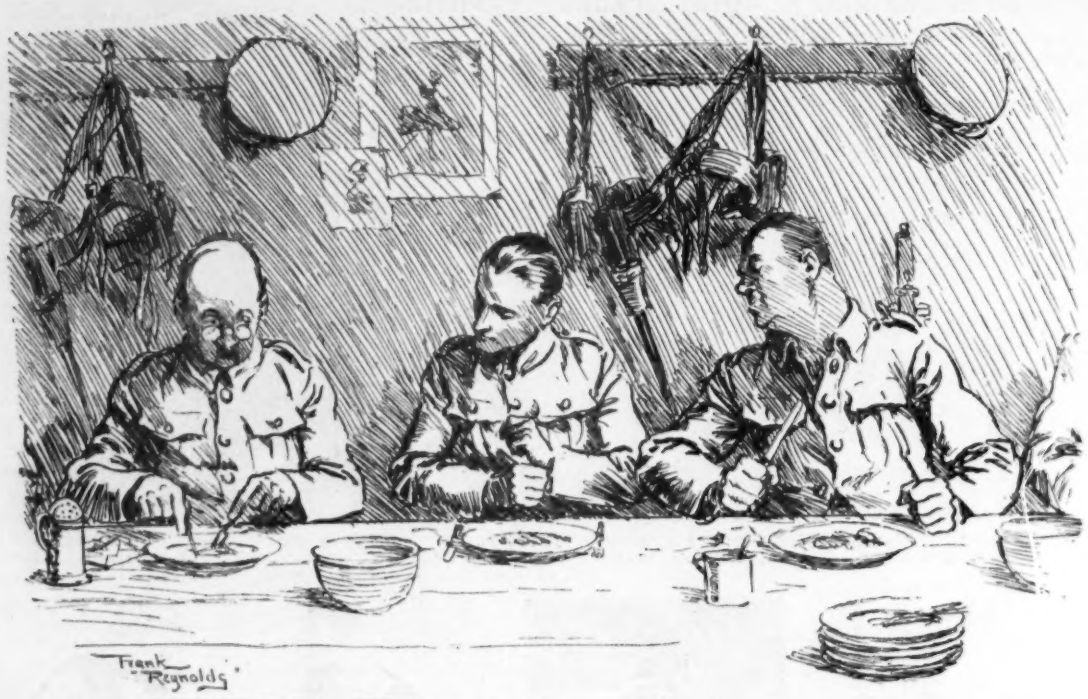
THE MUTUAL ADMIRATION OF THE BRETON AND THE BISHOP.



The Terrier. "EXCUSE ME, GUV'NOR, BUT WHEN YOU 'VE FINISHED READING THE DESPATCHES YOU MIGHT LOOK AND SEE IF THEY 'RE GOING TO DO ANYTHING ABOUT *US*."



The Angel and the Veteran (to conscientious objector). "YOUNG MAN, WHAT DID *YOU* DO IN THE GREAT WAR?"



OUR MIXED ARMY.

First Recruit. "'Ere—tell old bald-'ead to bung the salt over."
Second Recruit. "Er—might I trouble you for the salt, Sir?"

THE JOLLY BARGEMAN.

I 've put the old mare's tail in plaits, now ain't she lookin' gay?
With ribbons in 'er mane as well—you 'd think it First o' May;
For why? we 're under Government, though it ain't just plain to me
If we 're in the Civil Service or the Admiralitee.

An' it 's "Gee-hup, Mabel," oh, we 'll do the best we 're able,
For we 're servin' of our country an' we 're 'elpin' 'er to win;
An' when the War is over then we 'll all lie down in clover,
With a drink all together at the "Navigation Inn"!

I brought the news to Missis, an' to 'er these words did say,
"Just chuck yon old broom-'andle an' a two-three nails this way,
We 're bound to 'ave a flagstaff for our old red-white-and-blue,
For since we 're under Government we 'll 'ave our ensign too."

The Navy is the Navy, an' it sails upon the sea;
The Army is the Army, an' on land it 'as to be;
There 's the land an' there 's the water, 'an the Cut comes in between,
And I don't know what you 'd call me if it ain't an 'Orse Marine.

The Missis sits upon the barge the same 's she used to sit,
But they 'll 'ave 'er in the papers now for doin' of her bit;
An' I walk upon the tow-path 'ere as proud as anything—
If I 'aven't got no uniform I 'm serving of the King.

An' it 's "Gee-hup, Mabel," an' we 'll do the best we 're able,
For the country 's been an' called us, an' we 've got to 'elp to win;
An' when the War is over, oh, we 'll all lie down in clover,
With a drink all together at the "Navigation Inn."

C. F. S.

THE OPEN DOOR.

Mr. Punch has thought that some of his hospitable readers might be glad to have the opportunity of giving the welcome of their houses, in however simple a way, to Australian soldiers on leave, who would greatly appreciate the chance of seeing something of English home life. An "Invitation Bureau" has been opened at the "Anzac" Buffet, 94, Victoria Street, where offers of entertainment should be addressed.

"The Military Representative appealed against the exemption of William Blake, aged 35, unmarried, a slaughterman in the employment of Mr. George Rigg, pork butcher. The Military Representative suggested that Mr. Rigg should slaughter himself. Mr. Rigg stated that he could not slaughter himself."—*Carlisle Journal.*

Compare *The Mikado*:—

Koko. "Besides, I don't see how a man could cut off his own head."

Pooh-Bah. "A man might try."



HIS LATEST.

THE KAISER. "THIS IS SORRY WORK FOR A HOHENZOLLERN; STILL, NECESSITY KNOWS NO TRADITIONS."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, May 7th. — The Royal House has found an unexpected defender in Mr. OUTHWAITE. He alone has perceived the hidden danger underlying the recent proposal of the Lower House of Convocation to restore KING CHARLES I. to his old place in the Church Calendar. This, he considers, is a direct encouragement to the persons who seek the restoration of the Stuart dynasty, and would make Prince RUPPRECHT of Bavaria heir-apparent to the British Throne. The House was relieved to hear from Mr. BRACE that there was no immediate danger of this contingency. Indeed, Prince RUPPRECHT has had so much trouble already with his prospective subjects that he has probably no desire for their closer acquaintance.

Sir LEO CHIOZZA MONEY is ordinarily a chirpy little person, quite able to take care of himself. But he was obviously depressed by his inability to furnish a plausible reason why two food-ships, having arrived safely in home ports, should have been sent away undischarged, with the result that they were torpedoed and their cargoes lost. The statement that he was "still inquiring" brought no comfort to the House of (Short) Commons. Why doesn't the SHIPPING CONTROLLER organise a Flying Squadron of dock-labourers?



Mr. BONAR LAW (to Mr. MCKENNA). "AS ONE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER TO ANOTHER, WHAT DO YOU DO WHEN YOU'RE SEVENTY MILLION POUNDS OUT?"

Tuesday, May 8th. — The official reticence regarding the names and exploits of our airmen was the subject of much complaint. Mr. MACPHERSON declared that it was quite in accordance with the wishes of the R.F.C. themselves. But Sir H. DALZIEL was still dissatisfied. He knew of a young lieutenant who had brought down forty enemy machines and been personally congratulated by the Commander-in-Chief, and yet his name was not published. It is obvious that praise even from Sir DOUGLAS HAIG is not the same thing as a paragraph in *Reynolds' Newspaper*.



BEAU BRUMMEL BILLING GIVES THE "NO-STARCH" MOVEMENT A GOOD SEND-OFF.

A request for an increased boot-allowance to the Metropolitan Police met with a dubious reception from Mr. BRACE, who explained that it would involve an expenditure of many thousands of pounds. It is rumoured that the Home Office is considering the recruitment of a Bantam Force, with a view to reducing the acreage of leather required.

Wednesday, May 9th.—If the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER should be accused of having taken advantage of his knowledge of the Budget-proposals to lay in a secret hoard of tobacco he will have no one to blame but himself. He solemnly assured the House that nothing has been brought to his notice to show that the trade is making undue profits. It is clear, therefore, that he has not had occasion to go into a tobacconist's and ask for his favourite mixture, only to find that his three-half-penny tax has sent the price up by twopence.

By prohibiting the manufacture of starch the Government has done something to please Mr. PEMBERTON-BILLING. The hon. Member, who has always affected the "soft shirts that Sister Susie sews," is flattered to think that he has set a fashion which must now become universal. When Captain BATHURST, falling into his humour, assured him that even BEAU BRUMMEL would accept the position with patriotic resignation, Mr. BILLING felt that he had found his true vocation as an arbiter of taste.

In moving a Vote of Credit for the unexampled sum of five hundred millions, Mr. BONAR LAW apologised for a slight error in his Budget statement. He had then estimated the expenditure of the country at five and a half millions a day. Owing to fortuitous circumstances, the amount for the first thirty-five days of the financial year had turned out to be seven and a half millions a day. Mr. MCKENNA, conscious of some similar lapses in calculation during his own time at the Exchequer, handsomely condoned the mistake. Still one felt that it strengthened the stentorian plea for economy made by Mr. J. A. R. MARRIOTT in a maiden speech that would perhaps have been better if it had not been quite so good. The House is accustomed to a little hesitation in its novices and does not like to be lectured even by an Oxford don.

The debate produced a number of speeches more suitable for the Secret Session that was to follow. Our enemies will surely be heartened when they read the criticisms passed by Mr. GEORGE LAMBERT, an ex-Minister of the Crown, upon our Naval policy, and



THE SECRET SESSION.

WINSTON. "NO REPORT OF SPEECHES. IT HARDLY SEEMS WORTH WHILE."

by Mr. DILLON on the Salonika Expedition; and they will not understand that the one is dominated by the belief that no Board of Admiralty that does not include Lord FISHER can possibly be efficient; and that the other is congenitally unable to believe anything good of British administration in Ireland or elsewhere.

For once Mr. BONAR LAW took the gloves off to Mr. DILLON, and told him plainly that more attention would be paid to his criticism if he was himself doing something to help in the prosecution of the War.

Thursday, May 10th.—I gather from Mr. SPEAKER'S report of the Secret Session that nothing sensational was revealed. The PRIME MINISTER'S "encouraging account of the methods adopted to meet the submarine attack" was not much more explicit, I infer, than the speech which Lord CURZON was making simultaneously, *urbi et orbi*, in the House of Lords, or Mr. ASQUITH would not have observed—again I quote the official report—that "hardly anything had been said which could not have been said openly."

That none of the Nationalists should have addressed the House was perhaps less due to their constitutional reticence than to the depressing effect of the South Longford election, where their nominee was defeated by the Sinn Fein candidate—one MCGUINNESS, and evidently a stout fellow. But it is odd to find that the debate was conducted without the assistance of Messrs. BILLING, PRINGLE and HOGGE. Their eloquent silence was a protest, no doubt, against the eviction of the reporters. Mr. CHURCHILL was probably suffering equal anguish, but with patriotic self-sacrifice he refused to deprive his fellow-legislators of the privilege of hearing once again his views on the conduct of War.



Mrs. Smith (to Mr. Smith, who has just been examined by Army Medical Board). "WHAT DID THE DOCTOR SAY TO YER?"

Mr. Smith. "'E SEZ TO ME, 'YOU'VE GOT A STIGMA AN' A CONGENIAL SQUINT.'"

JILL-OF-ALL-TRADES AND MISTRESS OF MANY.

[*The Daily Chronicle*, writing on women farmers, quotes the tribute of HUTTON, the historian, to a Derbyshire lady who died at Matlock in 1854: "She undertakes any kind of manual labour, as holding the plough, driving the team, thatching the barn, using the flail; but her chief avocation is breaking horses at a guinea per week. She is fond of Pope and Shakespeare, is a self-taught and capable instrumentalist, and supports the bass viol in Matlock Church."]

THOUGH in the good old-fashioned days
The feminine factotum rarely
Was honoured with a crown of bays
When she had won it fairly;
She did emerge at times like one
For manual work a perfect glutton,
Blue-stocking half, half Amazon,
As chronicled by HUTTON.

But now you'll find her counterpart
In almost every English village—
A mistress of the arduous art
Of scientific tillage,
Who cheerfully resigns the quest
Of all that makes a woman charming,
And shows an even greater zest
For gardening and farming.

She used to petrify her dons;
She was a most efficient bowler;
But now she's baking barley scones
To help the FOOD CONTROLLER;
Good *Mrs. Beeton* she devours,
And not the dialogues of PLATO,
And sets above the Cult of Flowers
The Cult of the Potato.

The studious maid whose classic brow
Was high with conscious pride of learning
Now grooms the pony, milks the cow,
And takes a hand at churning;
And one I know, whose music had
Done credit to her educators,
Has sold her well-beloved "Strad"
To purchase incubators!

The object of this humble lay
Is not to minimize the glory
Of women of an earlier day
Whose deeds are shrined in story;
'Tis only to extol the grit
Of clever girls—and none work harder—
Who daily do their toilsome "bit"
To stock the nation's larder.



Overburdened Mother. "GIT A MOVE ON, ALBERT—KEEPIN' THE 'OLE BLOOMIN' WORLD BACK—AN' A WAR ON, TOO!"

ONE OF OUR DIFFICULTIES.

UNDER this title I refer to a lady whom I will call Mrs. Legion, for there are many of her all over the country, bless her conservative old heart. She has been in service as cook or cook-housekeeper most of her life (she is now getting on in years), and constant preoccupation with kitchen affairs has somewhat narrowed her outlook, so that the circumvention of the butcher, whose dominant idea (she believes) is to provide her with indifferent joints, is more to her than the defeat of HINDENBURG; and so far as she is concerned the main theatre of the War is neither Europe nor the Atlantic, but the coal merchant's yard, which disgorges its treasure so grudgingly. Not only is her first thought for her cooking, in order—the transition to her second thought is automatic—that her employer or employers may be comfortable; but it is her last thought too.

With such singleness of purpose to crystallize her, she cannot absorb even the gravest of warnings; not from unwillingness or stupid obstinacy, but from sheer inability to grasp any novelty. That her beloved master and mistress—either or both—should not have the best of everything and plenty of it is, at this advanced stage in her career, unthinkable. Even though she read it in print she would disregard it, for her attitude to them papers is sceptical; even Lord NORTHCLIFFE, with all his many voices, dulcet or commanding, has wooed in vain.

I imagine that the milkman, from whom she heard of the War and whom she thinks (for his class) a sagacious fellow, has warned her against the Press. Anyway she has refused—and will, I fancy, never relent—to allow any extreme idea of food shortage to disturb her routine.

"Look here, Mrs. Legion," you say, "really, you know"—you don't like, or you have lost the power, to be too firm with her after all these years of friendliness—"really we mustn't have toast any more."

"Not toast!"

"No, not any more. In fact"—a light laugh here—"I'm going to do without bread altogether directly."

"Do without bread!" This with much more alarmed surprise than if you had declared your intention of forswearing clothes.

"Yes; the Government want us to eat less bread. In fact we must, you know; and toast is particularly wasteful, they say."

"There's no waste in this house, Sir [or 'M]." This with a touch of acerbity, for Mrs. Legion is not without pride. "No one can ever accuse me of waste. I'm not vain, but that I will say."

"No, no," you hasten to reply, "of course not; but things have reached such a point, you know, that even the strictest economy and care have got to be made more strict. That's all. And toast has to be stopped, I'm afraid."

"Very well, Sir [or 'M], if you wish it. But I can't say that I understand what it all means."

And that evening, which is meatless and is given up largely to asparagus (just beginning, thank God!), you certainly see no toast in the rack, but find that the tender green faggot reposes on a slab of it large enough to feed several children.

Mrs. Legion may go to church, but her real religion is concerned far more with her employers' bodies than with her own soul; and among the cardinal tenets of her faith is the necessity for dinner to be hot. You may have a



Sergeant-Major. "AIN'T YOU GOT THAT BIVVY BUILT YET, ME LAD? GAWD BLESS MY SOUL, I COULD HA' KNITTED IT IN HALF THE TIME."

cold lunch, but everything at dinner must have been cooked especially for that meal, all circling about the joint, or a bird, like satellite suns.

How to cleave such a rock of tradition? How to bring the old Tory into line with the new rules and yet not break her heart?

"And, Mrs. Legion," you say, not too boldly, and at the end of some other remark, "we 'll have yesterday's leg of mutton for dinner to-night, with a salad."

"Cold mutton for dinner?" she replies dully.

"Yes—now the weather 's getting warmer it 's much nicer. It will save coal too. Just the mutton and a salad. No potatoes."

"No potatoes!" Surely the skies are falling, says her accent. You have been eating mashed potatoes, done with cream and a dash of beetroot in it, with cold meat, at lunch, for years.

"No, no—we mustn't eat potatoes any more. Haven't you heard?"

"I heard something about it, yes. But aren't we to eat those we 've got?"

"No, we must give them away. Remember, just cold mutton and salad. And no toast." You are getting more confidence. "Never toast any more"—another light laugh—"never any more!"

And at dinner there are the cold mutton and salad all right; but to your horror you are asked first to eat a slice of salmon with two boiled potatoes.

"Good heavens!" you say, "what 's this?"

"Well, Sir [or 'M], the fishmonger called, and as I felt sure the cold meat couldn't be enough for you . . ."

Summoning all your courage you protest again, adding, "And another thing, Mrs. Legion; you mustn't make any more pastry. The flour can't be spared. It 's not only bread we 've got to be careful about, but everything made with flour."

"Then what 's the flour for?"

"That 's all right. But it 's got to be saved."

"I don't understand, Sir [or 'M]. I can't see why it shouldn't be used if we have it."

"No. The idea is that every one should go without flour as much as possible, and then there will be more and it will last longer. More for other people."

"My duty is to this house, Sir [or 'M]. But the flour 's so coarse and brown it 's hardly worth using, anyhow. I never saw such stuff. It 's a scandal. But I 'm truly sorry if I 've disappointed you. All I want to do is my duty."

"You have, Mrs. Legion, you have. You 've been splendid; but the time has come now to eat less and to eat more simply. Is that clear?"

"Well, I hear you right enough, Sir [or 'M], but I can't say I understand it. War or no war, I don't hold with folks being starved."

And there it breaks off, only, of course, to begin again.

That is Mrs. Legion!—one of the hardest nuts that Lord DEVONPORT has to crack. She doesn't hold with Lords poking their noses into people's kitchens, anyway. That 's not her idea of how Lords ought to behave. Lords not only ought to be gentlefolk, and be fed and waited upon and live in affluent idleness, but super-gentlefolk. But then she doesn't hold with many modern things. She doesn't (for one) hold with the War.

AT THE PLAY.

"WANTED A HUSBAND."

YOU will easily guess that a comedy (or farce) in which a woman is reduced to advertising in the Press for a husband belongs to the ante-bellum era, before the glad eye of the flapper became a permanent feature of the landscape. Indeed Mr. CYRIL HARCOURT'S play might belong to just any year since the time when women first began to write those purple tales of passion that are so bad for the morals of the servants' hall. It was simply to get copy for this kind of stuff that *Mabel Vere* (most improbably pretty in the person of Miss GLADYS COOPER) advertised for a husband, for this post had already been assigned to the dullest and stuffiest of *fiancés*. I dare not think how the theme might have been treated in French hands, but Mr. HARCOURT is very firm about the proprieties. My only fear was that the gallery might mistake his rather second-rate people for gentlefolk. In what kind of club, I wonder, do members reply to matrimonial advertisements and make bets about the result of their applications? I should be sorry to think that anybody attributes such conduct to the *habitués* of the Athenæum.

The types that came to inspect *Mabel Vere* were sufficiently varied. There was a masterful Colonial (finally ejected by a lady-friend, who performed a jujitsu feat which required a very palpable collusion on his part); a butler; an Army Officer (with a reputation for exploring); a gay naval thruster, and an old gentleman who ought to have known better. To most of them she opposed an air of virgin superciliousness very disappointing to their justifiable anticipations; but the butler promised copy, and she accepted an invitation to tea in his kitchen. This scene furnished some very excellent and natural fun, and there was really no need to introduce, and exploit over and over again, the hallowed device of a trip-mat, that last resort of the bankrupt farceur. The necessary complications ensued with the unexpected arrival of the master (one of the candidates for the lady's hand, I need not say), who makes sudden demand for an early dinner, a thing impossible to execute with the cook in a fit of hysterics induced by jealousy of the lady who had supplanted her in the butler's perfidious affections.

In the third Act we return to *Mabel's* flat and resume her interviews with the applicants for her hand. This revival of the situation of the First Act was a weakness in the construction. The original *fiancé*—a wooden dummy set up for the purpose of being knocked down—is dismissed, and *Captain Corkoran*, the bold explorer, is appointed to the vacancy. He deserved his luck; but, if I wish him joy of it, I do so without a pang of envy, for she was much too good at back-chat for a quiet life, to say nothing of her taste in literature, which would want a deal of correction.

Of course Miss GLADYS COOPER made her seem much more desirable than she really was. (I speak of her personal charm and not of her agreeable costumes, which are for the pens of more instructed reviewers. I got nothing out of a lady near me, whom I recognised as a dramatic critic by a question that her neighbour put to her. "Do you know this frock," she asked, "or will you have to go behind?") Apart from the delightful picture which Miss COOPER always presents she has a most swift and delicate feeling for the details of her craft. She has the confidence that avoids over-emphasis, and she does her audience the compliment of assuming that they have intelligence enough to understand the least of those little nods of hers that have the true eloquence of an under-statement. Mr. MALCOLM CHERRY was at his best and easiest as *Captain Corkoran*. Mr. HENDRIE handled the broad humour of the butler with imperturbable restraint, and Miss BARBARA GOTT was as fine and human a cook as I ever wish to meet in her native lair. Miss MARGARET FRASER, a most attractive figure, was a model for any housemaid on whose damask cheek the concealment of an unrequited passion for her master feeds like a worm i' th' bud. Altogether a really excellent cast.

The humour of the dialogue was fresh and well sustained. Here and there Mr. HARCOURT permitted himself allusive refinements which deserved a better response, as when *Captain Corkoran*, discussing with *Mabel* the menu of the dinner that she fails to cook for him, adapts the language of SOLOMON and says, "Fritter me apples, for I am sick of love." This was lost upon an audience insufficiently familiar with the works of that great voluptuary.

O. S.



THE DISCOMFITURE OF A KITCHEN LOTHARIO.

Captain Corkoran . . . . . MR. MALCOLM CHERRY.
Adams (a butler) . . . . . MR. ERNEST HENDRIE.
Mabel Vere . . . . . MISS GLADYS COOPER.

TASTY DISHES.

(*By Mr. Punch's Food Specialist.*)

Mr. Punch considers it to be his duty at the present time to show how an abundance of excellent and nourishing food may be obtained from the most unlikely materials. In doing this he is aware that he is merely following the example set him by countless culinary experts, who have communicated their ideas to the daily press; but Mr. Punch is not to be deterred from doing a helpful action by any paltry jealousy as to precedence. His readers, he knows, will be grateful to him for his generosity.

NO. I.—FOR GENERAL USE.

Take two Committees—it is not absolutely necessary that they should meet more than once—and, having added to them a Chairman, stew on a slow fire until a Secretary emerges. Turn into an enamelled saucepan and set to simmer over gas. Then boil up twice into resolutions and votes of thanks, and let the whole toast for at least three hours. Sprinkle with amendments and add salt and pepper to taste. Then brown with a salamander and serve up hot in egg-cups.

NO. II.—FOR A HOUSEHOLDER IN STREATHAM OR CAMDEN TOWN.

To half a tennis-lawn add two ounces of croquet-mallet and three arches of pergola, and reduce the whole to a fine



Recruit (with exercising party). "IF I LETS THE BLIGHTERS GO THE CORPORAL 'LL CUSS ME INTO 'EAPS. AN' IF I 'OLDS ON TO 'EM I'LL BREAK MY BLINKIN' NECK!"

powder. Drench with still lemonade and boil into a thick paste. Add two hundredweight of dandelions and plantains together with at least three pounds of garden-roller and five yards of wire-netting carefully grilled. Let this be roasted and basted for an hour and then flavoured with vantage. Turn out into a mould, and serve overhand as fast as possible, having first shred into the mixture half a ton of daisies or buttercups, according to taste.

No. III.—Beesting Jelly for Apiarians.

Catch one thousand bees and extract their stings. Then throw away the bees and lay the stings gently but firmly on a mash composed of the breasts of five Buff Orpington cockerels. Sift the whole through a fine cloth and add the yolks of a hundred poached eggs. Beat up together for an hour and ten minutes. Flavour with coffee and dilute with elderberry wine. Allow the mixture to simmer in a hot oven and serve with fresh asparagus cut before breakfast.

No. IV.—Puntpole Pie for Riparian Owners.

Chop into small pieces three or four puntpoles, having first melted down the metal shoes, and spread thin over as many canoe paddles as can be obtained for the purpose. Immerse the whole suddenly in the river and dry before a quick fire. Add one boat's rudder and twenty-four dab-chicks, and season with three yards of grated swans' necks, six barbel, four dace and a dozen gudgeon, close time for these fish being strictly observed. Sprinkle with cowslips and willow leaves, insert in a pie-dish and cover with a thick paste of bulrushes and marsh grass. Then set to bake for three hours, and stick four pigeons' claws into the crust. Picnic baskets from which the salt has been omitted may be shredded over the surface instead of parsley.

Mr. Punch has many more recipes equally cheap and excellent, and is prepared to disclose them to those of his readers who may desire to practise a rigid economy and at the same time to enjoy an abundance of good food.

The End of the Story.

"Will the soldier who assisted the Gentleman with a motor cycle and sidecar on the Downs on Tuesday communicate with him at Greenbank Cemetery."—*Bristol Evening News.*

"Harry Wilson, milkman, of Devonport, has no connection of any kind with Woodrow Wilson, of United States of America."
Auckland Paper.

HARRY is now sorry he wrote.

"The daily rations of the shirkers are:—
Bread . . . . 9oz.
(uncooked, including bone)."
Daily Mail.

The conscientious objector doesn't seem to be having such a soft time after all.

TYRTÆUS.

WHEN Sparta's heroes, tired of truce,
The fires of battle woke,
TYRTÆUS sang them golden lays
And bravely on their marching days
His queenly Muse outspoke.
TYRTÆUS' name 's come down the years
And did deserve to do,
For so he dried men's eyes of tears,
So loosed their hearts from idle fears,
Stouter they thrust their ashen spears,
Their javelins further threw.

In those fair days TYRTÆUS' song
Was all men had to trust,
But while he hymned the coming fight
They did not wail, "He can't be right,"
They heard and cried, "He must!"
When men of craven soul came in—
Which now may Heaven forbid—
Then stout TYRTÆUS would begin:—
"Mere argument can be no sin,
But whining is; we're going to win."
And so, of course, they did.

TYRTÆUS' heart has ceased to beat,
But still his measures run,
And still abides the British Press,
Which men must credit, more or less,
To tell how things are done.
So by all bards with hearts of fire
Cheerfully be it sung,
That still our people may not tire
In doing well, but yet aspire;
Let these renew TYRTÆUS' lyre,
Let others hold their tongue.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

A VOLUME called *Curious Happenings* (MILLS AND BOON) can boast at least a highly attractive, open-and-see title; to which is added, in the present instance, a wrapper-picture of the most intriguing brand. Perhaps not quite all the contents of Miss MARJORIE BOWEN'S book of short stories fully live up to the promise of its outside (what stories could?), but they have amongst them one, from which both title and picture are taken, of very unusual and haunting quality. So, if you should only be able to snatch so much time from work of National importance as suffices to read a single tale, begin at the start, and be assured of having the best. Not that the others are without their attractions, though one is rather gratuitously revolting. Laid in the picturesque eighteenth century, they all exhibit Miss BOWEN'S very pretty gift for costume-drama at its happiest. The trouble is that, with a volume of such short tales, stories of situation, one gets too familiar with the method—as, for example, in "The Folding Doors," where a lady's husband and lover had played out their scene before the closed doors (with an alleged cut finger for the husband), and I knew only too well in what state the flinging open of the doors would reveal the lady herself. But perhaps I am exceptionally cursed in this matter; and, anyhow, a volume that contains even one story so good as "The Pond" is a thing for gratitude and rejoicing.

I may have been wrong in turning to a novel for mental relief; anyhow, I have just come through one of the toughest bouts of relaxation I can remember, and my only solace for the slight weariness of such repose is the thought how much more tired the author, Mr. BASIL CREIGHTON, must be. With such a hail-storm of metaphor and epigram constantly dissolving in impalpable mist of mere words has he assaulted *The History of an Attraction* (CHATTO AND WINDUS) that the poor thing, atomised, vaporised and analysed to the bone, lies limp and lifeless between the covers, with hardly a decent rag of incident or story to cover it. And there one might perhaps be content to let it rest, but for the fact that *Anita*, the lady of the "Attraction," is worthy of a better fate. The principal man of the book, who, after much wobbling consideration, and in spite of his quite fortuitous marriage with some one else in the meantime, discovers at last that he does love *Anita*, is the merest peg on which to hang endless philosophisings; and so is his impossible wife *Janet* herself, the lady who, after having accepted his dubious courtship for no particular reason, fortunately deserts him without any better excuse, thus clearing the way for a most decorous divorce and readjustment. Neither is the writer's inner thesis—the immoralness of ordinary morality, so far as I can make out—particularly agreeable; but *Anita*, though far from being the sort of person one would look to meet in real life, is intriguing after a fashion, and just possibly repays the hard work needed for the making of her acquaintance.



Lady Customer. "BUT ARE YOU SURE THAT THIS CHAIR IS GENUINE CHARLES II.? IT LOOKS RATHER NEW."

Fake Antique Dealer (off his guard). "I'M SORRY, MADAM, WE HAVE NO *REAL* ANTIQUES IN STOCK. YOU SEE WE CAN'T GET THE LABOUR."

Miss M. E. F. IRWIN, whose previous books I remember to have greatly enjoyed, has produced for her third a story of much originality and power, called *Out of the House* (CONSTABLE). The title may perplex you at first. It comes from the struggles of the heroine to wrench herself free from encompassing family ties and the tradition of intermarriage, in order to join her life to the outside lover who calls to her. You might therefore consider it, in some sense, a story of eugenics, but that its outlook is emotional rather than scientific. Yet the *Pomfrets*, as a result of family pride and over-specialization, had become a sufficiently queer lot to warrant a normal girl in any violence of house-breaking to be free of them. Therein of course lies the cleverness of the book; it is full of atmosphere, and the atmosphere is full of dust, *Pomfret* dust. You can feel how heavy to rebellious lungs must have been the air of the *Pomfret* houses, where lived *Philip*, the intriguing father, and his sons *Anthony* (a little mad) and *Charles* (much more mad, but with at least the instincts of a lunatic gentleman). It is not, you will guess, precisely a lively tale, but the force of it is undeniable. Miss IRWIN has now more than ever proved herself a fastidious and careful artist, with a touch of austerity that gives weight to a tale so frankly one of sentiment, and she will, I hope, continue to keep her work above the ordinary level.

The Wane of Uxenden (ARNOLD) seems to be one of those novels which may be classed as worthy in intention without being exactly happy in execution. Miss LEGGE has a desire to warn us all against the perils of monkeying with spiritism, and she has chosen the method of making it tiresome even to read about. Well, it is a method certainly. *Uxenden* was a nice old family, which had come down to cutting its timber while a rich Jewish soap-and-scent-manufacturer sat rubbing his hands on a slice of the property, waiting for the rest of it to come his way. *Uxenden* eventually waned entirely, and without tears so far as I was concerned. I feel sure *Mr. La Haye* (*né Levinstein*) would make a better landlord than the old squire, in spite of the prejudices of the countryside . . . No, I am afraid it would be stretching a point to promise you any great entertainment from this well-intentioned but rather woolly book. *Brother Jenkins*, the fraud, of the Society of Seven, is about the most entertaining of the marionettes.

Our Kindly Critics.

"It is Mr. Wells's great advantage as a preacher that he has a prose style instinct with life and beauty. Somewhere he speaks of a cathedral as a 'Great, still place, urgent with beauty'; somewhere else he says, 'The necessary elements of religion can be written on a postcard."—*Daily Chronicle.*

"Callisthenes" must look to his laurels.

Extract from the letter of a lady who helps in parish work and is full of agricultural enthusiasm :—

"Next week I am going to start digging for the vicar."

Assuming that the reverend gentleman was inadvertently buried alive, we deprecate this delay.

CHARIVARIA.

MR. WILLIAM WATSON describes his new book of verse, *The Man Who Saw*, as "an intermittent commentary on the main developments and some of the collateral phenomena of the War." People are already asking, "Why was a man like this left out of the Dardanelles Commission?"

* * *

Weeds are a source of great trouble to the amateur gardener, says a contemporary, because he is not always able to recognise them. A good plan is to pull them out of the ground. If they come up again they are weeds.

* * *

We hope that Mr. CHARLES COCHRAN is not indisposed, but we have not noticed a new revue by him this week.

* * *

Sulphur from Italy is being distributed by the Explosives Committee. This body must not be confused with the Expletives Committee, which gets its supply of sulphur straight from the Front.

* * *

The Metropolitan Water Board is appealing against waste of water. It is proposed to provide patriotic householders with attractive cards stating that the owner of the premises in which the card is displayed is bound in honour not to touch the stuff.

* * *

According to a member of the Inventions Board, over two thousand solutions of the U-boat problem have already been received. Unfortunately this is more than the number of U-boats available for experiment, but it is hoped that by strictly limiting the allowance to one submarine per invention the question may be determined in a manner satisfactory to the greatest possible number.

* * *

Of eight applications received by the Barnes Council for the vacancy of Inspector of Nuisances three came from men of military age. It is expected that the Council will suggest that these gentlemen should be invited to inspect the nuisances in front of the British trenches.

* * *

The proprietor of thirteen steam rollers told the Egham Tribunal that in two years he had only been able to take one of them out of the yard. We cannot think that he has really tried. Much might have been done with kindness and a piece of cheese, while we have often seen quite large steam-rollers being enticed along the road by a man with a red flag.

* * *

A Swiss correspondent is informed that "Hindenburg's legs are no longer strong enough to support him." The weakness appears to be gradually extending to his arms.

* * *

"The starched collar must go," remarks a contemporary riefully. Not, we hope, before a substitute has been found for some of those unwashable necks.

* * *

"Lady conductors," said an Underground Railway official last week, "must remember that the seats and straps are put there for the use of the passengers." We know all about straps, but we have often wondered what it feels like to use one of the seats on the Underground.

* * *

The police have raided a coining plant in Marylebone. It is becoming more and more difficult to make money.

* * *

Under a recent Government order the importation of wild animals into Great Britain is forbidden. Allotment holders throughout the country hope the order will be read out to any wireworm or potato-moth that attempts to land at our ports.

* * *

A deputation to the FOOD CONTROLLER has demanded that the allowance of bread to farm labourers should be increased to two pounds per head per day. The amount is considered excessive in view of the national needs, and the alternative course of permitting them to eat all they can grow is being favourably considered.

* * *

Mr. MITCHEL, the Mayor of New York, has forbidden musicians to play the National Anthems of the Allies in ragtime. Mr. MITCHEL is a great humanitarian and simply hates the sound of anything in pain.

* * *

The German Society of Actors and Singers has forbidden its members to sing in the United States. Enthusiasts from the latter country are planning an early trip to Northern France rather than miss entertainment in the Siegfried and Wotan line.

* * *

Following so closely upon the report that a Wallasey woman had discovered a German coin in a loaf of bread we were not surprised by a contemporary headline, "Seymour Hicks in a new Rôle."

* * *

Damage to the extent of twenty-five thousand pounds is said to have been caused to the crops in Australia by mice, and the Australian authorities contemplate the purchase of a mousetrap.



Economist (soliloquising). "WE MUST ALL DENY OURSELVES SOMETHING. AND TO THINK, DESPITE THE PAPER SHORTAGE, PEOPLE ARE STILL SMOKING CIGARETTES."

An Irish Settlement.

"Miss ——, who elected to serve fourteen days' imprisonment rather than pay a fine for an alleged assault arising out of a little commotion in Cork, was, on her release from prison, presented with a gold-mounted umbrella in compensation for the one she broke on a policeman's head."—*Evening Herald (Dublin).*

In view of the admission in the last sentence, "alleged" is good.

"New York, Friday.—An elaborate programme of welcome will be escorted to the City Hall, which has been prepared. The British Mission has been strikingly decorated for the occasion with innumerable British and Allied flags."—*Liverpool Post.*

We are now anxiously awaiting a snapshot of Mr. BALFOUR in his latest costume.

"The vessels are at present under construction by the Kawashi Dockyard Company, Limited, of Kobe, and realised from £42 to £42 per ton deadweight."

Poverty Bay Herald.

A careful calculation will show that the average cost was almost exactly forty guineas.

"Several rhubord recipes have come in this week, so that the reader who enquired for recipe for rhubard jelly is supplied with this, and recipes for other rhubarb dainties as well."

Edmonton Journal (Canada).

If *John Gilpin* were to "dine at Edmonton" (Canada) he would come in for some nice new vegetables.

A PLACE OF ARMS.

[Inscribed by a humble member of the Inner Temple to the Benchers of his Inn.]

I KNEW a garden green and fair,
Flanking our London river's tide,
And you would think, to breathe its air
And roam its virgin lawns beside,
All shimmering in their velvet fleece,
"Nothing can hurt this haunt of Peace."

No trespass marred that close retreat;
Privileged were the few that went
Pacing its walks with measured beat
On legal contemplation bent;
And Inner Templars used to say:
"How well our garden looks to-day!"

But That which changes all has changed
This guarded pleasaunce, green and fair,
And soldier-ranks therein have ranged
And trod its beauty hard and bare,
Have tramped and tramped its fretted floor
Learning the discipline of War.

And many a moon of Peace shall climb
Above that mimic Field of Mars
Before the healing touch of Time
With springing green shall hide its scars;
But Inner Templars smile and say:
"Our barrack-square looks well to-day."

Good was that garden in their eyes,
Lovely its spell of long-ago;
Now waste and mired its glory lies,
And yet they hold it dearer so,
Who see beneath the wounds it bears
A grace no other garden wears.

For still the memory, never sere,
But fresh as after fallen rain,
Of those who learned their lesson here
And may not ever come again,
Gives to this garden, bruised and browned,
A greenness as of hallowed ground.

O. S.

RANDOM FLIGHTS.

BY MARCUS MACLEOD.

(*With renewed acknowledgments to "The Skittish Weekly."*)

IT was with inexpressible relief that I heard of the narrow escape of the Rev. Urijah Basham. Presiding at a jumble sale at Sidcup he described how he had been within an ace of partaking of rhubarb leaves at luncheon on the previous day, but, having read in the morning's paper of their fatal results, wisely decided to abstain. I need hardly remind my readers that Mr. Basham is, after the Rev. JOSEPH HOCKING, perhaps our greatest preacher-novelist. The jumble sale was held in the beautiful concert hall of the Sidcup Temperance Congregational Reed Band. The Dowager-Lady Bowler, Sir Moses Pimblett, and the Rev. Chadley Bandman were amongst those who graced the function with their presence.

A correspondent has kindly sent me a copy of *The Little Diddlington Parish Magazine* for April. In it there is an interesting letter claiming that the original of *Mr. Pickwick* was a benevolent gentleman named Swizzle, who was temporarily employed as perpetual curate of Little Diddlington in the sixties. The evidence on which this identification is founded seems to me somewhat unconvincing, as *Pickwick* was published in the year 1836. But Nature, as it has been finely said, often borrows from Art, and Fact may similarly be inspired to emulate Fiction.

I promised not to trouble my readers again with the Mystery of the Man in the Iron Mask. But I may be allowed merely to mention that there is an excellent study of the subject in *The Methodist Monthly*, by my old friend, Professor Corker. The article, which runs to nearly seventy pages, does the utmost credit to this brilliant writer, who comes to the conclusion that no satisfactory solution of the mystery has ever been propounded or ever can be. But while his examination of the different theories is singularly free from bias he is evidently impressed by the ingenious view of Dr. Amos Stoot, the eminent Chicago alienist, that the masked inmate of the Bastille immured himself voluntarily in order to investigate the conditions of French prison life at the time, but, owing to the homicidal development of his subliminal consciousness, was detained indefinitely by the authorities, and during his imprisonment wrote the *Letters of Junius*.

I have been reading with much enjoyment, and I hope profit, a book entitled *Behind the Ivory Gate; Being the Reminiscences of a Dentist*, by Orlando Pullar, F.R.D.S. Mr. Pullar's opportunities for studying the psychology of his clients have been exceptional, and he has turned them to rich account in these fascinating pages. He is, moreover, as adroit with his pen as with the instruments of his humane and benevolent calling, and has a pretty wit. Thus he tells us that his villa at Balham is named "Tusculum," and that, in view of the fact that three generations of Pullars have been dentists, his family can be said to be of "old extraction." This pleasant quip I seem to have heard before; but, with all deductions, there are many signs here of a strong sagacious mind, that brings to bear on all the jars of daily life the priceless emollient of moral uplift.

THE MUD LARKS.

NEVER have I seen a kiltie platoon wading through the cold porridge of snow and slush of which our front used to be composed, but I have said, with my French friend, "*Mon Dieu, les courants d'air!*" and thank Fate that I belong to a race which reserves its national costume for fancy-dress balls.

It is very well for MacAlpine of Ben Lomond, who has stalked his haggis and devoured it raw, who beds down on thistles for preference and grows his own fur; but it is very hard on Smith of Peckham, who through no fault of his own finds himself in a Highland regiment, trying to make his shirt-tails do where his trousers did before. But the real heather-mixture, double-distilled Scot is a hardy bird with different ideas from *nous autres* as to what is cold: also as to what is hot. Witness the trying experience of our Albert Edward.

Our Albert Edward and a Hun rifle grenade arrived at the same place at the same time, intermingled and went down to the Base to be sifted. In the course of time came a wire from our Albert Edward, saying he had got the grenade out of his system and was at that moment at the railhead; were we going to send him a horse or weren't we?

Emma was detailed for the job, which was a mistake, because Emma was not the mount for a man who had been softening for five months in hospital. She had only two speeds in her répertoire, a walk which slung you up and down her back from her ears to her croup, and a trot which jarred your teeth loose and rattled the buttons off your tunic. However, she went to the railhead and Albert Edward mounted her, threw the clutch into the first speed and hammered out the ten miles to our camp, arriving smothered in snow and so stiff we had to lift him down, so raw it was a mockery to offer him a chair, and therefore he had to take his tea off the mantelpiece.

We advised a visit to Sandy. Sandy was the hot bath merchant. He lurked in a dark barn at the end of the village, and could be found there at any time of any day, brooding over the black cauldrons in which the baths were brewed, his Tam-o'-shanter drooped over one eye, steam condensing on his blue nose. Theoretically the hot baths were free, but in practice a franc pressed into Sandy's forepaw was found to have a strong calorific effect on the water.

So down the village on all fours, groaning like a Dutch brig in a cross-sea, went our Albert Edward. He crawled into the dark barn and, having



THE HYPNOTIST.

BETHMANN-HOLLWEG. "KEEP LOOKING AT ME. YOU 'RE WINNING THE WAR! YOU 'RE WINNING THE WAR! YOU 'RE WINNING THE WAR!"

no smaller change, contributed a two-franc bill to the forepaw and told Sandy about his awful stiffness. His eloquence and the double fee broke Sandy's heart. With great tears in his eyes he assured Albert Edward that the utmost resources of his experience and establishment should be mobilised on his (Albert Edward's) behalf, and ushered him tenderly into that hidden chamber, constructed of sacking screens, which was reserved for officers. Albert Edward peeled his clothes gingerly from him, and Sandy returned to his cauldrons.

The peeling complete, Albert Edward sat in the draughts of the inner chamber and waited for the bath. The outer chamber was filled with smoke, and the flames were leaping six feet above the cauldrons; but every time Albert Edward hollooed for his bath Sandy implored another minute's grace.

Finally Albert Edward could stand the draughts no longer and ordered Sandy, on pain of court-martial and death, to bring the water, hot or not.

Whereupon Sandy reluctantly brought his buckets along, and, grumbling that neither his experience nor establishment had had a fair chance, emptied them into the tub. Albert Edward stepped in without further remark and sat down.

The rest of the story I had from my groom and countryman, who, along with an odd hundred other people, happened to be patronising the outer chamber tubs at the time. He told me that suddenly they heard "a yowl like a man that 's afther bein' bit be a mad dog," and over the screen of the inner chamber came our Albert Edward in his birthday dress. "Took it in his sthride, Sor, an' coursed three laps round the bath-house cursin' the way he 'd wither the Divil," said my groom and countryman; "then he ran out of the door into the snow an' lay down in it." He likewise told me that Albert Edward's performance had caused a profound sensation among the other bathers, and they inquired of Sandy as to the cause thereof; but Sandy shook his Tam-o'-shanter and couldn't tell them; hadn't the vaguest idea. The water he had given Albert Edward was hardly scalding, he said; hardly scalding, with barely one packet of mustard dissolved in it.

Our Albert Edward is still taking his meals off the mantelpiece.

I met my friend, the French battery commander, yesterday. He was cantering a showy chestnut mare over the turf, humming a tune aloud. He looked very fit and very much in love with the world. I asked him what he meant by it. He replied that he couldn't help it; everybody was combining to make him happy; his C.O. had fallen down a gun-pit and broken a leg; he had won two hundred francs from his pet enemy; he had discovered a jewel of a cook; and then there was always the Boche, the perfectly priceless, absolutely ridiculous, screamingly funny little Boche. The Boche, properly exploited, was a veritable fount of joy. He dreaded the end of the War, he assured me, for a world without Boches would be a salad sans the dressing.



Verger (to Mrs. Smith, about to wed for fourth time). "VERY UNUSUAL INDEED, MRS. SMITH. I CAN'T REMEMBER ANY OF THE OTHER THREE BEING QUITE SO LATE AS THIS."

I inquired as to how the arch-humourist had been excelling himself lately.

The Captain passaged his chestnut alongside my bay, chuckled and told me all about it. It appeared that one wet night he was rung up by the Infantry to say that the neighbouring Hun was up to some funny business, and would he stand by for a barrage, please?

What sort of funny business was the Hun putting up?

Oh, a rocket had gone up over the way and they thought it was a signal for some frightfulness or other.

He stood by for half an hour, and then, as nothing happened, turned in. Ten minutes later the Infantry rang up again. More funny business; three rockets had gone up.

He stood by for an hour with no result, then sought his bunk once more, cursing all men. Confound the Infantry getting the jumps over a rocket or two! Confound them two times! Then a spark of inspiration glowed within him, glowed and flamed brightly. If his exalted *poilus* got the wind up over a handful of rockets, how much more also would the deteriorating Boche?

Gurgling happily, he brushed the rats off his chest and the beetles off his face, turned over and went to sleep. Next morning he wrote a letter to his "god-mother" in Paris ("*une petite femme, très intelligente, vous savez*"), and ten days later her parcels came tumbling in. The first night (a Monday) he gave a modest display, red and white rockets bursting into green stars every five minutes. Tuesday night more rockets, with a few Catherine-wheels thrown in. Wednesday night, Catherine-wheels and golden rain, and so on until the end of the week, when they finished up with a grand special attraction and all-star programme, squibs, Catherine-wheels, Roman candles, Prince of Wales' feathers, terminating in a blinding, fizzing barrage of coloured rockets, and "God bless our Home" in golden stars.

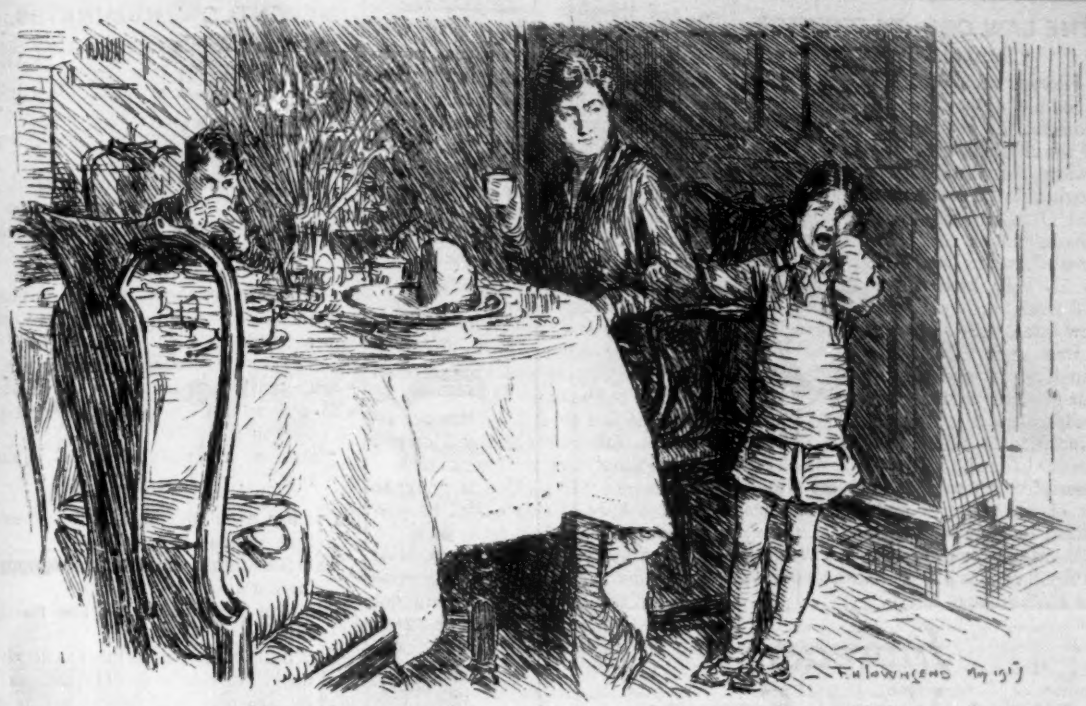
"All very pretty," said I, "but what were the results?"

"Precisely what I anticipated. A deserter came over yesterday who was through it all and didn't intend to go through it again. They had got the wind up properly, he said, hadn't had a wink of sleep for a week. His officers had scratched themselves bald-headed trying to guess what it was all about. All ranks stood to continuously, up to their waists in mud, frozen stiff and half drowned, while *my* brave little rogues of *poilus*, mark you, slept warm in their dug-outs, and the only man on duty was the lad who was touching the fireworks off. O friend of mine, there is much innocent fun to be got out of the Boche if you 'll only give him a chance!"

PATLANDER.

"The position of men who were not 41 before June 24, 1917, and who have since attained 41 is again the subject of much confusion."
Daily Dispatch.

We can well believe this.



Mollie (who has been naughty and condemned to "no toast"). "OH, MUMMY! ANYTHING BUT THAT! I'D RATHER HAVE A HARD SMACK —ANYWHERE YOU LIKE."

A CURE FOR CURIOSITY.

(An Idealistic Fable.)

Alfonso Ebenezer Scutt
Could never keep his mouth close shut;
And when I mention that his tongue
Was flexible and loosely hung,
You will begin to understand
Why he was honoured in our land.

A lucky *coup* in mining shares
Released him from financial cares,
And though his wife was strangely plain—
A lady of Peruvian strain—
She had a handsome revenue
Derived from manganese and glue.
Thus fortified, in Nineteen-Six
Alfonso entered politics,
Ousting from Sludgeport-on-the-Ouse
A Tory of old-fashioned views.
Alfonso Scutt, though wont to preach
In chapels, rarely made a speech,
But managed very soon to climb
To eminence at Question Time.
Fired by insatiable thirst
For knowledge, from the very first
He launched upon an endless series
Of quite unnecessary queries,
Till overworked officials came
To loathe the mention of his name.
At last their anguish grew so keen
The Premier had to intervene,
And by a tactful master-stroke
Relieved them from Alfonso's yoke.

By way of liberal reward
He made the childless Scutt a lord,
And then despatched him on a Mission
In honorific recognition
Of presents sent for our relief
By a renowned New Guinea Chief.
The natives of those distant parts
Are noted for their generous hearts,
But, spite of protests raised by us,
Continue anthropophagous.
And this, I have no doubt, was why,
When Members wished Lord Scutt good-bye,
You could not see one humid eye.

* * * * *

The moral of this simple strain
I trust is adequately plain.
When people crave for information
Unfit, in war, for publication,
They take a line, from vice or levity,
That 's not conducive to longevity.

AN AFRICAN APPEAL.

THE Baboo must look to his laurels, for other dusky aspirants to fluent articulate culture are on the war-path, and they are by no means to be underrated. I have seen lately quite a number of letters from young studious gentlemen of Ashantee, who, having acquired a little English, desire more, and develop a passion for correspondence with English strangers, whose names they pick up. The following typical example, dated March 9th, 1917, will serve to illustrate the new habit:—

"DEAR SIR,—I am with much pleasure to indite you about your name that has come to my hand with great joy. On the receipt of this letter, know that I want to be one of your fellow friends. You have been reported to me by a friend of mine of your good attention and benevolences. My openion of writing you is to say, I want to take you as my favourite friend. Everything or news that may be happened there at your side, I wish you to report same to me. And I also shall report same to you satisfaction. Will you be good enough to agree with me? Then I hope to get few lines of news from you being as you consented or disconsented. To have a friend at abroad is something that delights the life. I am earnestly requested to hear from you soon. I beg to detain, dear Sir,

Yrs truly, ——."

To whom do you think that letter is addressed? You would suppose to some public personage with a reputation for cordial sympathy with the young and earnest, such as the CHIEF SCOUT, for instance. But no, the "Dear Sir" is in reality a limited liability company, one of whose circulars, I suppose, wandered to the Gold Coast.

THE LAW COURTS THEATRE.

"ROMNEY'S RUM 'UN."

LONDON was probably never richer in comic actors than at the present moment, for not only is W. H. BERRY at the Adelphi, LESLIE HENSON at the Gaiety, ARTHUR ROBERTS at the Oxford singing his old songs, and ROBERT HALE and GEORGE ROBEY twice daily elsewhere, but in the Law Courts Playhouse CHARLES DARLING has been lately at his very best. Dropping in there last week, during the performance of a new farce, entitled *Romney's Rum 'Un*, I was again fascinated by the inexhaustible wit and allusive badinage of this great little comedian, beside whose ready gagging GEORGE GRAVES himself is inarticulate. Had not GEORGE ROBEY invented for application to himself the descriptive phrase, "The Prime Minister of Mirth," it should be at once affixed to the Law Courts' fun-maker; but, since it is too late to use that, let us think of him as "The Chancellor of the Exchequer of Mirth."

CHARLES DARLING'S success is the more remarkable because he keeps so still. He sits in his chair as steadily as another of his outdistanced rivals, SAM MAYO ("The Immobile Comedian," as he is called), remains standing. He has few gestures; he rarely, if ever, sings, and I have never seen him dance; and yet the way in which he "gets over" is astonishing. "Laughter holding both his sides" is the most constant attendant of this theatre.

What is the secret? Well, first and foremost it is of course to be sought in the genius of the actor himself; but contributory causes are the acceptivity of the audience, which is more noticeable in the Law Courts than in any other London theatre, and the willingness of his fellow-performers to "feed" him, as stage-folk have it; that is to say, provide him with materials upon which (again resorting to stage language) he may "crack his wheezes." The other day, for example, that excellent comedian, JOHN SIMON, was his principal ally in this way, and nothing could have been better than the sympathy between the two funny men. To CHARLES DARLING naturally fell the fat of the dialogue, but no one enjoyed the treat more than JOHN SIMON, in whose dictionary the word jealousy does not exist. LESLIE SCOTT also did his best to "feed" his principal, and the results were a scream.

If the jokes were now and then a little legal, what did it matter? Many of the audience were legal too, and that there is no better audience the reports of the farces played here day after day abundantly prove. They are out for fun, and therefore in an appreciative and complaisant mood.

To prove a comedian's genius to the mere reader is a difficult matter, and one can never hope to re-embody him in all his humorous idiosyncracies; but quotation comes to one's aid, and in the case of such a wit as CHARLES DARLING it is invaluable. Thus JOHN SIMON, referring to Mrs. SIDDONS' unwieldiness in her old age, said that in a certain part she had to be helped from her knees by two attendants. Quick as lightning came the comment, "When she was younger she was able to rise on her own merits." Was ever so exquisitely funny and unexpected a turn given to the dull word "merits"? Another perfect thing from this diverting piece, followed also by Homeric cachinnations, was the mock-serious apophthegm: "If a cloud is going to support a lady of substantial proportions, you must make it fairly solid."

I came away with reluctance, filled with wonder at the want of enterprise shown by our revue-managers in not having, long ere now, secured CHARLES DARLING'S services. If only he continues to take his art seriously he has a great future. Meanwhile I am applying embrocation to my sore sides.

NATURE NOTES.

"*The Gloaming,*"
North Kensington.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I wonder if any of your intelligent readers have noticed the wonderful adaptability of Nature, of which I send you the following remarkable instance:—The yellowhammer, which we are always told sings, "A little bit of bread and no che-e-ese," has (unless my ears grossly deceive me) changed its words this year to "A little bit of cheese and no bre-e-ead!" Need I say more?

Your obedient servant,
OBSERVATOR.

"Mr. Isaac L. —— is in Cape Town. We hope the change will do Mrs. L. —— good."
Weekly Paper.

We trust that no domestic differences are indicated.

"The bread . . . had been collected from local hostels and barracks for pigs."
Daily Mail.

Does the writer delicately hesitate to call a sty a sty, or has the internment of the food-hog really begun?

"Lord Robert Cecil concluded: 'There is a well-known French proverb, Que; 'messieurs, les assassins commencement—let the murderers begin.'"—*Daily News.*

Our contemporary has begun.

REVENTLOW RUMINATES.

I HAVE no wounds to show; the cannon's thunder
Does not impair my rest. It 's just as well,
For, though I dote on blood, and thoughts of plunder
Act on my jaded spirit like a spell,
I could not but regard it as a blunder
If Prussia's foremost scribe should stop a shell.

So, while I sport the usual iron crosses,
No feats of valour pinned them on my breast,
But writing up the sanguinary losses
Inflicted by our genius in the West.
The punctual theme of my Imperial boss is
"Turn on a victory!" and I do the rest.

To praise each spasm of ruthlessness that passes
Down cringing HOLLWEG'S compromising spine,
Boost the pretensions of the ruling classes
And hail the Hohenzollerns as divine,
And never hesitate to tell the masses
They are and will continue to be swine:—

These are my task. And there are compensations
About the job that field-grey heroes lack.
Although, *e.g.*, there is a dearth of rations,
I 'm not the one that goes without his whack;
Nor do the bayonets of inferior nations
Send nervous chills down my retreating back.

Yet sometimes in the small and early watches
I think, "Good Lord! suppose the U-boats fail!
Or our Colossus of the purple blotches
Should let the Allies get him by the tail!
Suppose this war is one of Deutschland's botches,
And Right, not Might, should happen to prevail!"

There 'd be a revolution; nought could stop it.
Not that I 'd weep if WILHELM had to go;
But what if Holy Junkerdom should cop it?
That would be most unfortunate—and, oh!
Supposing Count REVENTLOW had to hop it,
Kultur would never rally from the blow.

ALGOL.

ROYAL ACADEMY DEPRESSIONS.—II.



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"COME ALONG, YOU LITTLE IMP! I'LL LEARN YOU TO MAKE FUN OF MY TROUSERS."



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THE ETERNAL FEMININE.

"THAT'LL DO; DON'T TROUBLE ABOUT YOUR HAIR—WE'RE NOT LIKELY TO MEET ANYONE."

"OH, I CAN'T GO LIKE THIS; ONE NEVER KNOWS WHEN A SUBMARINE MAY BOB UP."



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THE FOOD SHORTAGE. ARRIVAL OF THE MINT-SAUCE BOAT.



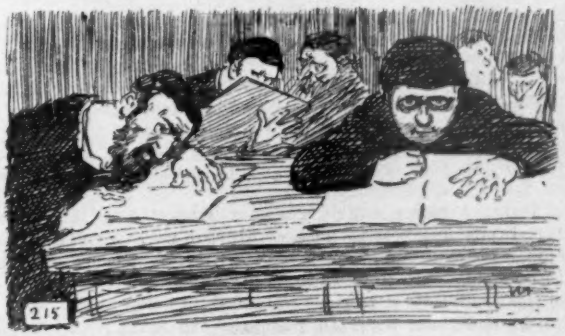
202

Figure on the Seat. "HE CALLS THIS 'THE GARDEN OF MEMORIES,' BUT HE NEARLY FORGOT *ME*."



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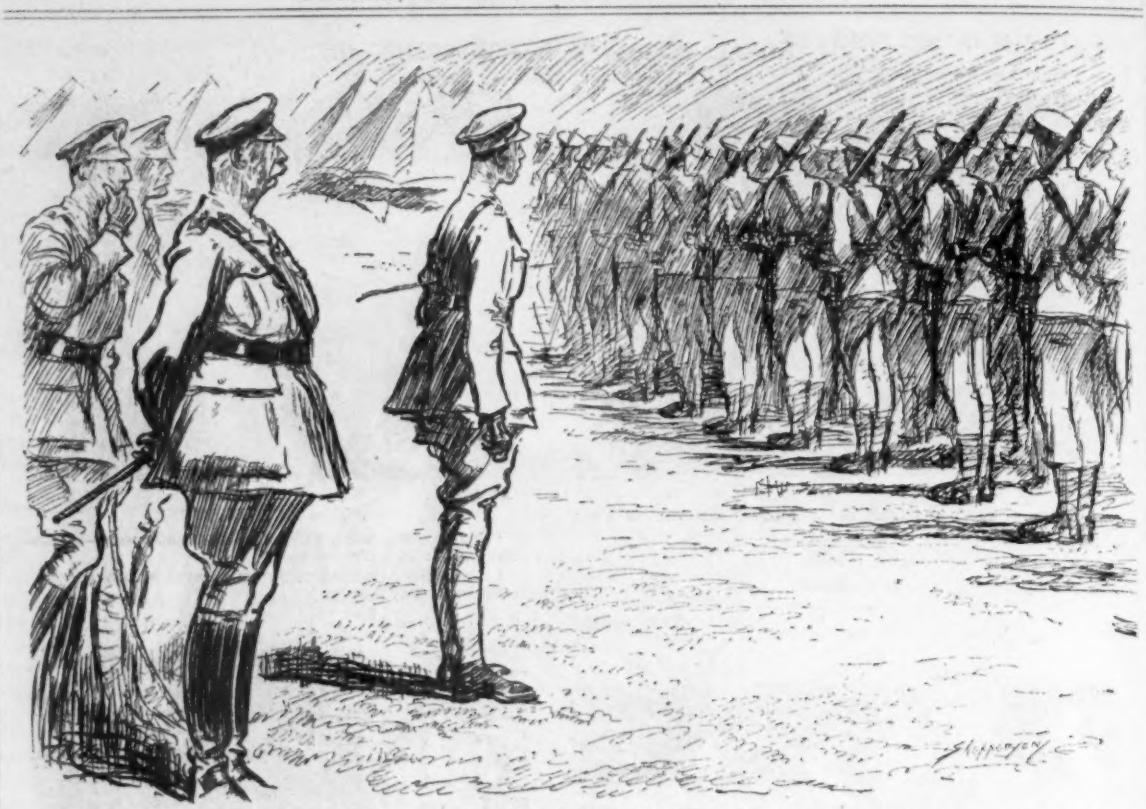
UNHAPPY RESULT OF A TOO GENEROUS FRUIT DIET.



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NATIONAL ECONOMY.

"NOW THEN, MY LADS, KEEP YOUR HEADS DOWN OR WE'LL HAVE THE FRAME CONTROLLER AFTER US."



Second-Lieutenant Spooner (unnerved by presence of a General inspecting). "THE COMPANY WILL MOVE TO THE FIGHT IN ROARS. FORM—ROARS! FIGHT!"

ZERO.

(*"Zero-hour"—commonly known as "Zero"—is the hour fixed for the opening of an Infantry attack.*)

I WOKE at dawn and flung the window wide.
Behind the hedge the lazy river ran;
The dusky barges idled down the tide;
In the laburnum-tree the birds began;
And it was May and half the world in flower;
I saw the sun creep over an Eastward brow,
And thought, "It may be, this is Zero-hour;
Somewhere the lads are 'going over' now."

Somewhere the guns speak sudden on the height
And build for miles their battlement of fire;
Somewhere the men that shivered all the night
Peer anxious forth and scramble through the wire,
Swarm slowly out to where the Maxims bark,
And green and red the panic rockets rise;
And Hell is loosed, and shyly sings a lark,
And the red sun climbs sadly up the skies.

Now they have won some sepulchred Gavrelle,
Some shattered homes in their own dust concealed;
Now no Bosch troubles them nor any shell,
But almost quiet holds the thankful field,
While men draw breath, and down the Arras road
Come the slow mules with battle's dreary stores,
And there is time to see the wounded stowed,
And stretcher-squads besiege the doctors' doors.

Then belches Hell anew. And all day long
The afflicted place drifts heavenward in dust;
All day the shells shriek out their devils' song;
All day men cling close to the earth's charred crust;
Till, in the dusk, the Huns come on again,
And, like some sluice, the watchers up the hill
Let loose the guns and flood the soil with slain,
And they go back, but scourge the village still.

I see it all. I see the same brave souls
To-night, to-morrow, though the half be gone,
Deafened and dazed, and hunted from their holes,
Helpless and hunger-sick, but holding on.
I shall be happy all the long day here,
But not till night shall they go up the steep,
And, nervous now because the end is near,
Totter at last to quietness and to sleep.

And men who find it easier to forget
In England here, among the daffodils,
That there in France are fields unflowered yet,
And murderous May-days on the unlovely hills—
Let them go walking where the land is fair
And watch the breaking of a morn in May,
And think, "It may be Zero over there,
But here is Peace"—and kneel awhile, and pray.

"Surely one result of the war will be that civilised races will regard the German as an outcast unfit to associate with or to have dealings with on equal terms. If he is able to say 'tu grogue' we shall put ourselves in a false position."—*Times of India.*

For ourselves, we decline to do this. We shall simply call him another.



FOR SERVICES RENDERED.

A GERMAN DECORATION FOR BRITISH STRIKERS.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



Our racing correspondent writes that Mr. Lloyd George is having some difficulty with his string (Sinn Fein's Beauty Ginnell, All and More for Ireland Redmond, and Ulster Carson) for the Irish Grand National.

Monday, May 14th.—No longer will the First Sea Lord be distracted from his primary duty of strafing the Hun by the necessity of looking after supplies. That function will now be discharged by an hon. and temp. Vice-Admiral, in the person of Sir Eric Geddes, late hon. and temp. Major-General and Director of Transportation to the Army in France, and now Shipbuilder-in-Chief to the nation. Everyone seemed pleased, with the notable exception of Mr. Hogge, who cannot understand why all these appointments should be showered upon Sir Eric Geddes, when there are other able Scotsmen still unemployed. A late hon. Admiral of the Fleet, now residing at Potsdam, is believed to share Mr. Hogge's objections.

The hardships endured by the criminal classes when they are so unfortunate as to get into prison always strikes a sympathetic chord in the gentle breast of Mr. Edmund Harvey. His latest discovery is that they are allowed the use of writing-paper not more than once a month; and for the rest of the time have to entrust their literary compositions to the unsympathetic surface of a slate, with the aid of a probably squeaky slate-pencil. Could John Bunyan have written *The Pilgrim's Progress* under such conditions? The question opens up a vista of speculation as to the influence of environment upon the creative faculty; and it is not surprising that Mr. Brace was unable to answer it offhand.

In ordinary times the Financial Secretary of the Treasury is the most important Member of the Government outside the Cabinet. Under the present *régime* he is not a member of the House at all. It is true that Mr. Baldwin takes his place as Parliamentary whipping-boy to the Chancellor of the Exchequer with much grace and good humour; but that does not satisfy hon. Members, who want a more substantial object for their daily castigation. The debate on this subject revealed a sharp division of opinion between Mr. Edwin Montagu and Mr. Herbert Samuel. Cousin Edwin, as an ex-Secretary of the Treasury, did not think the House had suffered any serious loss through being unable to cross-examine that official direct. Cousin Herbert was shocked at this revolutionary sentiment coming from his kinsman. If it were accepted there was no logical reason why even the Chancellor of the Exchequer should have a seat in the House. Why, indeed, have Ministers at all? A row of gramophones, ranged along the Treasury Bench and supplied with officially prepared records, would satisfy all legitimate curiosity.

Tuesday, May 15th.—I forget how many weeks ago it is since Mr. Bonar Law announced that the Government were going to make one more effort to settle the Irish Question, and that in due course the Prime Minister would announce their proposals. Since then events have conspired to produce successive postponements. Mr. Lloyd George had to go to France—for the War refuses to stop even though Irishmen decline to encourage it—Mr. Redmond fell ill, Archbishop Walsh indited a postscript, and an election in South Longford suggested doubts as to whether Nationalist M.P.'s were really the Irish nation after all. Nevertheless there is a plan; and it is to be communicated, but in the first instance to the leaders of Irish parties only, and then, if they please, to the Press, and finally, perhaps, to the House of Commons.

Wednesday, May 16th.—We all want to help the new Russian Government in its difficult task, but I doubt if Mr. Snowden and his pacifist friends have contributed to that end by inviting the House of Commons to endorse forthwith the "no annexation, no indemnities" declaration of a section of the

Revolutionaries, and by supporting their proposal in a series of speeches which might be summed up in the words "Peace at any Price." Even the German CHANCELLOR will not be wholly pleased, for the debate revealed that, apart from the seven or eight gentlemen who follow the white flag of the Member for Blackburn, the House is absolutely fixed in its determination to defeat German militarism before talking of peace.

After the searching analysis to which the hon. Member's confident statements were subjected by Lord ROBERT CECIL and Mr. A. F. WHYTE there was nothing left of them but a trace of acid.

So far as I am aware the Member for Blackburn has never endangered the integrity of his principles by helping his country in any way to win the War. In this respect Mr. LEES SMITH, who seconded the motion, has a less consistent record, for he has worn khaki as an orderly of the R.A.M.C. But in his case service abroad seems only to have confirmed his peculiar principles, for he thinks that we ought to return the German colonies, and enable the natives to enjoy once again the blessings of *Kultur*. If he ever saw the Hun while he was in France it must have been through a pair of rose-tinted binoculars.

Thursday, May 17th.—We are all agog to know whether the PRIME MINISTER's offer of immediate Home Rule to twenty-six Counties of Ireland is to be blessed or banned by the Nationalists. This is the day when Irish Questions have priority, and the House hears such important inquiries as whether Hibernian holiday-makers will have their excursion-trains restored to them; what became of a side of bacon captured by the police during the Easter Monday rebellion, and why a certain magistrate should have been struck off the Commission of the Peace for a trifling refusal to take the oath of allegiance. Are we to go without this entertainment in the future, or will Mr. REDMOND refuse to rob Westminster of its gaiety even for the sake of College Green?

If, as I ventured to suggest last week, the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER had laid in a stock of tobacco before the Budget he has evidently exhausted it by now, for, on his attention again being called to the exorbitant charge of the tobacconists, he no longer pooh-poohed the matter, but sternly declared that the situation was being closely watched.

Commercial Candour.

"The Car that never fails to give anything but satisfaction to its owners."

Advertisement in "Indian Motor News."



Amateur (awaiting his turn to perform). "A-ARE YOU NERVOUS, OLD CHAP?"
Infant Prodigy (ditto). "WHAT IS 'NERVOUS'?"

MY AMERICAN COUSINS.

BECAUSE they speak the tongue that 's mine,
Rich in the treasure that belongs
To them as well as me, and twine
Their heart-strings in our English songs,
I knew they 'd scorn those German threats
And sham regrets.

Because their country's name is scrolled
With Liberty's; because her fate,
Like England's own, must be unrolled
In Freedom still, they had to hate
The thought of bowing down before
A Lord of War.

And now they 'll lavish in the strife
The gold they 've scorned to love too well,
And fleets to bring the food that 's life,
And guns of death, and steel and shell;
Defeat or triumph, stand or fall,
They 'll share their all.

They 're out for business; now 's their Day;
They took their time, but finished right;
The heat got slowly comes to stay;
Patient for peace means firm in fight;
And so their country still shall be
Land of the Free.

"Remarkable scenes were witnessed at Exeter yesterday at the free distribution of 10,000 lbs. of potatoes in 5 lb. lots. Five thousand people obtained 5 lbs. each."—*Sunday Paper.*

This result was obtained by the forethought of the distributors, who had the potatoes laid out on multiplication-tables.



Farmer. "What the blazes are you doing? And with them 'orses standin' hidle?"
Tommy. "Cleanin' me buttons. 'Aven't you never been a soldier?"

THE DOLLS THAT DID THEIR BIT.

"*Je vous tends mon corbillon: qu'y met-on?*" asked Jeanne, holding out her basket towards the first of her dolls seated ina semi-circle before her. Most of them were quite familiar with the game, but for the sake of a new-comer Jeanne had explained that each player must place in the basket some object the name of which ended with *on*, to rhyme with *corbillon*. She had announced that this time the game was in aid of a cause, and that therefore it must be played with *things* and not with words only.

"Qu'y met-on, Marie?" repeated Jeanne. "Rappelez-vous bien que c'est une quête à l'intention des petites filles polonaises internées au camp de Havelberg!" What, Marie had nothing but her chain necklace, and that did not end in *on?* No, but the links of the chain did, argued Jeanne. "Donne *des chaînons!*" she prompted in a whisper. "J'y mets des chaînons," said Marie in Jeanne's thinnest voice, and the necklace found its way into the basket.

"*Je vous tends mon corbillon: qu'y met-on?* À vous, Marthe. Ô," exclaimed Jeanne, "tu y mets ton *chignon?* Eh bien, tu sais, n'est-ce pas, bêta, qu'il faut que tu t'y mettes avec!" and into the basket she went after a lingering caress from Jeanne.

"*Je vous tends mon corbillon: qu'y met-on?*" It was the turn now of Yvonne in her bed. "Comment," said Jeanne, affecting indignation, "si tu n'étais pas si frileuse tu donnerais ton édredon?" And what about the little *poupées polonaises internées*, snatched from their beds and carried off without any bedclothes at all, let alone an eiderdown! Presently, "J'y mets mon édredon," Yvonne was understood to say, and "Sage!" approved Jeanne.

"*Je vous tends mon corbillon: qu'y met-on?* Jacques, mon pauvre ami, tu n'as pas de chance, hein?" There was no help for it; it was the only thing he had that rhymed. "Imagine la joie des petites polonaises internées!" she urged, taking the necessary action. "J'y mets mon pantalon," piped a disconsolate little thread of voice.

"*Je vous tends mon corbillon: qu'y met-on?* À vous, Mikadesse!" A beam of pleasure, succeeded by a falling of the countenance, then a look of decision, ended in a "Houp-là!" as the Japanese doll descended into the basket, and was made to say, "J'y mets une poupée du Japon!" After all she was an ally of the little polonaises.

"*Je vous tends mon corbillon: qu'y met-on?* Allons, les jumeaux! à vous!" Jeanne thought the twins were really in a plight and that she would have to help them out with a gift, but, quick as thought, Castor seized Pollux, saying, "J'y mets mon compagnon!" and Pollux, divining his intention, grasped Castor, declaring excitedly, "Et moi aussi, j'y mets mon compagnon." And into the basket they leapt together. "Ils s'entêtent à rester inséparables," sighed Jeanne; "c'est bien."

"*Je vous tends mon corbillon: qu'y met-on?*" Adélaïde never had possessed anything worth giving away, and yet she seemed to be suggesting that the contents of the basket did not look very imposing so far, and would hardly be enough to go round among so many little Poles, so Jeanne came to the rescue with gifts of toys until "J'y mets ma contribution!" came jubilantly forth in a voice that forgot to be Adélaïde's.

All had now contributed. Yet Jeanne had a feeling that somehow it was not the end of the game. She pondered gravely for a few moments, then, placing herself solemnly before the mirror, she addressed herself:—

"*Jeanne, je vous tends mon corbillon: qu'y met-on?*" After a few seconds she began to see what she ought to do.

"Qu'y mets-tu, Jeanne?" It would be rather hard, but she must do it.

Sitting down and turning up the skirt of her frock, she took each of the



Officer's Servant (replying to adverse criticism of war-worn charger). "I 'EARD THE GUVNOR SAY THERE WAS THREE 'UNDRED QUID REFUSED FOR 'IM BEFORE THE WAR. WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THAT?"

Jock. "WEEL, I'M THENKIN' THERE WAS TWA FOOLS MET THAT DAY, AND I DINNA KEN WHICH O' THEM WAS THE BIGGER."

contributors, kissed and caressed them, and placed them in her lap. Adélaïde only did she except, explaining to the others, "Oui, mes chéris, je garde Adélaïde, car savez-vous bien, c'est elle qui me donne des idées; je prends toujours conseil avec elle. Alors, n'est ce pas?" Then, carrying the dolls in her petticoat, she solemnly undid the button, let it slip down with the dolls inside, and placed it resolutely in the basket, saying: "J'y mets mon jupon!"

What was Adélaïde saying? One must give cheerfully and not regret the gift? *Surtout il ne faut pas verser une larme!*

So, hugging her doll, Jeanne returned to the mirror and added, smiling, "Avec sa-tis-fac-ti-on!"

"Prospects in English Literature.
III.—Looking Backward."
The Athenæum.

We trust this is only preliminary to a further advance.

"Shepherds in Scotland are feeding lambs with whisky and hot milk. Many titled landed proprietors are acting as shepherds."
Daily News.

Surely our Radical contemporary does not mean to suggest——

FAIRIES.

THERE are fairies at the bottom of our garden!
It 's not so very, very far away;
You pass the gardener's shed and you just keep straight ahead;
I do so hope they 've really come to stay.
There 's a little wood, with moss in it and beetles,
And a little stream that quietly runs through;
You wouldn't think they 'd dare to come merrymaking there—
Well, they do.

There are fairies at the bottom of our garden!
They often have a dance on summer nights;
The butterflies and bees make a lovely little breeze,
And the rabbits stand about and hold the lights.
Did you know that they could sit upon the moonbeams
And pick a little star to make a fan,
And dance away up there in the middle of the air?
Well, they can.

There are fairies at the bottom of our garden!
You cannot think how beautiful they are;
They all stand up and sing when the Fairy Queen and King
Come gently floating down upon their car.
The King is very proud and *very* handsome;
The Queen—now can you guess who that could be
(She 's a little girl all day, but at night she steals away)?—
Well—it 's ME!

"YOUNG Lady Wanted, for few months, as Companion-Help (seaside); fare paid and 6d. week pocket-money; or would train Girl as Housemaid, same terms."—*Provincial Paper.*

Such extravagance in war-time ought to be checked.

"SHADY GERMAN TRICK.

In the village of Boisleux-au-Mont the Germans utilised part of the cemetery to bury their own dead, but before doing so deliberately hewed down every tree growing on the side of the ground where the French graves lie."—*Daily Paper.*

Is "shady" quite the right word for this outrage?

PEAS AND PLEDGES.

"HAS anything special," I said, "been happening during my absence?"

"We are up to our chins in work," said Francesca.

"But is it real work?"

"Of course it is. We've formed a General Committee, of which everybody's a member, including you, and we've formed an Executive Committee, of which there are about a dozen members. And then there are some Sub-Committees."

"Yes, I know. The Executive Committee thinks it's going to do all the work, but it's got to report to the General Committee, and it'll be a great piece of luck if the General Committee doesn't insist on asserting itself by upsetting all the decisions of the Executive Committee."

"Oh, but our General Committee isn't going to be like that at all. There won't be any petty jealousy about our General Committee. Besides, the Executive Committee has power to act, and it doesn't need to report till the Annual Meeting of the General Committee, which is to be held a year from now. When that time comes lots of things will have happened."

"That," I said, "is one of the truest things you've ever said. Even the War may be over by that time."

"But if it isn't we shall all be living on swedes or pea-soup, or rice-bread or all three together; and we shall have a food controller in every village, and our Committees won't be wanted."

"I beg your pardon; they'll be more wanted than ever to keep the controller straight and act as a buffer between him and the population."

"But they won't know they're a buffer, and they won't like it when some tactless person tells them. Anyhow, that's a long way off, and in the meantime we've got the land."

"Who've got what land?"

"Our Committee," said Francesca, "have got two acres of land from Mr. Carberry, and we're going to grow a crop of peas on it so that everybody may have pea-soup in case of a pinch."

"But what about the peas?" I said. "Have you made sure of those?"

"We had a good deal of trouble about them, but we've got a firm promise of six bushels."

"Capital! But are you quite sure you know how to bring the land and the peas together?"

"Well, I'm not so much of an expert as I should like to be, but Mr. Bolton's a practical farmer, and he's going to do all he can for us."

"Will he plough it?"

"It's been ploughed twice, so he's undertaken to harrow it and scarify it—doesn't it sound awful?—and then something else is going to happen to it, but I forget what it's called."

"Wouldn't it be a good thing, at some stage or other, to plant the peas?"

"Yes, it would; but you can't do it as simply as all that, can you? Isn't there something highly agricultural that you must do first?"

"I should chuck 'em in and chance it."

"A nice farmer you'd make," she said scornfully. "I'm remembering it now. It's got something to do with drills."

"Like the Volunteers?"

"No, not a bit like the Volunteers."

"Well, then, like potatoes."

"Yes, more like potatoes, except that they're peas in this case."

"How true," I said.

"Yes. And don't forget that while you were away we formed a League of Honour in the village and bound ourselves to observe the FOOD CONTROLLER'S rations."

"Am I a member?"

"Yes, we thought you'd like to be one, so I gave your name in."

"I think a man must pledge his own honour. He can't have it done for him."

"There's no public ceremony. You can just pledge yourself in your mind, and then put a pledge card in one of the windows."

"I'll have tea first," I said, "and then I'll choose the window, and then I'll pledge myself in my mind."

"No, you can do the pledging now."

"I've done it, while you were talking."

"And after all it's only the old rations according to Lord DEVONPORT, and we've been working under them for some time now."

"So we have," I said; "but of course the card in the window makes all the difference."

R. C. L.



THE SERVANT PROBLEM.

Lady. "AND WHY DID YOUR LAST MISTRESS——"

Applicant (loftily). "EXCUSE ME, MADAM!"

Lady. "WELL—ER—YOUR LAST EMPLOYER——"

Applicant. "I BEG YOUR PARDON, MADAM!"

Lady. "WELL, THEN, YOUR LAST—ER—PRAY WHAT DO YOU CALL THOSE IN WHOSE SERVICE YOU ARE ENGAGED?"

Applicant. "CLIENTS, MADAM." [*Collapse of interrogator.*]

Our Modest Contemporaries.

"Had it been intended to make any new pronouncement of importance the Berlin Government would have taken steps to circulate the speech by wireless in time for publication in 'The Star' yesterday evening."—*The Star.*

It is possible that Dr. BETHMANN-HOLLWEG was misled by our contemporary's habit of publishing its "7.0 Edition" at 4.30.

From an obituary notice:—

"He had studied Eastern religions, and claimed to have been initiated as a llama of Tibet."—*Daily Mail.*

Or should it be the Grand Lama of Peru?

"The —— Food Economy Committee were astounded yesterday at the secretary's report of a collier's family of six persons who consumed twenty half-quartern loaves in one week, averaging twenty pounds of bread per person."—*Sunday Chronicle.*

It is not stated whether the astonishment was caused by the family's appetite or the secretary's arithmetic.



Fond Mother (reading). "'OUR CAPTAIN IS ONE OF THE BEST, AND WE'RE READY TO FOLLOW HIM TO H . . L.' I SUPPOSE HE MEANS THE HINDENBURG LINE."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IN the list of heroic young soldier-authors whose gifts the War has revealed to us only to snatch them away, the name of DONALD HANKEY already holds an honoured place. It will, therefore, be good news to the many admirers of *A Student in Arms* that a further selection of these heartening and fine-spirited papers has been prepared under the title of *A Student in Arms—Second Series* (MELROSE). The thousands who already know and admire Lieut. HANKEY'S work will need no introduction to this, which exhibits all the qualities of courage and sympathy that have given the former book a world-wide popularity. They, and others, will however welcome the occasion afforded here of learning something about the life and personality of the writer, which they will do both from the short preface contributed by one whose identity is hardly disguised under the initials "H. M. A. H.," and from a couple of papers, autobiographical, that end the volume. Rugbeians especially will be interested to read DONALD HANKEY'S recollections of his school-days, with their tribute to the house-master affectionately known to so many generations as "Jackey." A book, in short, that will add to the admiration and regret with which its author is spoken of in three continents.

He Looked in My Window (CHATTO AND WINDUS), by ROBERT HALIFAX, gives the adventures of *Ruth Shadd*, decentest of dwellers in a meanish street, during her determined hunt for a husband. It would have been easy to make all this unlovely in its frankness, but the author very skilfully (and, I think, very sincerely) avoids this. *Ruth* is a fine girl, with character and candour, those too rare assets, and having pursued, and found wanting, *Bert*, the swanker, who hasn't the courage for matrimony; the polite and fatuously prudent *Archie*, and *Joe*, the vegetarian, who had such exalted faith in malt, she wins a deserved happiness with someone that she had never even thought of pursuing. Mr. HALIFAX gives me an impression of almost cinematographic and gramophonic exactness in his portraiture. *George Shadd, Ruth's* father, who worked in the gasworks and was one of the very best, delighted me particularly, with his pathetic little garden, his battle with the slugs and black-fly, and his fine patience with *Mrs. Shadd*, who put her washing before his fire and her props among his choicest seedlings—a difficult woman indeed. The author writes with humour and sympathy; and that is the way to write of this brave if narrow life. It is the first time I have looked in Mr. HALIFAX'S window. I shall take steps to do so again. 'Tis a nice clean window.

Not even the most confirmed Gallio can avoid caring for *Arthur Stanton—A Memoir*, by the Rt. Hon. G. W. E. RUSSELL (LONGMANS), when he has once dipped his mind into the book. It is the record of a singularly beautiful and beneficent life, lived to the very utmost in the service of God and man, and ruled by a simple and direct religion which constantly forced practice up to the exalted level of precept. Judged by merely worldly standards of achievement, ARTHUR STANTON'S life could not be considered a success. He began as curate of St. Alban's, Holborn, and as curate of St. Alban's he ended after many years of enthusiastic devotion to humanity. He was foiled and thwarted by the great ones of the Church, inhibited in one

place, suspended in another, and frequently doomed to find a Bishop or a Chaplain-General set, like a lion, across his path. But nothing could avail to stop him where he found a soul that could be saved or misery that could be relieved. His congregation, drawn from the slums of Holborn, would have died for him to a man, for they realised with how great an ardour his life was spent in order that he might help them. His faith was not a mystery kept apart for special occasions, but a daily and hourly influence vivifying his words and directing his actions. And no man could have enjoyed himself more than this true saint and interpreter of God to man. His religion was not one of gloom and foreboding, but a cheerful and delightful habit of mind and soul. *Tantum religio potuit suadere bonorum.* Mr. RUSSELL has done his work with great skill and perfect sympathy, and has produced a book that does honour to himself and to the beloved friend whom it is his privilege to commemorate.

The many readers of *Punch* who took a close interest in ALEC JOHNSTON'S letters written "At the Back of the Front" and "At the Front" will be glad to have them in collected form. The memory of his gallant end—he was killed in action after the brilliant capture of a salient near Ypres, at the head of his company of Shropshires—is fresh in all our hearts. A preface to *At the Front* (CONSTABLE) contains an appreciation of his high character and soldierly qualities by his friend and fellow-officer, Captain INGRAM, R.A.M.C., D.S.O., M.C., who a few weeks later was himself killed. It is a fine tribute paid by one true soldier to another. These letters of ALEC JOHNSTON, as their editor reminds us, "were composed in the brief interludes snatched from hard fighting and hard fatigues. They never pretended to be more than the gay and cynical banter of one who brought to the perils of life at the Front an incurable habit of humour. They are typical of that brave spirit, essentially English, that makes light of the worst that fate can send."



OUR MIXED ARMY.

Refined Ex-Journalist. "DON'T YOU THINK THAT COOK HAS STRESSED THE ONIONS A LITTLE IN THE STEW TO-DAY?"

It must, I should think, be exceedingly difficult to find a new title in these days for a volume of reminiscences. Mr. RAYMOND BLATHWAYT seems to have solved the problem happily enough by calling his contribution to the rapidly-increasing library of recollections, *Through Life and Round the World* (ALLEN). One way and another, first as a curate (rightly termed by the publishers "rather unconventional"), later as journalist, Mr. BLATHWAYT has contrived to use a pair of remarkably open eyes with excellent effect. The result is this fat volume, whose contents, if honesty constrains me to call the most of them gossip, are at least generally entertaining and never ill-natured. Needless to say, Mr. BLATHWAYT, like the elder *Capulet*, can "tell a tale such as will please." For myself, out of a goodly store, I should select for first honours a repartee, new to me, of Sir HERBERT TREE (forgive this dropping into rhyme!). It tells of a boastful old-time actor, vaunting his triumphs as *Hamlet*, when "the audience took fifteen minutes leaving the theatre." "*Was he lame?*" If our only HERBERT did not in fact make this reply, I can only hope that he will at once hasten home and do so. But while we are upon Mr. BLATHWAYT'S dramatic recollections, I must respectfully traverse his dictum that some of the acting at the local pageants of a few years back "surpassed the very best I have seen upon the stage." As one who took a personal part in many of those well-meant revivals, and dates a relaxed throat from the effort of vociferating history, up-wind, towards a stand full of ear-straining auditors, I bow but remain unconvinced.

Although the literary style of Mr. JULIUS M. PRICE, of *The Illustrated London News*, is too breezy for my taste, I am glad to have read his *Six Months on the Italian Front* (CHAPMAN AND HALL). Possibly he under-estimates our appreciation of Italy's share in the War's burden, but his account of the conditions prevailing upon the Italian front, and of the courage and skill with which they have been overcome, deserves our undiluted approval. It is difficult to believe that anyone who is not at least a member of the Alpine Club can dimly realise the engineering feats which the Italian soldiers have performed. Mr. PRICE has been given many opportunities of observation, and where none was given to him he has contrived to make them for himself. And the result is a book full of incident and excitement. I hope that he will pardon me when I add that my sense of gratitude would have been greater if, in addition to the photograph of himself—or even instead of it—he had given us a map. For the rest his illustrations are excellent.

To MARTIN SWAYNE, officer in the R.A.M.C., on his lawful occasions or in the intervals of swatting flies *In Mesopotamia* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON), there came some thoughts pleasant and bitter, and you can see that he has selected the pleasant and cut out the others, partly because of his loyalty and humour, and partly, no doubt, in deference to the prejudices of censorship. And he writes his selection of printable remarks in a very agreeable and not undistinguished idiom, pointing the narrative with reflections sane and sage enough. He has also made some water-colour notes (here reproduced in colour) of things seen; not remarkable, but adequate to convey an impression. We have all lamented the confusions (shall we call them?) of the medical service, and the trials of our troops in that blessed region entered through Kurna, the Gate of the Garden of Eden, in the early days of the Mesopotamian adventure. The author reports a radical improvement, and if Eden isn't exactly the name you'd give to this pest-ridden country at least the fighting men are now backed by the devotion and competence of the healing men, and all goes well for both. To the bulldog might well be added the retriever as our national emblem. We are some retrievers.

From an article headed "Outlook for Oil":—

"It is urged in commercial circles that the Government should secure men with laboratory experience, plus a complete absence of practical knowledge, to report on shale deposits."—*Australian Paper.*

We thought it was only in the Old Country that Governments had any use for that sort of man.

CHARIVARIA.

MR. WILL THORNE declares that a hotel in Petrograd charged him twelve shillings for four small custards. After all, the war spirit of Russia, it would seem, is not wholly dead.

* * *

According to officials of the Food Ministry, "domestic pastry" may still be baked. The idea is that this kind of pastry tends to decrease the total number of food consumers.

* * *

Allied control officers have discovered fifteen hundred tons of potatoes hidden in Athens. The Salonika expedition is now felt to be justified.

* * *

A certain Kingston resident, when out walking, wears a white band on his hat, with the words, "Eat less bread. Do it now." Eye-witnesses report that the immediate rush of pedestrians to the tea-rooms to eat less bread is most gratifying.

* * *

"The British loaf," according to Mr. KENNEDY JONES, "is going to beat the Germans." If grit can do it, we agree.

* * *

"Allotments under cultivation in Middlesex," says a weekly paper breathlessly, "if placed end to end, would reach five miles." Of course it is not thought likely that they will be.

* * *

The father of a lad charged with embezzlement explained that since the boy was struck on the head with a cricket ball he could not keep a penny novel out of his hands. Speculation is now rife as to the nature of the accidents responsible for the passion that some people entertain for our more expensive fiction.

* * *

"It is possible," says a contemporary, "that an invention will one day be forthcoming which will make a clean sweep of the submarine." Meanwhile we must expect him to go on acting like the dirty sweep he is.

* * *

To meet the paper shortage, Austrian editors have determined to economise by reducing the daily report of victories.

* * *

Le Matin states that at a Grand Council of War sharp disagreement on the conduct of operations arose between the KAISER and HINDENBURG. The Marshal, we understand, insisted upon the right to organise his own defeats without any assistance from the All-highest-but-one.

* * *

A London dairyman has been heavily fined for selling water containing a large percentage of milk.

* * *

"To tell you the honest truth," said the Hon. JOHN COLLIER, giving evidence in the Romney case, "we artists do not think much of the art critics." It is this dare-devil attitude which distinguishes your real genius.

* * *

Some surprise was recently caused in Liverpool when the residents learned from the *Cologne Gazette* that their port had been destroyed and all the inhabitants removed to another town. They consider that in common fairness the *Cologne Gazette* ought to have given them some idea as to where they were living.

* * *

It is announced that four German War Correspondents have been decorated with the Iron Cross of the Second Class. We have always maintained that the War Correspondent, like his fighting brother, is not immune from the perils of warfare.

* * *

We are not surprised to learn that the mouth-organ is the favourite instrument among the soldiers in a certain Labour unit. The advantage of this instrument is that when carried in the pocket it does not spoil the figure like a 'cello.

* * *

Now that the shortage of starch supplies will compel men to wear soft collars it is understood that Mr. GEORGE BERNARD SHAW, who already wears them soft, proposes to give up collars altogether, so as not to be mistaken for an ordinary man.

City business houses, it is stated, are adopting the practice of closing during the dinner-hour. The old-fashioned custom of doing business and dining on alternate days had much to recommend it.

* * *

There was no sugar in England when Crécy and Agincourt were fought, as Captain BATHURST told the House of Commons recently. How the War Office did without its afternoon tea in those barbarous days it is impossible to conjecture.

* * *

The forthcoming Irish Convention is to be held, it is stated, behind locked doors. Why not add a charming element of adventure to the affair by entrusting some thoroughly absent-minded person with the key?

* * *

Lord ESHER believes that "our home-coming is not far distant." Meanwhile it is cheering to know that quite a number of our fellows are getting home on the HINDENBURG line.

* * *

"Walking canes for ladies with small round heads of ivory" are becoming increasingly popular, declares a contemporary. We ourselves would hesitate to lash the follies of smart Society in a manner quite so frank.

* * *

It appears that at the Bath War Hospital a hen lays an egg every day in a soldier's locker. Only physical difficulties prevent the large-hearted bird from laying it in his egg-cup.

* * *

ZAMBI, a Zulu native, has just died at the age of a hundred-and-twelve. It seems that war-worry hastened his end.



Proprietress (as customer becomes obstreperous). "NOW THEN, WILLIE, OVER THE TOP!"

Professional Candour.

From a dentist's advertisement:—

"TEETH EXTRACTED WITH THE GREATEST PAINS."

"WANTED.—Good cook-general, for very small Naval officer's family."
Isle of Wight Mercury.

Intending applicants should exercise caution. A very small Naval officer may have a very large family.

"£5 REWARD.—Lost from Ruislip (July 1214), half-persian dark tabby tom cat.
Harrow Observer.

And they tell us that a cat has only nine lives!

THE PROPHETIC PRESENT.

"There is no Hindenburg line."
Inspired German Press.

By nature they abhor the light,
But here in this their latest tract
Your parrot Press by oversight
Has deviated into fact;
If not (at present) strictly true,
It shows a sound anticipation
Born of the fear that 's father to
The allegation.

For, though the boasted "line" of which
No trace occurs on German maps
Retains the semblance of a ditch,
It has some nasty yawning gaps;
It bulges here, it wobbles there,
It crumples up with broken hinges,
Keeping no sort of pattern where
Our Push impinges.

When the triumphant word went round
How that your god, disguised as man,
At victory's height was giving ground
According to a well-laid plan,
Here he arranged to draw the line
(As *Siegfried's* you were told to hymn it)
And plant *Nil ultra* for a sign—
Meaning the limit.

And now "There 's no such thing," they say;
Well, that implies prophetic sense;
And, if a British prophet may
Adopt their graphic present tense,
I would remark—and so forestall
A truth they 'll never dare to trench on:—

There is no HINDENBURG *at all,*
Or none worth mention.

O. S.

WAYS AND MEANS.

I MET her at the usual place, and she looked much the same as usual—which astonished me rather.

"Now that we 're engaged," I began.

"Oh, but we aren't," said Phyllis.

"Are you by any chance a false woman?" I asked. "You remember what you said last night?"

"I do, and what I said I stick to. But that was pleasure, and this is business."

I looked at her in sudden alarm.

"You 're—you 're quite sure you aren't a widow, Phyllis?"

"Quite. Why?"

"Talking of business at a time like this. It sounds so—so experienced."

"Well, if you *will* try to settle our whole future lives in one short week-end leave, we must at least be practical. Anyway, it 's just this. I 'm not going to be engaged to you until there 's some prospect of our getting married. I hate long engagements."

"That means not till after the War, then," said I disconsolately.

"I 'm afraid it does. But when once the War 's over it won't be long before you 'll be able to keep me in the style to which I 'm accustomed, will it?"

"Years and years, I should think," said I, looking at her new hat. "It 'll take at least a pound a day even to start with."

"Three hundred and sixty-five a year," said she thoughtfully.

"And an extra one in Leap Year," I warned her.

"Did I ever tell you," she asked with pride, "that I have money of my own?"

"Hurrah!" I shouted. "You darling! How splendid!"

"Jimmy," she said apprehensively, "you aren't marrying me for it, are you?"

"How can I tell till I know how much you 've got?"

"Well, at a pound a day it would take us to February 19th. You 'd have to begin from there."

"What an heiress! Promise you 'll never cast it in my teeth, dear, that I 've got less than you. I 've got enough War Loan to take us on to the 23rd and halfway through the 24th; and Exchequer Bonds and things which will see us through—er—to about 7.15 P.M. on March 31st. Then there 's my writing."

"Oh," she said in a surprised tone "do they pay you for that? I always thought you gave them so much a line to put things in—like advertisements, you know."

"Madam," I answered with dignity, "when you find yourself, from April 1st until April 20th, depending each year upon my pen for the very bread you eat, perchance you will regret those wounding words."

"Well, what else?"

I shook my head.

"That 's all," I said. "We don't seem to have got very far, do we? Couldn't you—er—trim hats, or take in washing, or something?"

"No—but *you* could. I mean, we haven't counted in your salary yet, have we?"

"What salary?"

"Well, whatever they give you for doing whatever you do. What were you getting before the War?"

"Oh, nothing much."

"Yes, but *how* much?"

"Really," I began stiffly.

"If you 're ashamed to say it right out, just tell me how far it would take us."

"To about the end of September, I should think."

"Oh, dear! Three more months to go." A frown wrinkled her forehead; then her brow cleared. "Why, of course we haven't counted in the holidays."

"They aren't usually an asset."

"Yes, they are—if you spend them with your rich relations. I 've got lots, but I don't think they 'd like *you* much."

"All right," said I shortly; "*keep* your beastly relations. I shall go to Uncle Alfred for October. *He* loves me."

"That leaves November and December," she mused. "Oh, well, there 's nothing else for it—we must quarrel."

"What, now?"

"No, stupid. Every October 31st, by letter. Then I 'll go home to mother, and you 'll stay with Uncle Alfred some more. I hope he 'll like it."

"Y-e-s," I said doubtfully. "That would do it, of course. But we shan't see very much of each other that way, shall we? Still, I suppose . . . Good Heavens!"

"What 's the matter?"

"Phyllis, we 've forgotten all about income-tax. That means about another two months to account for."

"My dear, how *awful!*"

There was a pause while we both thought deeply.

"Couldn't you . . . " we began together at last, and each waited for the other to finish.

"Look here," I remarked, "we 're both very good at finding things for the other to do. Isn't there anything we could do together—a job for 'respectable married couple,' you know?"

"Why, of course—caretaking! We 'll look after ducal mansions in the silly season, when everybody 's out of town. Then we 'll see simply heaps of one another."

"Yes," I agreed. "And then in the evenings, when you 've scrubbed the steps and the woodwork and polished the brass and dusted the rooms and cleaned the grate and cooked the meals and tidied the kitchen, and I 've inspected the gas-meter and fed the canary, or whatever it is a he-caretaker does, we 'll dress ourselves up and go and sit in the ducal apartments and pretend we 're 'quality.'"

"And impress our relations by asking them to dinner there," added Phyllis. "I think it 's a lovely idea. We don't seem to be going to have much money, but we *shall* see life. I 'm beginning to be quite glad I listened to you yesterday, after all."

An Accommodating Creature.

"A Respectable woman wants situation as dairymaid, laundress, or fowl."
Cork Constitution.



THE GREAT UNCONTROLLED.

THE MUTTON. "I HEAR THEY WANT MORE OF US NOW THE MEATLESS DAYS ARE OFF."

THE BEEF. "DON'T YOU WORRY. THANKS TO THE PROFITEERS, PEOPLE CAN'T AFFORD TO EAT US."

THE WATCH DOGS.

LXI.

MY DEAR CHARLES,—Have I ever, in the course of these SECRET and CONFIDENTIAL despatches, called your lordship's attention to the existence, the very marked existence, of our Hubert, "the little Captain," who, being out of the battle for the moment, relies upon argument for argument's sake to keep up his circulation? It has been said of him that he spends his office time in writing superior letters to his subordinates and insubordinate letters to his superiors; but that, I think, is over harsh. In any case, as he has now run short of grievances, and the authorities of the B.E.F. regard him as a joke and like him best when his little temper is hot, his fights out here have for some time lacked reality. I fancy that he was merely in search of a *casus belli* when, being on leave in the U.K., he conceived the idea of a day's extension and stepped round to the War Office to demand same as of right.

But the War Office, Charles, is not as other places and War Officers are not like the common sort. Hubert, arriving in his best fighting trim, was at once ejected by the policeman at the door. He underestimated the importance of that official and his office, otherwise he would not have adopted the just-dropping-in-to-have-a-chat-with-a-friend-inside attitude. From the constable's cold response he realised that, in tackling the W.O. single-handed, he was attempting a big thing, whereas the W.O., in tackling him, was not under the same disadvantage. Then he did what was unusual with him; he paused to think before resuming the offensive. What he wanted, he felt, was big guns. The House of Commons caught his eye and reminded him of politicians. He recalled a slight acquaintance with one of the more important of these and went round to call upon him personally. It was not his idea to obtain any such authority as would demolish all opposition at the W.O.; he just hoped to get a personal chit, which would act as a smoke barrage and at least cover his advance right into the middle of the enemy defences.

So Hubert asked for the politician in person, but only got his secretary. This gentleman, having elicited that Hubert's train for France left at 5 P.M., regretted that the politician would not be visible till 6. This opposition warmed Hubert's blood; he asked for a statement in writing. After some little discussion he got it, since the secretary, for all his caution, could see no harm in an unofficial note, addressed to no one in particular, and stating merely that Hubert wanted to see the politician and the politician was out till 6 P.M.

The little captain is one of those who state their grievances to themselves, when no other audience is available. During his return journey to the W.O. mental processes of no little heat and significance took place in his busy head, he putting up an overwhelming case to show why his leave ought to be, and must be, extended. The force of this case gave him such a burning sense of justice as to carry him, this time, safely past the policeman.

Five rows of barbed wire, two of them electrified, would be but a poor substitute for the barriers of the W.O. Before you set foot on the staircase you have to produce a ticket, and it is supposed that the porter, who has the forms to be filled in, forfeits a day's pay every time he parts with one. Hubert, gradually losing confidence, wrote upon the form all he could think of about himself, and handed it to the porter, who received it with reluctance, read it with suspicion, and disappeared with a grunt. What he did with it is not known; probably someone got into communication with the B.E.F. to know if such a person as Hubert existed, and, if so, why? Meanwhile Hubert had good time to realise that no one loved him and that this was cold brutal war at last.

Bit by bit the porter drifted back and gave Hubert his form, now stamped and become his ticket. The porter having finished with him, he passed on and, after many wanderings, found the door of the room where his sentence would be passed. Bracing himself up and clearing his throat, he prepared to knock and enter. Fortunately, however, his audacious intention was observed by an official and frustrated. He was commanded to write something more about himself in the book provided for that purpose, and to go on waiting. Being now an expert at writing and waiting he did as he was bid, spending the next few hours of his life remodelling his case in less fierce and glowing terms.

At last the door of the room persuaded itself to open and let out a real red god, who looked upon Hubert, took an instant dislike to him, relieved him of his ticket and went in again. During the ensuing period of suspense the last vestige of Hubert's personality departed from him.

Again the door opened and another red one, even more godlike, emerged clamouring for Hubert and his blood. Had he still been in possession of his ticket (a necessary passport for egress) Hubert would have fled. There was nothing for it but to confess his identity and to hope for mercy. The god, who clearly had not more than three and a half seconds to spare, demanded an explanation of his presence. Hubert admitted that once, in a moment of impudent folly, he had thought of asking for a day's extension. The god said nothing, but a light smouldered in his eyes which intimated to Hubert that if he did not at once produce some paramount excuse for so monstrous a request the War would be held up and the military machine would be concentrated on punishing Hubert. His tongue clove to the roof of his mouth; even if it had been available it would have helped little, for it is more than mere words that the gods require. His hand searched in his pockets and produced the return half of his leave warrant, a five-franc note, a box of matches, a recently purchased paper flag and the politician's secretary's note. The first and the last were taken, the rest fell to the floor, the door closed once more and again Hubert was alone.

Hubert doesn't know what he did next; probably, he thinks, he sat down and wept, and it was his tears that induced the gods not to convert his ticket into a death-warrant, but instead to give him the slip, "Leave extended one day for urgent private business." This was clearly one of Hubert's most decisive victories. He had his day's extension solely in order to interview the politician at 6 P.M.; he was to



THE FIRST POTATO-LEAF!



"GOOD 'EVINGS! WHERE YER GOIN'?"
"YE KEN YON THREE HUNS I JUST BROUGHT IN? WEEL, THEY WANT TO PLAY WHIST, AN' I'M GOING BACK TO TRY AND PICK UP A FOURTH."

interview the politician solely in order to obtain his day's extension. But Hubert insists morbidly that his was a moral defeat, amounting to utter suppression. He called upon the politician at 6 P.M. to thank him personally. Again he could get no further than the secretary, who, learning that Hubert's train would not depart at all that day, regretted that the politician would, on second thoughts, be out for a week. "Now if I really *had* triumphed," said Hubert, "I should have got the secretary to put that also in writing, and should have stepped round to the War Office again to demand a further week's extension on the strength of it." This, however, he did not do.

Yours ever, HENRY.

"Southport, December 9th.—Miss —— presented vegetarian literature and a box of vegetarian sausages to a Sale of Work in connection with the United Methodist Church, High Park. The gifts led to much thought and inquiry."—*Vegetarian Messenger.*

In spite of a natural disinclination to look a gift sausage in the mouth.

A CALL TO THE COW PONIES.

THEY sent us from Coorong and Cooper
The pick of the Wallaby Track
To serve us as gunner and trooper,
To serve us as charger and hack;
From Budgeribar to Blanchewater
They rifled the runs of the West,
That whatever his fate in the slaughter
A man might ride home on the best.

We dealt with the distant Dominion,
We bought in the far Argentine;
The worth of our buyers' opinion
Is proved to the hilt in the line;
The Clydes from the edge of the heather,
The Shires from the heart of the grass,
And the Punches are pulling together
The guns where the conquerors pass.

So come with us, buckskin and sorrel,
And come with us, skewbald and bay;
Your country 's girth-deep in the quarrel,
Your honour is roped to the fray;
Where flanks of your comrades are foaming
'Neath saddle and trace-chain and band,
We look for the kings of Wyoming
To speak for the sage-brush and sand.

W. H. O.

Commercial Candour.

From an Indian trade-circular:—

"All our goods are guaranteed made of the best material and equal to none in the market."

"The approach of the storm was heralded by a magnificent display of, for a time, almost intermittent lightning."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Followed, it may be presumed, by well-nigh interrupted peals of thunder and nearly occasional downpours of rain.

"One always feels humiliated when one is stumped about a quite common thing. . . . All you could see a little way iff was that they were very dwarg and very thick, and the peculiar coloul baffled us. . . ."
A Country Diary in "Manchester Guardian."

Stumped we may be by the above, but humiliated—never!

PETHERTON'S PUBLICATIONS.

A GLANCE at a well-known publisher's window, during a recent visit to London, provided me with material for a little possible quiet amusement, and with this end in view I penned the following:—

DEAR MR. PETHERTON,—When up in town the other day I was surprised and delighted to notice in Messrs. Egbert Arnwell's window two works of yours, one on Bi-Metallism and the other on the Differential and Integral Calculus. Nothing but the prices (really low ones for such works) prevented my purchasing a copy of each book at once.

I cannot resist writing to congratulate you on the publication of these volumes, which will, I am sure, add to the instruction if not to the gaiety of nations. Of course I knew—and have had the most complete olfactory proofs—that you were a chemist of at least strong views, but had no idea that your range of knowledge was so extensive as it apparently is.

With renewed congratulations,
Believe me, yours sincerely,
HENRY J. FORDYCE.

By the way, what is a calculus? Could one be obtained in Surbury, or would it be necessary to order from the Army and Navy Stores?

This brought forth:—

SIR,—I greatly regret that my latest publications should have caught your eye, and look on your congratulations as a studied insult.

I should hardly expect a person of your (as I imagine) limited intellect to know anything about the scientific subjects which interest me, but I feel sure that you are perfectly aware that the calculus is abstract and not concrete.

Had you tried to convey sincere congratulations to me I could have borne the infliction with resignation, but I strongly object to such flippant impertinences as are contained in your communication.

Faithfully yours,
FREDERICK PETHERTON.

I felt this was a good start, and so put out more bait:—

DEAR PETHERTON (I wrote),—Sorry you couldn't accept my letter in the spirit, etc.

I've had such a priceless idea since I wrote to you last, and it is this. I propose that we start a Literary Society in Surbury. I'm certain the Vicar would join in. Mr. Charteris, of the Manor, too would, I feel confident, welcome the idea. Dr. Stevenson, the only one to whom I have broached the subject, got keen at once, and the Gore-Langleys and others could no doubt be counted on—say a dozen altogether, including you and myself. I append a short list of suggested contributions, which will give some idea of the range of subjects which might be tossed into the arena of debate:—

The Binomial Theorem in its relation to the Body Politic (yourself).
Cows and their sufferings during the milk controversy in the newspapers (Charteris. This might be published in small quarto).
The attitude of the Manichean Heresiarch towards the use of Logarithms (The Vicar).
The effect of excessive Philately on the cerebral organisms of the young (Gore-Langley).
The introduction of the art and practice of Napery among the Dyaks of Borneo (Miss Eva Gore-Langley).

With a few additions I think we should have enough mental food to keep us going through the summer; and I may add that if you were put up for President of the Society I should certainly second the motion.

Yours ever, HARRY FORDYCE.

I notice that your writing has gone to pieces rather, old man—through writer's cramp, I fear. You say what looks like "you are perfectly aware that the calcalus is asphalt and not concrete." Of course I do know that much about it.

My letter kept the ball rolling all right, for Petherton replied:—

SIR,—Have you no sane moments? If you have any such, I should be glad if you would employ the next lucid interval in setting your affairs straight and then repairing to the nearest asylum with a request that they would protect you against yourself by placing you in a padded cell. This done and the key lost, the world, and Surbury in particular, would be a happier place.

You cannot seriously suggest that any society for literary discussion could be formed here or elsewhere which should include yourself, and even so you must know that your being a member would prevent my joining it.

Has the call for National Service not reached your ears yet? You appear to have plenty of leisure time on your hands which might be better employed. Or have you offered yourself and been rejected on the grounds of mental deficiency?

Faithfully yours,
FREDERICK PETHERTON.

I didn't feel called upon to make a song about my method of doing my bit, which, I am glad to say, has the approval of the authorities; but I was anxious to hear Petherton's joints crack once more, so I wrote:—

DEAR FREDDY,—Your letters get better and better in style as your writing deteriorates. I am very sorry to gather from your last that you look coldly on my scheme. I am sure that those to whom I have mentioned the idea would decline to entertain it if it lacked your active support, so I trust you will reconsider the matter.

I am thinking over your asylum stunt. It would certainly save some expense, and if this terrible War continues much longer it will, I fear, drive me to such a refuge; though I trust in that event that I shall be allowed to choose pleasanter wall hangings than those you suggest. I 'm rather fond of light chintzy papers, aren't you? They 're so cheerful.

Hoping to hear from you *re* our little society at your earliest ("The Surbury Literary and Scientific Society" would sound well, and would look rather nice on our note-paper—what?)—

I am, yours as ever, HARRY.

Petherton saw red again and bellowed at me, thus:—

SIR,——— you and your beastly society. I don't know who is the more execrable, you or the KAISER.

Faithfully yours,
FREDERICK PETHERTON.

Common decency compelled me to reply, so I wrote:—

MY DEAR OLD BOY.—You don't know how grieved I am to hear that you cannot entertain the scheme.

Of course I can read between the lines, and know that your heart is in it, and that it is only the many calls on your time which prevent your active co-operation with me in the matter. Of course, needless to say, your lack of support has killed what looked like being a promising scientific bantling (through stress of emotion I nearly wrote "bantam," which brings me to the subject of poultry. How are yours? I forgot to ask before).

I hope the question of the S. L. & S. S. will now be dropped; it is too painful. If you insist on continuing the discussion I shall decline to answer the letter, so there! Yours, H.

But Petherton refused to be drawn.

From a Church appeal:—

"A recent collection revealed that, of 179 coins put in the plate, 176 were coppers, whilst not more than 15 people could have contributed anything above one shilling."

The person who took the twelve silver coins by mistake will, we hope, return them next Sunday.

THE SHERWOOD FORESTERS.

DEEP in the greenwood year by year
Bold ROBIN HOOD, a knightly ghost,
Has eased the purse that bulged the most
And stalked the wraiths of Rufford deer;

And, as the centuries speed away,
Has seen his oak and birk-land shrink,
Where teeming cities on its brink
Crowd in on Sherwood of to-day.

But still each year the outlaw-king,
By Normanton and Perlethorpe spire,
Has watched the beeches' emerald fire
Flare upward in the leaping spring;

Each heather-time has found his own
Eyrie of rest where Higger Tor
Shimmers in purple as before
KING CŒUR-DE-LION held his throne.

And Foresters away "out there,"
Sons of his sons, have surely seen
A figure clad in Lincoln green
Glide by them swiftly, thin as air;

And, yarning in the creepy dark,
Have told of arrows, cloth-yard long,
Whistling before them clean and strong,
Of Huns that got them, pierced and stark;

How when their line is making good,
In charge or trench, as Sherwoods can,
Soft-footed, ever in the van,
Stalks the bold ghost of ROBIN HOOD.

THE SECRETS OF HEROISM.

"DON'T talk about heroism," said Sergeant William Bingley, "until you know what it is—and isn't.

"There were two men in my platoon over there that I'd match against any other two in the British, Allied, or Enemy armies for the biggest funks on earth; two boys from the same town, as unlike as cross-bred puppies, but cowards to the ankles.

"They were the only two that didn't volunteer for a listening picket one night, and I felt so ashamed of them that I decided to mention it.

"'You nickel-plated, glass-lined table-ornament,' I said to Ruggles when I found him alone, 'aren't you ashamed to form a rear rank alone with Jenks every time you're asked to do anything?'

"I knew they hated each other, and I thought I'd draw him, but he hadn't a word for himself.

"'Tell me what you joined for,' I said more persuasively, for he had been in the Army over a year. 'You're the only man in the company, bar your friend Jenks, that turns white at the pop of a cork out of a Worcester sauce bottle.'

"He stroked the bit of hair behind his right ear and let slip a grin like the London and Country mail slots at the G.P.O.

"'I'll tell you, Sergeant,' he said. 'I never had much heart for soldiering, and I only joined up when I did to spite the girl that jilted me. She jilted me for Jenks, and no sooner did she say the word to him than she talked him into enlisting too. . . . That's why I'm no good. Every time I remember I'm a soldier I think of her laughing at me, and I feel a fool.'

"'Well,' said I, 'she must be proud of you both, for you're the weariest, wonkiest pair of wash-outs I ever swore at.'

"I didn't send for Jenks; I could guess his excuse. He had obviously about as much spirit for fighting as Ruggles, and he was just hanging on and trying not to get hurt before the War stopped.

"We had a few weeks out of the trenches after my chat with Ruggles, and one afternoon I came upon them enjoying a hearty, homely, ten-round hit, kick, and scramble in a quiet corner near their billet. They looked as if they meant it, but they finished up in about ten minutes, hugging each other in six inches of mud. Ruggles got up first, and while he waited for Jenks he turned on his Little Tich smile. It worked; Jenks smiled too, and the rivals went off together like brothers.

"I said nothing, and forgot them again—clean forgot them, until, a week later, Jenks came to me in Number Seven with a yarn about a crater and a sniper, and might he go and perforate him.

"I had noticed the sniper myself, so I sent Jenks to chase a broom and picked my own men for this job that mattered. I'd no sooner done it than



Mrs. Jones (suspiciously, to Jones, who is kept on strict rations). "SOMEBODY HAS EATEN FIDO'S DINNER."



INTENSIVE CULTURE FOR FLAT-DWELLERS.

SOWING EARLY MUSTARD AND CRESS ON WINTER UNDERCLOTHING.

Ruggles marched up and asked to be made one of the party.

"I just stared at him, and his grin stretched half an inch each way.

"'I saw Jenks asking you,' he told me, 'and I won't be behind Jenks. Besides, it was me told him of the sniper.'

"'It's a change for you two to be worrying over snipers,' I said.

"'Well, you're not grumbling at that, are you, Sergeant?' said he.

"'I am not,' I said. 'And I hope you'll keep it up until we're relieved.'

"'You watch us,' he answered.

"I did. It was Ruggles that put his bayonet into the machine-gunner that had knocked out half the company. He took the last two bullets in his arm and side; and it was Jenks that put himself between Ruggles' head and the revolver that would have made pulp of it if Jenks hadn't got the hand that held it. He took the bullet in his cheek.

"I saw them in the dressing-station when the shouting was over. Ruggles was laughing at what Jenks's face would look like when it was out of bandages. The bullet had taken away about a third of an ear. Jenks was cursing because it hurt to laugh back.

"'Never mind,' I said to him with a wink at Ruggles, 'I warrant there's some little girl who won't laugh at you when you get back home. She has more to be proud of now than your face.'

"'Then you're wrong, Sergeant,' he answered quietly. 'She's changed her mind. She's *his* girl now.'

"I looked at Ruggles. He wouldn't catch my eye, but a blush was working round towards his neck.

"'And I've changed my mind too,' said Jenks. 'D'you think I'd have taken those risks I took to-day if there was a girl at home worrying over every casualty list? A man's a fool to risk breaking a heart to try to get a medal.'

"'Ay, that's the way you look at it,' said Ruggles, as red as beetroot. 'But I bet the Sergeant's glad she's changed her mind. I never knew your equal for a clammy coward, Jim, before she chucked you up.'

"Jenks began to look black. 'There were two of us, anyway,' he said.

"'P'r'aps there were,' Ruggles agreed cheerily. 'But what's the good of making a show of your soldiering unless there's someone at home looking on and caring?'"

"The National War Savings Committee is issuing a two-penny cookery book, giving a host of simple remedies for economical dishes."
Birmingham Daily Mail.

Some of them do upset the internal economy, no doubt.

"St. Quentin Canal, in spite of the damage reported to have been done to it by the Germans, will probably still be an important military obstacle. It is, for instance, when full of water, over eight feet deep."
Daily News.

When full of beer it becomes absolutely impassable.

Extract from a regimental notice:—

"I am glad to inform you that a Special Order . . . guarantees your admission to this Regiment on your release from the Postal Service. . . . If attested and passed into Class A for Service, you should apply to your Recruiting Officer, who will post you and forward you here on an A.F. B. 216."

An appropriate and convenient arrangement.



ERIN TAKES A TURN AT HER OWN HARP.

With Mr. Punch's sincere good wishes for the success of the Irish Convention.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, May 21st.—Mr. MACCALLUM SCOTT complained that a question of his relating to the prohibition of "dropped scones"—which Captain BATHURST, that encyclopædia of food-lore, described as falling "under the same category as the crumpet"—had been addressed to the Ministry of Munitions instead of the Ministry of Food. It was really a venial error on the part of the Clerk at the Table, for the modern scone distinctly suggests a missile of offence, and is much more like a "crump" than a crumpet. If HINDENBURG were acquainted with our London tea-shops (*consule* DEVONPORT) he would never have imagined that his famous phrase about "biting upon granite" would have any terrors for the British recruit.

When the PRIME MINISTER read from his manuscript the proposed conditions of the Irish Convention—how it must include representatives not only of political parties, but of Churches, trade unions, commercial and educational interests, and of *Sinn Fein* itself; and must be prepared to consider every variety of proposal that might be brought before it—an Irish colleague whispered to me, "Sure, the Millennium will be over before we get it."

Nothing could have been handsomer than Mr. REDMOND'S welcome to the proposal. All he was concerned for, I gathered, was that his Unionist opponents should be generously represented. Ulster, in the person of Sir JOHN LONSDALE, made no corresponding advance. He would submit the proposal to his constituents, but not apparently with letters commendatory.

I daresay Mr. WILLIAM O'BRIEN set out with the honest intention of blessing the Government plan, of which indeed he claims to be the "onlie begetter." But the sound of his own voice—in its higher tones painfully provocative—stimulated him to proceed to a dramatic indictment of his former colleagues. I felt sorry for the prospective Chairman, charged with the task of attempting to reconcile these opposites.

Mr. HEALY, cowering beneath the shelter of his ample hat, as Mr. O'BRIEN'S arms waved windmill-like above him, must have felt like *Sancho Panza* when the *Don* was in an extra fitful mood; but he kept silence even from good words.

The briefest and most helpful speech of the afternoon came from Sir EDWARD CARSON, who, while declaring that he would never desert Ulster, nevertheless made it plain that Ulster on this occasion should take her place beside the rest of Ireland. Only Mr. GINNELL remained obdurate. In his ears the Convention sounds "the funeral dirge of the Home Rule Act."

Tuesday, May 22nd.—If you should happen to see of a Sabbath morning a stream of official motor-cars leaving



IN HAPPY DAYS TO COME.

Non-Politician (in remote country-house, to wife on her midnight return from county town). "MABEL, YOU 'VE BEEN VOTING."

London with freights of the brave and the fair you may be sure they are going on some National business. Both the War Office and the Admiralty keep log-books, in which are faithfully entered—I quote Dr. MACNAMARA—"full particulars of each journey, the number and description of passengers carried and the amount of petrol consumed."



PESSIMIST'S DESIGN FOR COSTUME OF CHAIRMAN OF IRISH CONVENTION.

Do not therefore jump to the hasty and erroneous conclusion that the gallant fellows and their charming companions are "joy-riding;" such a thing is unknown in Government circles.

The HOME SECRETARY moved the second reading of the Representation of the People Bill with a suavity befitting a CAVE of Harmony; and by the clearness of his exposition very nearly enabled the House to understand the mysteries of proportional representation, though even now I should not like to have to describe off-hand the exact working of "the single transferable vote."

The opponents of the Bill were well-advised in selecting Colonel SANDERS as their champion. With his jolly round face, bronzed by the suns of Palestine, he looks the typical agriculturalist. He may, as he says, have forgotten in the trenches all the old tricks of the orator's trade, but he has learned some useful new ones, and while delighting the House with his sporting metaphors struck some shrewd blows at a measure which he regards as unfair and inopportune.

For almost the first time since the War Lord HUGH CECIL was discovered in quite his best form. The House rippled with delight at his refusal to be forcibly fed with a peptonized concoction, prepared by the SPEAKER'S Conference in the belief that the Mother of Parliaments was too old and toothless to chew her own victuals. "This Bill is Benger's Food, and you, Sir, and your Committee are Bengers."

The SOLICITOR-GENERAL'S solid and solemn arguments in favour of the Bill fell a little flat after this sparkling attack. He should have said, "The noble Lord reminds me, not for the first time, of GILBERT'S 'Precocious Infant,' who

> 'Turned up his nose at his excellent pap—
> "My friends, it 's a tap
> Dat is not worf a rap."
> (Now this was remarkably excellent pap).'"

Wednesday, May 23rd.—The Russian officers who adorned the Distinguished Strangers' Gallery this afternoon must be a little puzzled by the vagaries of British politics. They had been informed, no doubt, that the most urgent problem of the day was caused by the desire of one of the British Isles to manage its own affairs. Yet the first thing they heard at Westminster was the petition of another of these Isles—that of Man—begging release from the burden of Home Rule and demanding representation in the Imperial Parliament. Perhaps this little incident will help our visitors to appreciate why Englishmen do not invariably form a just judgment of events in other countries—Russia, for instance.



Our Win-the-War Garden Suburb Enthusiast (as the storm bursts). "MADAM! MADAM! WILL YOU KINDLY PUT DOWN YOUR UMBRELLA? IT'S KEEPING THE RAIN OFF MY ALLOTMENT."

SONGS OF FOOD PRODUCTION.

V.

Oh, for grapes a-growing
In Ludgate and the Fleet!
Cauliflowers blowing
Down Regent's Street!
Oranges and Lemons
Clustered by St. Clemen's,
And Sea Kale careering past the kerb on
London Wall!
And oh, for private Mushroom beds
rolling down the Mall!

Motor engines, motor engines, do not
wear a bonnet!
You have artificial heat—grow some-
thing on it!
Precious artificial heat, costly to
instal;
Turn it into a hot-bed, growing food
for all!

Must you have a superstructure? Let
it be a hot-house
Forcing (say) some early peas—the only
decent pot-house;
Oh, if I could only see in walking down
the street
No unpatriotic waste of all that lovely
heat!

Motor lorries for Marrows!
Taxis for Nectarines!
No more coster-barrows,
But lemon-house Limousines!
Oh, to see Tomaties
Skidding by Frascati's!
Grand heads of Celery passing the
Carlton Grill,
And fine forced Strawberries—forced up
Denmark Hill!

Hard's the fight with Nature in our
uncongenial climate,
Cuddling plants and coaxing 'em, and
oh, the weary time it
Takes to get a slender crop—we toil the
Summer through;
England, needing quick returns, is look-
ing now to you!

Food that comes from tropic lands,
needing heat upon it,
You could grow without a thought, if
you'd doff your bonnet;
Thousands of you, growing food on
your daily trips,
Helping to economise the tonnage of
our ships.

Oh, to count the numbers
Of Cabbages on the march,
Jostling with Cucumbers
Just at the Marble Arch!
Oh, for Piccadilly's
Capsicums and Chilies!
Oh, for Peckham's Peaches (not the sort
that's canned),
And oh, for ripe Bananas roaring down
the Strand!

"A reaper and binder was destroyed, also a foster mother incubator with 43 young children."—*Chester Chronicle.*

The paragraph is headed "Fire at a Farm"—a baby-farm, we fear.

IN A GOOD CAUSE.

ON Sunday, June 10th, Mr. GEORGE ROBEY is to give a Concert, at 7 P.M., at the Palladium, in aid of the Metropolitan and City Police Orphanage, which is in special need of funds on account of the losses sustained at the Front among members of the Police Force.

Mr. GEORGE ROBEY will be assisted by Miss IRENE VANBRUGH, Miss HELEN MAR, Mr. JOHN HASSALL, Mr. HARRY DEARTH and others, as well as by the Royal Artillery String Band, the Canadian Military Choir and the Metropolitan Police Minstrels.

Tickets are on sale at the National Sunday League Offices, 34, Red Lion Square, W.C., and applications for boxes will be received personally by Mr. ROBEY at the Hippodrome.

The Domestic Problem—Two Extremes.

"WANTED, Housemaid and Kitchenmaid; Paying Guests."

"SCULLERY or Between Maid required immediately for Derbyshire; wages £218."
Morning Post.

"On Wednesday evening a fire broke out in Mr. J. Elkin's scutch mill at Kilmore, near Omagh, which resulted in the complete destruction of the premises. It is surmised in the absence of anything which would indicate the origin of the outbreak that it resulted from a heated journal."—*Belfast News Letter.*

An unusual quantity of inflammatory matter has been observed recently in the Irish Press.



Past.
THE ARTIST AND THE VILLAGE MAID.



Present.
THE VILLAGE MAID AND THE ARTIST.

HEART-TO-HEART TALKS.

(*Marshal VON HINDENBURG; a Telephone.*)

The Telephone. RR-RR-RR-RR.

The Marshal. Curse the infernal telephone! A man doesn't get a moment's peace. Tush, what am I talking about? Who wants peace? If we were all to be quite candid there might be——

The Telephone. Rr-rr.

The Marshal. All right, all right, I'm coming. Yes, I'm Marshal VON HINDENBURG. Who are you? What? I can't hear a single word. You really must speak up. Louder—louder still, you fool. What? Oh, I really beg your Majesty's pardon. I assure you it was impossible to hear distinctly, but it's all right now. I thank your Majesty, I am in my usual good health. Yes. No, not at all. Yes, I have good hope that we shall now maintain ourselves for at least two days. Yes, if we are forced to retire we must say it is according to plan. No, I don't like it either, but what is to be done? Their guns are more numerous and heavier than ours, and weight of metal must tell. Will I hold the line? Yes, certainly, till your Majesty returns and graciously resumes the conversation. Oh, you didn't mean that line? You meant the Siegfried line, or the Wotan line, or the Hindenburg line? Yes, I see, it was a *Witz*, a play of words. Yes, I am sorry I could not at once see what your Majesty was driving at, but now I see it is good. I must practise my joking. Ha-ha-ha! Are you there? No, he's gone (*rings off*). (*To himself*) He is a queer Emperor who is able to make jokes while his soldiers are dying by thousands and thousands. It can't last like this—and as for the Hindenburg line, I'm perfectly tired to death of the words; and the thing itself doesn't exist.

The Telephone. Rr-rr-rr-rr.

The Marshal. What, again? This is too much—who are you? Who? WHO? General VON KLUCK? Impossible. General VON KLUCK's dead. What—not dead? Anyhow, nobody's heard of him for months. If you're really General VON KLUCK I'm afraid we must consider you to be dead. The EMPEROR won't regard it as very good taste on your part to come to life again like this. He's very unforgiving, you know. You don't care? But, my dear dead General VON KLUCK, you must care. What is it you say you wanted to do? Congratulate me? What on? My splendid defence of the Hindenburg line? Now, look here. As one German General to another do you mean to tell me you believe in the Hindenburg line? No, of course you don't. You thought I believed in it? Was that what you said? Come, don't wriggle, though you are a dead man. Yes, that was what you said. Well, then understand henceforth that there is no Hindenburg line and there never was anything of the sort. Why am I retreating then? Because I must. That's the whole secret. Why did *you* retreat after your famous oblique march during the Battle of the Marne? Because you had to, of course. There—that's enough. I can't waste any more time. What? Oh, yes, you can congratulate me on anything you like except that. And now you had better return to the grave of your reputation and remain there (*rings off*).

The Telephone. Rr-rr-rr-rr.

The Marshal. To h-ll with the telephone! Who is it now? What—an editor of a newspaper? That's a little bit too thick. What is it you want? To thank God for that masterpiece of bold cunning, the Hindenburg line? Is that what you want? Well, make haste, for the masterpiece doesn't exist. No, I'm not joking. I can't joke. Enough (*rings off*).



Nervous Recruit (on guard for the first time). "HALT, FRIEND! WHO GOES THERE?"

THE HOUSE-MASTER.

FOUR years I spent beneath his rule,
For three of which askance I scanned him,
And only after leaving school
Came thoroughly to understand him;
For he was brusque in various ways
That jarred upon the modern mother,
And scouted as a silly craze
The theory of the "elder brother."

Renowned at Cambridge as an oar
And quite distinguished as a wrangler,
He felt incomparably more
Pride in his exploits as an angler;
He held his fishing on the Test
Above the riches of the Speyers,
And there he lured me, as his guest,
Into the ranks of the "dry-flyers."

He made no fetish of the cane
As owning any special virtue,
But held the discipline of pain,
When rightly earned, would never hurt you;
With lapses of the normal brand
I think he dealt most mercifully,
But chastened with a heavy hand
The sneak, the liar and the bully.

We used to criticise his boots,
His simple tastes in food and fiction,
His everlasting homespun suits,
His leisurely old-fashioned diction;
And yet we had the saving *nous*
To recognise no worse disaster
Could possibly befall the House
Than the removal of its Master.

For though his voice was deep and gruff,
And rumbled like a motor-lorry,
He showed the true angelic stuff
If any one was sick or sorry;
So when pneumonia, doubly dread,
Of breath had nearly quite bereft me,
He watched three nights beside my bed
Until the burning fever left me.

He served three Heads with equal zeal
And equal absence of ambition;
He knew his power, and did not feel
The least desire for recognition;
But shrewd observers, who could trace
Back to their source results far-reaching,
Saw the true Genius of the Place
Embodied in his life and teaching.

The War's deep waters o'er him rolled
As he beheld Young England giving
Life prodigally, while the old
Lived on without the cause for living;
And yet he never heaved a sigh
Although his heart was inly riven;
He only craved one boon—to die
In harness, and the boon was given.

Vicarious Parenthood.

"DABREBA.—Yesterday, at 6.55 a.m. 'Shernery,' Bambalapitiya, to Mr. and Mrs. Ossy Dabrera a daughter. Grand parents doing well.—*Ceylon Independent.*

"Mr. J. H. Minns (Carlisle) charged the brewers of his city with allowing their tenants to be placed under the heel of the Control Board. . . . It was the cloven hoof of the unseen hand that the trade had to face in Carlisle."—*Derby Daily Express.*

Mr. MINNS must cheer up. The Trade has only to wait for

"That auspicious day when the velvet glove will be stripped for ever from the cloven hoof of the German Eagle."—*London Opinion.*

"The fact that a few girls earn abnormal wages has obscured in the public mind the the Board to accept the gift a Bill is to be age girl working 48 hours a week earned only 18s. or 19s. a week."—*Daily Paper.*

This statement should go far to clear up the obscurity in the public mind.

"Mr. —— gave one of his popular lectures on 'Alcohol' and its effects on March the 30th in the Wesleyan school."—*True Blue Magazine.*

What exactly did happen on March 30th in the Wesleyan school?

"WANTED, Smart Workman, aged 80, and exempt from military service, as handy man; must be steady; a job for life for careful man."—*Cambria Daily Leader.*

He must be particularly careful to guard against premature decease.

EMILY'S MISSION.

IT was all through Emily that I am to-day the man I am.

We were extraordinarily lucky to get her; there was no doubt about that. Her testimonials or character or references or whatever it is that they come to you with were just the last word. Even the head of the registry-office, a frigid thin-lipped lady of some fifty winters, with an unemotional cold-mutton eye, was betrayed, in speaking of Emily, into a momentary lapse from the studied English of her normal vocabulary.

"Madam," she said to my wife, "I have known many housemaids, but never one like this. She is, I assure you, Madam, absolutely IT."

So we engaged her; and ere long I came to hate her with a hatred such as I trust I shall never again cherish for any human being.

In almost every respect she proved perfection. She was honest, she was quick, she was clean; she loved darning my socks and ironing my handkerchiefs; she never sulked, she never smashed, her hair never wisped (a thing I loathe in housemaids). In one point only she failed, failed more completely than any servant I have ever known. She would not make my shaving-water really hot.

Cursed by nature with an iron-filings beard and a delicate tender skin, I was a man for whom it was impossible to shave with comfort in anything but absolutely boiling water. Yet morning after morning I sprang from my bed to find the contents of my jug just a little over or under the tepid mark. There was no question of re-heating the water on the gas stove, for I never allowed myself more than the very minimum of time for dressing, swallowing my breakfast and catching my train. It was torture.

I spoke to Emily about it, mildly at first, more forcibly as the weeks wore on, passionately at last. She apologised, she sighed, she wrung her hands. Once she wept—shed hot scalding tears, tears I could gladly have shaved in had they fallen half-an-hour earlier. But it made no difference; next morning my water was as chill as ever. I could not understand it. Every day my wrath grew blacker, my reproaches more vehement.

Finally an hour came when I said to my wife, "One of two things must happen. Either that girl goes or I grow a beard."

Mildred shook her head. "We can't possibly part with her. We should never get another servant like her."

"Very well," I said.

On the morrow I started for my annual holiday, alone. It was late summer. I journeyed into the wilds of Wiltshire. I took two rooms in an isolated cottage, and on the first night of my stay, before getting into bed, I threw my looking-glass out of the window. Next morning I began. Day by day I tramped the surrounding country, avoiding all intercourse with humanity, and day by day my beard grew.

I could feel it growing, and the first scrubbiness of it filled me with rage. But as time slipped by it became softer and more pliable, and ceased to irritate me. Freed, too, from the agony of shaving, I soon found myself eating my breakfast in a more equable frame of mind than I had enjoyed for years. I began also to notice in my walks all sorts of things that had not struck me at first—the lark a-twitter in the blue, the good smell of wet earth after rain, the pale gold of ripening wheat. And at last, before ever I saw it, very gradually I came to love my beard, to love the warm comfort and cosiness of it, and to wonder half timidly what it looked like.

When I left, just before my departure for the six-miles-distant station, I called for a looking-glass. They brought me a piece of the one I had cast away. It was very small, but it served my purpose. I gazed and heaved a sigh of rapturous content, a sigh that came from my very heart. My beard was short and thick, its colour a deep glorious brown, with golden lights here and there where the sunbeams danced in some lighter cluster of its curling strands. A beard that a king might wear.

I have never shaved again. Every morning now, while untold millions of my suffering fellows are groaning beneath their razors, I steal an extra fifteen minutes from the day and lie and laugh inside my beard.

"And what of Emily?" you ask.

Almost immediately after my return she left us. She gave no reason. She was not unhappy, she said. She wished to make a change, that was all. To this day my wife cannot account for her departure. But I know why she went. Emily was a patriot with a purpose. A month after she parted from us I received a letter from her:—

"DEAR SIR,—May I ask you to take into consideration the fact that by having ceased to shave you will in future be effecting a slight economy in your daily expenditure? Might I also suggest to you that during the remainder of the War you should make a voluntary contribution to the national exchequer of every shilling saved under this head? The total sum will not be large, but everything counts. Yours is, if I may be allowed to say so, the finest beard I have been instrumental in producing during my two and a half years' experience in domestic service. I am now hard at work on my sixth case, which is approaching its crisis.

Apologising for any temporary inconvenience I may have caused you, I am, Yours faithfully,

EMILY JOHNSON,

Foundress and President of the Housemaids' Society for the Promotion of Patriotic Beards.

I never showed the letter to my wife, but I have acted on Emily's suggestion. I often think of her still, her whole soul afire with her patriotic mission, flitting, the very flower of housemaids, from home to home, lingering but a little while in each, in each content for that little while to be loathed and stormed at by an exasperated shaver, whom she transforms into a happy bearded contributor to her fund.



Waitress. "WE HAVE A VERY REALISTIC MOCK-POTATO SOUP."

Another Impending Apology.

"This terrible fire roused hundreds of people from their beds, and a great crowd gathered in the adjoining streets; but Sub-divisional Inspector Stock and Inspector Ping were on the spot within a few months after receiving the call."—*Westminster and Pimlico News.*



Cowman (to new recruit, Women's Land Army). "YOU GET BEHIND THAT THERE WATER-BUTT. MEBBE COWS WON'T COME IN IF THEY SEE YOU IN THAT THERE RIG."

THE FIFTEEN TRIDGES.

ONCE upon a time there was a flourishing covey of fifteen: Pa Tridge, Ma Tridge, and thirteen little Tridges, all brown and speckled and very chirpy. They had been born in a hollow under some big leaves beside a hedge, and they now moved about the earth, pushing their way through the grass, all keeping close together when they could, and setting up no end of a piping when they couldn't and thought they were lost.

It was a large family from our point of view, and larger perhaps than a prudent French partridge would approve, but the world is wide, and there are no butcher's or baker's or tailor's or dressmaker's bills to pay for little birds. All that a Pa and Ma Tridge have to do after fledging is complete is to look out for cats and hawks and foxes, to beware of the feet of clumsy cattle, and to administer correction and advice. Above all there are no school bills, made so doubly ridiculous among ourselves by German measles and other epidemics during which no learning is imparted, but for which, educationalists being a wily crew, no rebate is offered.

There being so little to be done for their young, it is no wonder, in a didactic and over-articulate world, that parent Tridges take almost too kindly to sententiousness; and young Tridges, being so numerous as to constitute a public meeting in themselves, are specially liable to admonishment.

It was therefore that, strolling aimlessly amid the herbage or the young wheat with their audience all about them, Pa and Ma Tridge got into a habit of counsel which threatened to become so chronic that there was a danger of its dulling their sensibility to the approach of September the first.

"Never," Pa Tridge would say, "criticise anyone or anything on hearsay. See for yourself and then make up your own mind; but don't hurry to put it into words."

"Tell the truth as often as possible," Pa Tridge would say. "It is not only better citizenship to do so, but it makes things easier for yourself in the long run."

"Always bear in mind," Ma Tridge would say, "that after one has married one's cook she ceases to cook."

"Never tell anyone," Pa Tridge would say, "who it was you saw in the spinney with Mr. Jay or Mrs. Woodpecker."

"Indeed," he would add, "you might make a note that the world would not come to a miserable end if everyone was born dumb"—but he was very glad not to be dumb himself.

"Even though you should get on intimate terms with a pheasant," Ma Tridge would say, "don't brag about it."

"Forgive, but don't forget," Pa Tridge would say.

"Remember," Pa Tridge would say, "that, though it may be wiser to say No, most of the fun and all the adventure of the world have come from saying Yes."

"Bear in mind," Ma Tridge would say—but that is more than enough of the tiresome old bores.

And after each piece of advice the little Tridges would all say, "Right-O!"

And then one night—these being English Tridges in an English early summer—a terrible frost set in which lasted long enough to kill the whole covey, partly by cold and partly by starvation, so that all the good counsels were wasted.

But on the chance that one or two of them may be applicable to human life I have jotted them down here. One never knows which is grain and which chaff until afterwards.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

WE have had many studies of the War, in various aspects, from our own army. Now in *My '75* (HEINEMANN) there comes a record of the impressions of a French gunner during the first year of fighting. It is a book of which I should find it difficult to speak too highly. PAUL LINTIER, the writer, had, it is clear, a gift for recording things seen with quite unusual sharpness of effect. His word-pictures of the mobilisation, the departure for the Front, and the fighting from the Marne to the Aisne (where he was wounded and sent home) carry one along with a suspense and interest and quite personal emotion that are a tribute to their artistry. His death (the short preface tells us that, having returned to the Front, he was killed in action in March, 1916) has certainly robbed France of one who should have made a notable figure in her literature. The style, very distinctive, shows poetic feeling and a rare and beautiful tenderness of thought, mingled with an acceptance of the brutality of life and war that is seen in the vivid descriptions of incidents that our own gentler writers would have left untold. The horror of some of these passages makes the book (I should warn you) not one for shaken nerves. But there can be no question of its very unusual interest, nor of the skill with which its translator, who should surely be acknowledged upon the title-page, has preserved the vitality and appeal of the original.



Tommy (who has made a find in a German dug-out). "NOW, ALBERT, AREN'T YOU GLAD YOU CAME? WHY, THESE CIGARS IN LONDON WOULD COST YOU CLOSE ON A TANNER APIECE."

The author of *Helen of Four Gates* (JENKINS) has chosen to hide her identity and call herself simply "An Ex-Mill Girl." I am sufficiently sorry for this to hope that, if the story meets with the success that I should certainly predict for it, a lady of such unusual gifts may allow us to know her name. Of these gifts I have no doubt whatever. As a tale *Helen of Four Gates* is crude, unnatural, melodramatic; but the power (brutality, if you prefer) of its telling takes away the critical breath. Whether in real life anyone could have nursed a lifelong hatred as old *Mason* did (personally I cherish the belief that hatred is too evanescent an emotion for a life-tenancy of the human mind; but I may be wrong); whether he would have bribed a casual tramp to marry and torment the reputed daughter who was the object of his loathing, or whether *Day* and *Helen* herself would actually so have played into his hands, are all rather questionable problems. Far more real, human and moving is the wild passion of *Helen* for *Martin*, whom (again questionably as to truth) her enemies frighten away from her. A grim story, you begin to observe, but one altogether worth reading. To compare things small (as yet) with great, I might call it a lineal descendant of *Wuthering Heights*, both in setting and treatment. There is indeed more than a hint of the BRONTË touch about the Ex-Mill Girl. For that and other things I send her (whoever she is) my felicitations and good wishes.

I wonder if Mr. (or Mrs. or Miss) R. K. WEEKES would understand me if I put my verdict upon *The Massareen Affair* (ARNOLD) into the form of a suggestion that in future its author would be well advised to keep quiet. Not with any meaning that he or she should desist from the pursuit of fiction; on the contrary, there are aspects of *The Massareen Affair* that are more than promising—vigorous and unconventional characters, a gift of lively talk, and so on. But all this only operates so long as the tale remains in the calm waters of the ordinary; later, when it puts forth upon the sea of melodrama, I am sorry to record that this promising vessel comes as near shipwreck as makes no difference. To drop metaphor, the group of persons surrounding the unhappily-wedded *Anthony Massareen—Claudia*, who attempts to rescue him and his two boys, the boys themselves, and the clerical family whose fortunes are affected by their proximity to the *Massareens*—all these are well and credibly drawn. But when we arrive at the fanatic wife of *Anthony*, in her Welsh castle, surrounded by rocks and blow-holes, and finally to that last great scene, where (if I followed events accurately) she trusses her ex-husband like a fowl, and trundles him in a wheel-barrow to the pyre of sacrifice, not the best will in the world could keep me convinced or even decorously thrilled. So I will content myself with repeating my advice to a clever writer in future to ride imagination on the curb, and leave you to endorse this or not as taste suggests.

I am seriously thinking of chaining *Grand Fleet Days* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) to my bookcase, for it is written by the author of *In the Northern Mists*, a book which has destroyed the morality of my friends. Be assured that I am not formulating any grave charge against the anonymous Chaplain of the Fleet who has provided us with these two delightful volumes; I merely wish to say that nothing can prevent people from purloining the first, and that drastic measures will have to be taken if I am to retain the second. In these dialogues and sketches I do not find quite so much spontaneity as in the first volume; once or twice it is even possible to imagine that the author, after taking pen in hand, was a little perplexed to find a subject to write about. But that is the beginning and the end of my complaint. Once again we have a broad-minded humour and the revelation of a most attractive personality. Above all we see our Grand Fleet as it is; and, if the grumblers would only read and soundly digest what our Chaplain has to say their question would be, "What is our Navy *not* doing?"

"The sight was wonderful. From the grand lodge entrance to the lake-side quite 3,000 blue-breeched khaki-coated men and nurses lined one side of the long drive."—*Manchester Evening News.*

It must indeed have been a wonderful sight. Nevertheless we hope that nurses generally will stick to their traditional uniform.

CHARIVARIA.

IT is rumoured that the Press campaign against young men of military age engaged in Government offices is causing some of them many sleepless days.

* * *

A correspondent writes to an evening paper to say that by his thermometer the recent heat was a record for the year. We suppose it is due to the example of the Censor in the matter of the Folkestone raid that nobody appears to be able to keep a secret.

* * *

"A movement is on foot," says a contemporary, "to present the Italian nation with a monument to SHAKSPEARE, to be erected in Rome." The alternative of despatching Mr. GEORGE BERNARD SHAW to become a naturalized Italian does not appear to have been so well received.

* * *

Lord COWDRAY recently presided at a lecture on "Flying after the War." Most people will be content to wait till it comes by again.

* * *

Mr. KENNEDY JONES has declared that beer is a food. This should have a salutary effect on those who have hitherto mistakenly regarded it as a pigment.

* * *

An artist has been arrested under the Defence of the Realm Act for sketching on the East Coast without permission. It is dangerous in these times to be caught mapping.

* * *

A contemporary complains that German officers at a South of England Prisoners' Camp are being driven to the dentist in motor cars. We also hold the opinion that these reprisals do more harm than good.

* * *

A controversy has recently been raging on the question of whether trousers will survive the War. The better opinion seems to be that a few exceptionally stout pairs at present in their infancy may be still extant when peace is actually declared.

* * *

The sudden and dramatic conclusion of the ROMNEY case was a great disappointment to many theatrical experts. They had predicted that it would run for at least as short a period as most of the other recent West-End revues.

The want of co-ordination between our Ministries becomes daily more marked. It is an offence to keep a stray dog more than three days, but, on the other hand, a sausage roll may be kept any length of time provided it is sealed up at both ends.

* * *

The report comes from a German source that the resignation of Count TISZA was procured by Marshal von HINDENBURG. It is a curious commentary on the fickleness of the multitude that the KAISER isn't even mentioned as having taken a hand in the matter.

* * *

A branch of the Pan-German League has decided that Germany must not conclude peace until the whole of the British Empire is annexed by the KAISER. It is the sincere hope of the ALL-HIGHEST that the British Empire will understand that in this matter his hand has been forced.

* * *

Dealing with the United States Navy, an American journalist says that every recruit must learn to stand squarely on his own feet. The attention of Mr. CHARLES CHAPLIN has already been drawn to this passage.



THE FATAL LURE.

Sir HERBERT TREE has arrived in England, and, according to *The New York Telegraph*, Mr. CHARLES CHAPLIN is now demanding a higher price for his work.

* * *

A strange case is reported from Northumberland, where a man who was taken ill last week admitted that he had not been eating rhubarb tops.

* * *

With reference to the complaint of an allotment-holder that cats cause more damage than the pea weevil, a correspondent sends the following hint as to the treatment of cats on the allotment: "These should be sprayed with a good shot-gun and planted out in soft soil."

* * *

Leading provision-merchants state that there will soon be cheese-queues outside the grocers' shops. One enterprising firm of multiple shop grocers is said to have already engaged a troupe of performing cheeses to keep the customers amused during the long wait.

New Combination Head-gear for Troops.

"Service dress caps in wear and those in stock will be used up and worn side by side with the soft caps."
Army Council Instruction No. 824.

"To a school in Battersea to-day the High Commissioner for New Zealand presented an Australian flag sent by the school-children of Dunedin."—*Evening News.*

The children of Dunedin seem to have accepted in a very excellent spirit the annexation of New Zealand by Australia, of which this is the first news to reach us.

"The Germans were absolutely dismayed at the promptness of President Wilson's rupture of relations. Then followed an amazing attempt to browbeat Mr. Gerard into singing a revised version of the Prusso-American Treaty of 1799."
Planters' and Commercial Gazette (Mauritius).

Happily Mr. GERARD refused to oblige.

"The annual report of the Kneckenmüller Lunatic Asylum at Stettin states that a number of lunatics have been called up for military service at the front, adding:—'The asylums are proud that their inmates are allowed to serve the Fatherland.' It appears, however, that the results are not always satisfactory."
The Times.

We have heard of no complaints on our side.

"Meat, particularly mutton, is (says 'The Times') likely to remain dead this week-end."
Lancashire Daily Post.

But if the hot weather continues——

LITTLE WILLIE'S OPINION OF FATHER.

["How long the conflict may last lies in God's hand; it is not our business to ask questions about it. . . . It is not the Prussian way to praise oneself. . . . It is now a matter of holding out, however long it lasts."—*Extract from Speech by the* KAISER, *delivered near Arras.*]

I FEAR that Father's lost his nerve.
As I peruse his last oration
I seem to miss the good old *verve*,
The tone of lofty exaltation,
The swelling note of triumph (*Sieg*)
That often carried half a league.

The drum on whose resounding hide
He brought to bear such weight and gristle
Has now been scrapped and laid aside
In favour of the penny whistle,
On which he plays so very small
You hardly hear the thing at all.

No more we mark the clarion shout—
"Go where the winds of victory whirl you!"
His eagle organ, petering out,
Whines like a sick and muted curlew;
A plaintive dirge supplants the pæan
That used to rock the empyrean.

Poor Father must have changed a lot.
He had a habit (now he's shed it)
Of patronising "*Unser Gott*,"
And going shares in all the credit;
To-day he wears a humbler air,
And leaves to Heaven the whole affair.

He's modified his sanguine view
About the foes he meant to batter;
He talks no more of barging through;
He frankly owns it's just a matter
Of hanging on and sitting tight,
Possibly through the *Ewigkeit*.

"I never speak in boastful vein;
No Prussian does," he tells the Army.
It really looks as if his brain
Is going "gugga," which is barmy;
He's done some talking through his hat,
But never quite such tosh as that.

How to correct the sad decline
Which takes this form of futile prattle?
That pious feat might yet be mine
If I could only win a battle;
Cases are known of mental crocks
Restored by sharp and staggering shocks.

O. S.

HOT WEATHER CORRESPONDENCE.

(*In the manner of various contemporaries.*)

ANIMAL LABOUR.

Corelli Parade, Stratford-on-Avon.

DEAR SIR,—I seem to have read somewhere of the extreme sagacity and intelligence shown by the baboons of South Africa, some of whom, as well as I remember, are employed as porters and, I think, station-masters on the railways in the interior of Cape Colony. My gardener and coachman having both been called up, it has occurred to me that I might find efficient substitutes for them in these excellent animals.

Perhaps you or some of your readers would kindly inform me what it would cost to import two trustworthy baboons, also what would be a fair wage to give them; whether they would come under the provisions of the National Insurance Act, and whether they are vegetarians or carnivorous? Any other information bearing on their tastes and habits would be gratefully received by

Yours faithfully, (MRS.) AMANDA BLEEK.

[You should communicate with the Director of the Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park. We believe that baboons can be booked at special rates. Possibly they might be allowed to work their passage over as stokers? As regards wages, payment in kind is generally preferred to money. The baboon is a vegetarian but no bigot, and will eat mutton chops without protest. The great American nature historian, WARD, tells us that we should not give the elephant tobacco, but lays no embargo on its being offered to baboons. They are addicted to spirituous liquors, and on the whole it is best to get them to take the pledge. A valued correspondent of ours, Canon Phibbs, once had a tame gorilla which invariably accompanied Mrs. Phibbs at Penny Readings; but this interesting animal died suddenly from a surfeit of mushrooms, and Canon Phibbs has also joined the majority.—ED. *Daily Swallow.*]

POODLES ON THE LAND.

Kimono Cottage, Camberley.

DEAR SIR,—Poodles have from time immemorial been employed to hunt for and dig out truffles in France. May I suggest to all owners of dogs of this highly intelligent breed that they should use them (1) for digging in gardens and allotments; (2) in place of caddies on golf links? May I add that poodles ought not to be shaved with a safety-razor, but should be trimmed by a topiary expert?

I am, Sir,
Yours faithfully, MAISIE MIMRAM.

[We are most grateful to our correspondent for her information and the humane suggestion with which it is coupled. Truffle-hunting is indeed a noble sport.

ED. *Daily Scoop.*]

"KILL THAT FLY."

Limejuice Villa, Leighton Buzzard.

DEAR SIR,—As a dead set is being made against dogs by some uncompromising food economists, may I point out on behalf of our four-footed friends what admirable service they render the community by the destruction of flies? My Irish terrier, Patsy, spends half his time catching blue-bottles—indeed, my husband, who is of a mathematical turn, estimates that he accounts for several hundreds every day. Faithfully yours, VERAX.

[Patsy has indeed deserved well of the commonwealth. Some official recognition is clearly called for, preferably a special collar—unstarched, of course—recording his services.—ED. *Weekly Simpleton.*]

HOW TO PROVIDE FOR POMS.

Mazawattee Mansions, Matlock.

DEAR SIR,—I have had since 1912 a Pomeranian dog of good pedigree. Wishing to give him a chance, I changed his name from Fritz to Jock, but he refuses to answer to the new title. As it is impossible to deport him to his native land, I think of presenting him to a German Prisoners' Camp in the neighbourhood, but before doing so should be glad of your advice. Yours anxiously, PUZZLED.

[The problem is a difficult one, but we see no reason for vetoing our correspondent's generous proposal. The position of neutral dogs is also puzzling. Only the other day we heard of a Great Dane who could not be taught to "die for the King"—doubtless on conscientious grounds. The feelings of the mites in a Dutch cheese, again, ought to be considered.—ED. *Conscience.*]



PLAYING SMALLER.

THE KAISER MAKES A CHANGE OF INSTRUMENT.

THE MUD LARKS.

WHEN we have finished slaying for the day, have stropped our gory sabres, hung our horses up to dry and are sitting about after mess, girths slackened and pipes aglow, it is a favourite pastime of ours to discuss what we are going to do after the War.

William, our mess president and transport officer, says frankly, "Nothing." Three years' continuous struggle to keep the mess going in whiskey and soda and the officers' kit down to two hundred and fifty pounds per officer has made an old man of him, once so full of bright quips and conundrums. The moment HINDENBURG chucks up the sponge off goes William to Chelsea Hospital, there to spend the autumn of his days pitching the yarn and displaying his honourable scars gained in many a bloody battle in the mule lines.

So much for William. The Skipper, who is as sensitive to climate as a lily of the hot-house, prattles lovingly during the summer months of selling ice-creams to the Eskimos, and during the winter months of peddling roast chestnuts in Timbuctoo. MacTavish and the Babe propose, under the euphonious *noms de commerce* of Vavasseur and Montmorency, to open pawn-shops among ex-munition-workers, and thereby accumulate old masters, grand pianos and diamond tiaras to export to the United States. For myself I have another plan.

There is a certain historic wood up north through which bullets whine, shells rumble and no bird sings. After the War I am going to float a company, purchase that wood and turn it into a pleasure-resort for the accommodation of tourists.

There will be an entrance fee of ten francs, and everything else will be extra.

Tea in the dug-out—ten francs. Trips through trenches, accompanied by trained guides reciting selected passages from the outpourings of our special correspondents—ten francs. At night grand S.O.S. rocket and Very light display—ten francs. While for a further twenty francs the tourist will be allowed to pick up as many souvenirs in the way of rolls of barbed wire, dud bombs and blind crumps as he can stagger away with. By this means the country will be cleared of its explosive matter and I shall be able to spend my declining years in Park Lane, or, anyway, Tooting.

Our Albert Edward has not been making any plans as to his future lately, but just now it looks very much as if his future will be spent in gaol. It happened this way. He had been up forward doing some O. Pipping. While he was there he made friends with a battery and persuaded the poor fools into doing some shooting under his direction. He says it is great fun sitting up in your O. Pip, a pipe in your teeth, a telescope clapped to your blind eye, removing any parts of the landscape that you take a dislike to.

"I don't care for that tree at A 29.b.5.8"," you say to the telephone. "It's altogether too crooked (or too straight). Off with its head!" and, hey presto! the offending herb is not. Or, "That hill at C 39.d.7.4" is quite absurd; it's ridiculously lop-sided. I think we'll have a valley there instead." And lo! the absurd excrescence goes west in a puff of smoke.



FORCE OF HABIT.

Farmer. "IF YOU 'VE FINISHED PLOUGHIN' THIS 'ERE FIELD WHAT 'RE YOU DOIN' SCRATCHIN' ABOUT WITH THAT STICK?"

C 3 War-worker (formerly humorous artist). "OH, JUST SIGNING MY NAME."

Our Albert Edward spent a most enjoyable week altering the geography of Europe to suit his taste. Then one morning he made a trifling error of about thirty degrees and some few thousand yards and removed the wrong village.

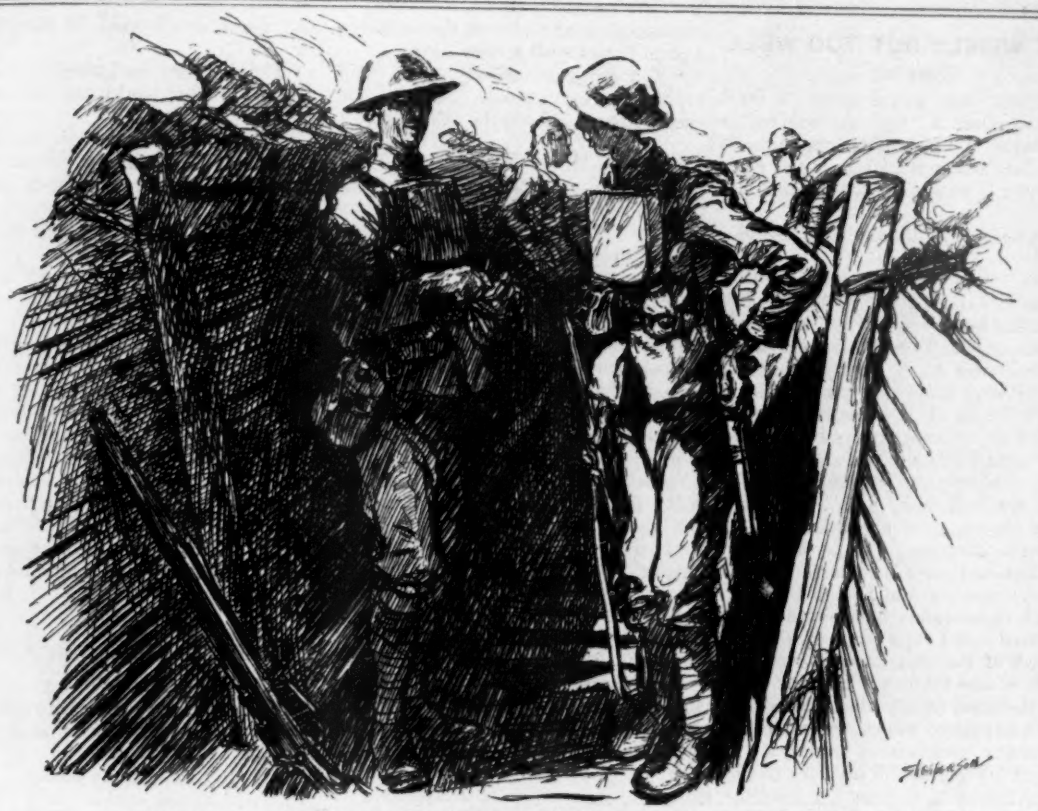
"One village looks very much like another, and what are a few thousand yards this way or that in a war of world-wide dimensions? Gentlemen, let us not be trivial," said our Albert Edward to the red-hatted people who came weeping to his O. Pip. Nevertheless some unpleasantness resulted, and our Albert Edward came home to shelter in the bosom of us, his family.

The unpleasantness spread, for twenty-four hours later came a chit for our Albert Edward, saying if he had nothing better to do would he drop in and swop yarns with the General at noon that day? Our Albert Edward made his will, pulled on his parade boots, drank half a bottle of brandy neat, kissed us farewell and rode off to his doom. As he passed the borders of the camp The O'Murphy uncorked himself from a drain, and, seeing his boon-companion faring forth a-horse, abandoned the rat-strafe and trotted after him.

A word or two explaining The O'Murphy. Two years ago we were camped at one end of a certain damp dark gully up north. Thither came a party of big marines and a small Irish terrier, bringing with them a long naval gun, which they covered with a *camouflage* of sackcloth and ashes and let off at intervals. Whenever the long gun was about to fire the small dog went mad, bounced about behind the gun-trail like an indiarubber ball, in an ecstasy of expectation. When the great gun boomed he shrieked with joy and shot away up the gully looking for the rabbit. The poor little dog's hunt up and down the gully for the rabbit that never had been was one of the most pathetic sights I ever saw. That so many big men with such an enormous gun should miss the rabbit every time was gradually killing him with disgust and exasperation.

Meeting my groom one evening I spoke of the matter to him, casually mentioning that there was a small countryman of ours close at hand breaking his heart because there never was any rabbit. I clearly explained to my groom that I was suggesting nothing, dropping no hints, but I thought it a pity such a sportsman should waste his talents with those sea-soldiers when there were outfits like ours about, offering all kinds of opportunities to one of the right sort. I again repeated that I was making no suggestions and passed on to some other subject.

Imagine my astonishment when, on making our customary bi-weekly trek next day, I discovered the small terrier secured to our tool-limber by a piece of baling-wire, evidently enjoying the trip and abusing the limber-mules as if he had known them all his life. Since he



Tommy (reporting himself to Sergeant after search for lost bayonet). "AH 'VE FOUND ME BAGGINET."
Sergeant. "WHERE WAS IT?" *Tommy.* "ON THE TOF O' MA GOON."

had insisted on coming with us there was nothing further to be said, so we christened him "The O'Murphy," attached him to the strength for rations and discipline, and for two years he has shared our joys and sorrows, our billets and bully-beef, up and down the land of Somewheres.

But it was with our Albert Edward he got particularly chummy. They had the same dislike of felines and the same taste in biscuits. Thus when Albert Edward rode by, ears drooping, tail tucked in (so to speak), *en route* to the shambles, The O'Murphy saw clearly that here was the time to prove his friendship, and trotted along behind. On arriving at H.Q. the comrades shook paws and licked each other good-bye. Then Albert Edward stumbled within and The O'Murphy hung about outside saucing the brass-collared Staff dogs and waiting to gather up what fragments remained of his chum's body after the General had done with it. His interview with the General our Albert Edward prefers not to describe; it was too painful, too humiliating, he says. That a man of the General's high position, advanced age and venerable appearance could lose his self-control to such a degree was a terrible revelation to Albert Edward. "Let us draw a veil over that episode," he said.

But what happened later on he did consent to tell us. When the General had burst all his blood vessels, and Albert Edward was congratulating himself that the worst was over, the old man suddenly grabbed a Manual of Military Law off his desk, hurled it into a corner and dived under a table, whence issued scuffling sounds, grunts and squeals. "See that?" came the voice of the General from under the table. "Of all confounded impudence!—did you see that?"

Albert Edward made noises in the negative. "A rat, by golly!" boomed the venerable warrior, "big as a calf, came out of his hole and stood staring at me. Damn his impudence! I cut off his retreat with the manual and he's somewhere about here now. Flank him, will you?"

As Albert Edward moved to a flank there came sounds of another violent scuffle under the table, followed by a glad whoop from the General, who emerged rumpled but triumphant.

"Up-ended the waste-paper basket on him," he panted, dusting his knees with a handkerchief. "And now, me lad, what now, eh?"

"Fetch a dog, Sir," answered Albert Edward, mindful of his friend The O'Murphy. The General sneered, "Dog be blowed! What's the matter with the old-fashioned cat? I've got a plain tabby with me that has written standard works on ratting." He lifted up his voice and bawled to his orderly to bring one Pussums. "Had the old tabby for years, me lad," he continued; "brought it from home—carry it round with me everywhere; and I don't have any rat troubles. Orderly!

"Fellers come out here with St. Bernard dogs, shot-guns, poison, bear-traps and fishing-nets and never get a wink of sleep for the rats, while one common cat like my old Pussums would—— Oh, where is that confounded feller?"

He strode to the door and flung it open, admitting, not an orderly but The O'Murphy, who nodded pleasantly to him and trotted across the room, tail twinkling, love-light shining in his eyes, and deposited at Albert Edward's feet his offering, a large dead tabby cat.

Albert Edward remembers no more. He had swooned. PATLANDER.

NOT WISELY BUT TOO WELL.

CHAPTER I.

"I WISH you would speak to Cook yourself about it," said my wife rather nervously. "The whole thing depends upon her, and everyone says the chief difficulty is to get one's servants into line."

"It seems hardly my department," said I.

"No," my wife admitted, "but I believe it would *impress* her. She is not in the least impressed by me."

I saw at once I should have to do it; you can't run away from a thing like that without impairing your position as the head of the house. But I dreaded it. I have always been afraid of her, and I knew that if she began to argue I should be expected to take what my wife calls a firm line, and that is always most uncomfortable. I wanted to have her up to my study, so that I should have the moral support of encyclopædias and things that she doesn't understand; but my wife was convinced that I ought to mark the importance of the occasion by presenting myself in the kitchen. I hadn't been down that stair for months and months. All this happened weeks ago, when the DEVONPORT rations were proposed. . . .

I took my stand with my back to the fire, conscious of a listening kitchen-maid behind the scullery door, and after asking if the range continued to give satisfaction I opened on the general question of submarines. But Cook had the better of me there. I had forgotten that she has a son on a submarine. I spoke of the serious position of the country, and Cook cheerfully assented. (For her part she often said to Jane that we were goin' 'eadlong into trouble.) I spoke, in general terms, of economy, and found we were in complete agreement. ("Only last night I says to Jane, 'Waste not, want not' must be our motter.") Then I announced the amount of the DEVONPORT rations and repeated them twice most impressively. Cook appeared to be going through a number of swift professional calculations. ("Six times four is twenty-four, and six times two-and-three-quarters is—m—m—m—m—carry one—is sixteen and a-half, but syrup might do for the batter.") Well, Sir, she would try. She would keep a book, "and every hounce that came into this house—be it rabbit or be it liver—shall be put down."

I was so pleased with her attitude that I allowed myself to be carried away rather, and we agreed before the conference ended that we would try to improve upon Lord DEVONPORT if it was possible. Cook, as I left her, impressed me as an heroic figure, facing a grim future with a high heart.

"You did it beautifully, dear," said my wife as I came out. She also had been listening behind the other door.

CHAPTER II.

Weeks passed. My only desire was to dismiss the whole question from my mind. Like LLOYD GEORGE in the House of Commons I had appeared and made my statement, and I was content to leave the whole matter to my wife. I do not mean to say that I did not observe sundry innovations in the food supply. Funny-looking scones came up that tasted rather of pea-soup; some of the meat dishes had a sort of padded-out aspect, and it was difficult to get quite away from oat-meal. But I had no cause to complain. It is only in the last ten days that the situation has become grave. Barer and barer is the board. I have even had to make suggestions. I proposed that bacon, for instance, might be allowed to re-appear on Sundays. Very well, said my wife patiently, she would see what she could do. I wondered if buttered toast had been finally banished for the Duration. She hoped not. But I gave up that policy, for I found that whenever I recovered some such fugitive from our table something else was certain to disappear.

My eyes were opened to it at last. I saw that the establishment was going rapidly downhill. And I could get no real satisfaction from my wife. She would make vague promises of reform; she would undertake to do her best; and she would begin to talk brightly about something else.

And then I wanted to ask the Harrisons to lunch. That brought on the crisis, for I formulated a minimum demand of a leg of mutton or a pair of fowls.

"I don't see how it's possible, dear," said my wife. "I *am* so sorry."

"You are keeping something back from me," said I. "Tell me, whose is the 'Hidden Hand' that is running this blockade?"

"It's Cook."

"Oh, Cook."

"Yes, ever since you gave her that awful slanging about patriotism she has been grinding me down more and more. She's always plotting and scheming and telling me that she must keep the book down for the good of the country. I can see that Jane isn't getting sufficient nourishment. If I were to propose a pair of fowls for lunch I know that she would say it was her duty to remind me that we were a beleaguered city. And yet I don't want to discourage her. . . ."

"That's very awkward," said I. "What in the world are we to do about the Harrisons?"

"I know," said my wife suddenly. "Ask them on Saturday. Cook's going to Plymouth for the week-end to see her son."

"Oh, good," said I. "And we *will* have a blow-out."

"And we won't put it down in the book."

"No, not a hounce of it."

So that is what we are going to do about the Harrisons. But it doesn't touch the larger question. Our problem, you will see, is very different from that of other people, and my wife smiles a pale wan smile when she hears her friends endlessly discussing ways and means of keeping within Lord DEVONPORT'S rations. What we want is to discover a means of getting back to that lavish and generous standard of living. BIS.

CHARADE OF THE RELUCTANT ECONOMIST.

UNCONSCIOUS that the times are strange,
Enthroned in cushioned ease and quiet,
My *first* foresees not any change
In his luxurious canine diet.

While I, his master and his lord,
A hearty breakfast-eater reckoned,
No longer at my frugal board
Enjoy the pleasures of my *second*.

Controllers!—I detest the tribe;
Freedom I hold in deep devotion;
Why should they want to circumscribe
My powers of rapid locomotion?

My *whole* I can no longer buy,
'Tis useless to attempt to beg it;
And whether it be wet or dry
Three times in four I have to leg it.

"In the Commons this afternoon Mrs. Macpherson said recent fighting in Southern Palestine had resulted in the capture of a Turkish advanced position."
Nottingham Evening Post.

The lady seems, without waiting for the Franchise Bill, to have captured an advanced position herself.

"Good Bed room and sitting room, bath, h. and c., in lovely secluded garden, Hants."

Very proper. Baths should always be taken in seclusion.

"Deland is a church-going community, with Baptist, Presbyterian, two Methodists, Christian, Episcopalian and Roman Catholic churches."—*American Paper.*

We are so glad the Christians were not forgotten.



IT'S THE SAME MAN.



SIDELIGHTS ON THE GREAT FOOD PROBLEM.

GOVERNMENT OFFICIAL ASCERTAINING WHETHER FOOD GIVEN TO FOWLS IS FIT FOR HUMAN CONSUMPTION.

VICARIOUS REPRISALS.

I NEVER countenanced the Hun in any sort of way—
He always does what isn't done and won't learn how to play—
But never have I felt estranged quite as I do to-day.

Till now I've strafed him like the rest, as natural and right,
But now my spirit is obsessed by bitter private spite;
And if he wants to know the cause—no mail came up to-night.

The sun must plod his weary course, the long night wax and wane,
To-day's strong rumours lose their force for others as insane,
The ration cart crawl up once more before we hope again.

Who is to blame what man can guess? I do not want to know,
The U-Boats or the Q.M.S., the Censor or the snow—
It cannot modify the fact that warps my nature so.

Although I may not vent my spleen upon the stricken Mess,
Where fancies of what might have been add gall to bitterness,
I mean to cause *some* sentient thing confusion and distress.

And who so handy as the Hun? I know what I will do,
I will prevent to-morrow's sun with avid zeal and new,
Betaking me to some O. Pip that gives a charming view;

Each Teuton nose that dares to lift above the tunnelled ground
Shall be saluted with its swift and dedicated round,
Till all the burrows of the Bosch with panic shall resound.

And by this wrath it shall be known when there is like delay,
Till far beyond my trembling zone pale Hun to Hun shall say,
"It's no use crying *Kamerad*—he's had no mail to-day!"

Unchained.

"FIGHTING IN PORTUGUESE EAST AFRICA.

The gorgonzola column also fought a vigorous action, inflicting great losses on the rebels."—*Evening Chronicle.*

"The standard ship now being built in British shipyards to make good the loss of tonnage due to submarine warfare, is of about 8,000 tons, and all the ships already laid down are of identical pattern.

Eight thousand tons seems to have been hit upon as a middle size between 6,000 and 10,000 tons."—*Pearson's Weekly.*

A very good hit too.

From an Indian cinema advertisement:—

"'The Marble Heart' from 'King Baggot': A splendid drama dealing with the loves of a young sculptor whose daydreams partake of an astral separation from his own self, and carry him to the scenes of the times in which his 3 statues were living persons. We are introduced to old Greece, and meet Diagones; Georges; Philideas and live over again the old times."—*Civil and Military Gazette* (*Lahore*).

But with a lot of nice new friends.



AGAINST TYRANNY.

RUSSIA (*drawing her sword again in the common cause*). "IF I CAN'T KEEP FAITH WITH THE FRIENDS OF FREEDOM, HOW AM I FIT TO BE FREE?"



Short. "WE MUST WAIT TILL THE BOYS COME MARCHING HOME, AND THEN THE PROFITS 'LL GO UP."
Codlin. "OH, WILL THEY? MEBBE THAT BOMBIN' 'LL HAVE MADE 'EM PRETTY TIDY SHOTS."

WHO SHALL DECIDE?

(*An echo of the Romney cause célèbre.*)

IN view of the attacks on their honourable calling by Sir THOMAS JACKSON and others, in *The Times* and elsewhere, the Art critics of London called a public meeting to consolidate their position. The Chair was taken by Sir WILLIAM RICHMOND, who was supported by Mr. HUMPHRY WARD, Mr. A. S. TEMPLE, and numerous other gentlemen who know a Romney when they see it, or who earn an honest livelihood by distributing adjectives, good or bad, among painters.

Sir WILLIAM RICHMOND, referring to a recent lawsuit, said that it was monstrous that careful conclusions based upon a long life of study should be upset by the production of a pencil sketch, and he called for the removal of Mr. Justice DARLING from the Bench. Art criticism was not a mere matter of caprice, as people were now pretending, but an exact science. If a qualified man, not only a theorist but a practical craftsman, after years of preparation, stated that a picture was by such and such a painter, it was by him. The mere fact that someone named OZIAS HUMPHRY had made a small sketch resembling a large oil painting proved nothing. (Loud cheers.) The speaker said that he was glad to hear those sounds. But he would go further. The conclusion of the recent case was described as dramatic. He had a far more dramatic possibility up his sleeve. Suppose it should be discovered—as it might be, nothing being impossible—suppose it should be discovered that ROMNEY chose to paint some of his pictures under the pseudonym of OZIAS HUMPHRY. What then? (Terrific sensation.) They had all heard of the SHAKSPEARE-BACON controversy. The ROMNEY-HUMPHRY controversy might be destined to eclipse that. (Profound excitement.) He, the speaker, personally was not prepared to let the matter rest where it did. His honour as an Art critic was at stake.

An even greater sensation was caused at this juncture by a rush of cold air in the hall, followed by the appearance of a ghostly shape, which announced itself to be the shade of OZIAS HUMPHRY himself. If anyone doubted his identity or suggested that he did not paint his own pictures he should take very prompt action indeed. The art of haunting was by no means extinct. (Here the Chairman hurriedly left the room.) The shade, continuing, caused some consternation by stating that the picture which had led to litigation the other day was by no means the only supposed Romney that he had painted. He could name several in collections within a mile or two of the spot where he was then standing. (At this point Mr. HUMPHRY WARD swooned and was carried out by Mr. ROBERTS.)

Mr. A. S. TEMPLE remarked that no doubt the shade of OZIAS HUMPHRY attended that meeting in all good faith, but for his part he thought that he would have shown better taste had he kept away. In fact everyone would be happier if OZIAS HUMPHRY had never existed. It was not Art critics that should be pitched into, but painters whose styles resembled each other. They were the real nuisance. It was the duty of artists to be distinctive, and it was the duty of Art critics to keep them so. No doubt, as SHAKSPEARE knew, there was a certain humour to be extracted from men who were exactly alike, such as the two *Dromios*, but when painters painted alike there was no fun in it at all.

Mr. JOHN SMITH testified to the fact that he had no interest in a picture unless he knew who painted it; and

even then he was not interested unless the name of the painter was a familiar one. If Art critics provided these names, it was obviously desirable that their services should be retained; but it was confusing if the Art critics disagreed among themselves. All he asked was that when they thus disagreed they should all equally fix on well-known names, even though they were different ones. Names such as REYNOLDS, GAINSBOROUGH, LEADER and GOETZE were well known and inspired confidence. Strange names merely irritated. In visiting the Royal Academy, for example, he personally always bought a catalogue and confined his attention to the pictures of the more famous artists. In this way he ensured a pleasant afternoon. If there was still any doubt as to the merit of a picture, he inquired the price and was guided by the size of that.

Sir FREDERICK WEDMORE said that to decry the value of Art criticism was absurd. It was only through the efforts of their literary henchmen that some painters could be known at all. The better the picture the more words ought to be written about it, at so much a word. It was impossible to over-estimate the importance of fitting every brush-mark with the adequate epithet. He himself had devoted a long life to this task and he intended to continue doing so. (Loud cheers.)

The Editors of the *Sketch* and *Tatler*, speaking in unison, said that not only was there too much talk about pictures, but there were far too many pictures. Artists ought not to be encouraged in the way they are. The world was never so happy as in the interval between the loss of the "Monna Lisa" and its recovery. We should apply our enthusiasm to the stage—to actors and, above all, to actresses.

The Editors of *The Daily Mirror* and *The Daily Sketch*, also speaking in unison, said they agreed to a large extent with the last speakers. It would not really matter if every painting disappeared, so long as the camera remained. One living photographer was better than a thousand dead Masters.

Sir CLAUDE PHILLIPS asked how the Masters would ever have been called Masters had it not been for the critics. Painters merely painted and left it there; it was the critics who decided whether or not they should be immortal, and whether their pictures should be worth tens or thousands.

Mr. MARION SPIELMANN said that no one would deny that the contemplation of pictures, even those of Saints or Holy Families, had given enormous pleasure. But why? Not because the crowds that flocked to the galleries really cared for them, but because gifted writers had for centuries been setting up hypnotic suggestions that in this way was pleasure to be obtained. He had often seen men and women standing before a canvas of REMBRANDT, hating the grubby muddle of it in their hearts, but adoring it in their heads—all because some well-known critic had told them to. Their pleasure, however, was real, and therefore it should, in a world of sadness, be encouraged, and consequently Art critics should be encouraged.

Mr. ROGER FRY here rose to point out that the test of a picture is not the pleasure which it imparts, as the last speaker seemed to think, but the pain. The sooner the public got that fact into its thick head the better would it be for those artists who were not so clay-souled as to allow stuffy conventions to interfere with the development of their personality.

Mr. D. W. GRIFFITH said that he had never heard so much talk about pictures, with so little reference to himself. It was he who invented "The Birth of a Nation" and "Intolerance," and he was the Picture King, and as such he wished to tell them that the best Art critic in the world couldn't hold a candle to a very ordinary Press agent. (Uproar, during which the meeting broke up.)



The "Nut" of the Regiment (reading Army order re dress). "BY JOVE, MAJOR, THIS IS SERIOUS! SHIRTS, COLLARS AND TIES HAVE GOT TO BE THE SAME COLOUR AS UNIFORM. IT JOLLY WELL MEANS THAT WE 'LL HAVE TO GET A NEW UNIFORM EVERY TIME WE HAVE A COLLAR WASHED."

MEDITATIONS OF MARCUS O'REILLY.

THE GREAT DOG FIGHT.

NEXT to the beauty of its girls my little Western home is noted for two things—the ferocity of its dogs and its bountiful provision for assuaging an attack of thirst. For the latter there are fifteen houses, ten of which have licences and the rest back-doors. We are by birth a temperate people, but there is much salt in the air.

Our dogs are very like ourselves, as peaceable and well-conducted as can be, except when some rascal takes up their challenge and makes faces at them or trails a tail of too much pretension and too suddenly in their neighbourhood. Then the fur is apt to fly.

"What a degrading spectacle a dog-fight is!" Moriarty, who takes up the collection in church and has thus a semi-ecclesiastical status in life, which shows itself in his speech, said this to me only last evening. There were about a hundred of us trying to hide this degrading spectacle from the police and other innocent people, and Moriarty had just lost three-and-sixpence on Casey's dog. "A degrading spectacle indeed," said I. "If Casey's dog had held out two minutes longer he had the other dog beat. I am disappointed in Casey's dog." It *was* degrading, and I am glad I had only half-a-crown on it. So I paid up to our collector of rates and taxes and came home.

This little incident made me think of Billy O'Brien, our next-door neighbour. Billy had one passion in life, and that was the rearing of a dog that could whip any combination in the vicinity.

Billy said life wasn't worth living if he could not walk in the streets without some neighbour's dog beating his. Billy had failed hitherto, and this is not surprising to one who knows the dogs of Ballybun. They are Irish terriers to a dog, and all of them living instances of the doctrine of the survival of the fittest. The air of Ballybun is bad for a dog with a weak chest who thinks he has a strong one. Billy experimented with many breeds and had many glimpses of success, but a Ballybun dog always put an end to his experiments.

Last year Billy thought he had achieved his aim at last. When he returned from the sea-side he brought with him a powerful dog of unknown breed and of the most colossal ugliness. He confided to me that he would not let him out on the street until his education was complete, "and then," said he, "there will be only one dog in the Ballybun census." I had my doubts, as I know the local dog, which would have the hide off an elephant if it barked. But Billy O'Brien is a stranger, or as we say "transplanter" in our part of Ireland, his grandfather being the first of his branch to transplant himself here, and he did not then know much about the higher education of dog, though he is an admirable inspector of schools.

But he thought he did, and he had an educational theory which was all his own. He claimed that a dog is what he eats, and he simply spent pounds on that dog's education. In a month or two Elixir, which was the dog's name, could swallow curries without winking which would bring tears to the eyes of an Oriental Potentate, and he would howl if he was given water without Worcester Sauce.



Diner (choking). "QUICK! WATER! CRUMB IN ME THROAT."
War Waiter. "AH, SIR, IF ONLY THE WELL-TO-DO WOULD LEAVE BREAD FOR THE LESS FORTUNATE."

O'Brien's theory may have been right, or else it was only his dog's liver that was wrong, for very soon Elixir would keep us up half the night shouting offensive epithets across our wall at Mulligan's dog, who hurled them back at him. Mulligan, who is a light sleeper, was much annoyed, and wrote O'Brien eight pages about it. He mentioned that he was a member of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and that it was positive cruelty to keep these two animals separated a moment longer than was absolutely necessary. He said that his conscientious objections to betting were well known and life-long, but that even they would not stand in the way of his wife's putting a fiver on their dog Stanislaus. He added a few remarks about O'Brien's grandfather, the "transplanter"; but what annoyed the owner of Elixir most was Mulligan's remark that he had not seen the dog, but heard it was some new kind of German pug.

Billy came in with the libelled animal at his heels to show me Mulligan's letter and discuss his wrongs, before he went round to talk dog with the writer. His shortest way to Mulligan's was through my back-yard. Elixir, without anybody's permission, at once started to break his way through in order to tell Mulligan's dog to his face what he thought of him. He had hardly set a paw in it when an infuriated ball of fur lit somewhere out of space on to his back, cursing and spitting and tearing the hair out in slathers. This new enemy was my wife's tortoise-shell kitten Emmeline, whose existence I had for the moment forgotten, but who owns that backyard and whose permission had not been asked.

What was left of Elixir let a yell out of it like a foghorn and bolted. It returned twenty-four hours later with its tail between its legs, a convinced pacifist. The disgusted O'Brien at once changed its name to Bertrand Russell, after some philosopher who palliates German methods of warfare, and gave it to a tinker.

O'Brien has abandoned theories about dogs and is now trying to encourage hygiene in our midst, and Mulligan is sleeping better than ever.

An Unusual Recommendation.

"Governess (Nursery), £40, seasick, one pupil, usual subjects, about 30."
Melbourne Argus.

From a Cadets' examination:

"*Q.* What is a Roster?

A. A Roster is a soldier who frequently gets drunk or rowdy. Not what could be called a steady man."

From a Publishers' advertisement:—

"Wild Foods of Great Britain: Where to Find them and How to Cook them. 46 figs. Post free 1s. 9d."

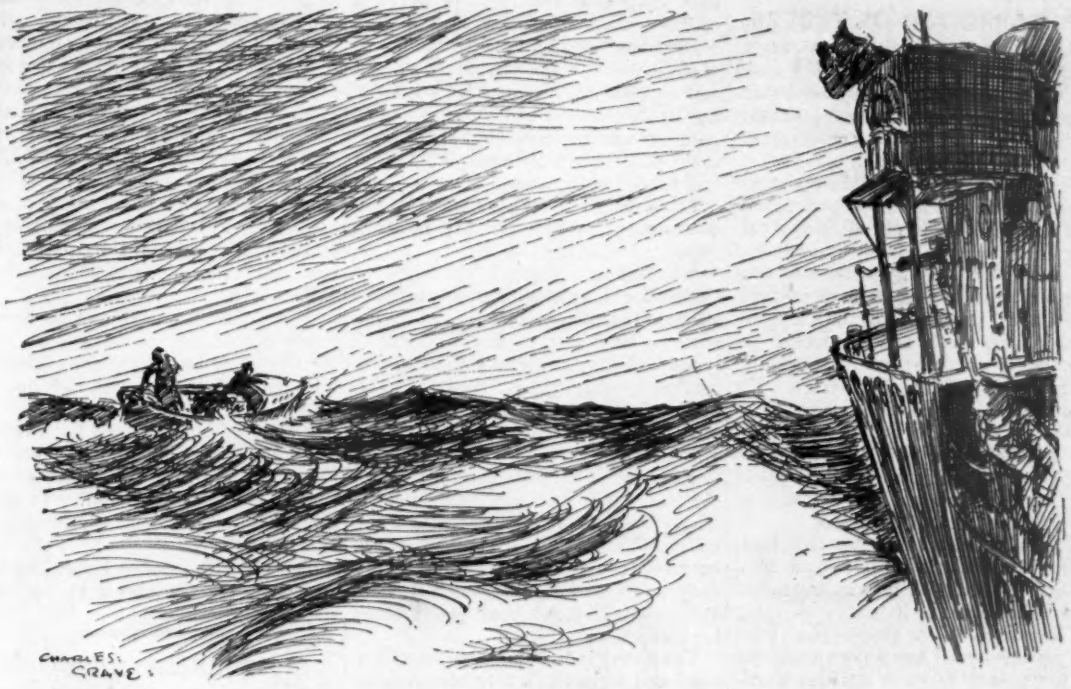
The figs alone are worth the money.

"Leytonstone's best effort was by a wounded soldier, who at great risk of pneumonia gallantly rescued a number of women from a tramcar that couldn't swim."—*Daily Sketch.*

The attention of the L.C.C. is respectfully called to this deficiency on the part of its vehicle.

"A vessel of 30,000 tons may be sunk, but on the percentage table, such as the Admiralty serves up to us, she occupies the same relative position as a one-ton yawl returning with a load of kippers."—*Mr. E. Ashmead-Bartlett in "The Sunday Times."*

Inquiries as to the locality of the kipper fishing-grounds should be addressed to our contemporary. We ourselves hear that it is in the neighbourhood of the fried whitings.



Anxious voice (from motor-launch). "I SAY, CAN YOU TELL ME EXACTLY WHERE I AM?"
Commander of destroyer. "YES, DEAR OLD THING. YOU'RE IN THE NORTH SEA."

TO SMITH IN MESOPOTAMY.

MASTER OF ARTS, how is it with you now?
  Our spires stand up against the saffron dawn
And Isis breaks in silver at the prow
  Of many a skiff, and by each dewy lawn
Purple and gold the tall flag-lilies stand;
  And SHELLEY sleeps above his empty tomb
  Hard by the staircase where you had your room,
  And all the scented lilacs are in bloom,
But you are far from this our fairy-land.

Your heavy wheel disturbs the ancient dust
  Of empires dead ere Oxford saw the light.
Those flies that form a halo round your crust
  And crawl into your sleeping-bag at night—
Their grandsires drank the blood of NADIR SHAH,
  And tapped the sacred veins of SULEYMAN;
  There flashed dread TIMOUR'S whistling yataghan,
  And soothed the tiger ear of GENGHIZ KHAN
The cream of Tartary's battle-drunk "Heiyah!"

And yonder, mid the colour and the cries
  Of mosque and minaret and thronged bazaars
And fringéd palm-trees dark against the skies
  HARUN AL RASCHID walked beneath the stars
And heard the million tongues of old Baghdad,
  Till out of Basrah, as the dawn took wing,
  Came up the laden camels, string on string;
  But now there is not left them anything
Of all the wealth and wisdom that they had.

Somehow I cannot see you, lean and browned,
  Chasing the swart Osmanli through the scrub
Or hauling railroad ties and "steel mild round"
  Sunk in the sands of Irak to the hub,
Heaping coarse oaths on Mesopotamy;
  But rather strewn in gentlemanly ease
  In some cool *serdab* or beneath the trees
  That fringe the river-bank you hug your knees
And watch the garish East go chattering by.

And at your side some wise old priest reclines
  And weaves a tale of dead and glorious days
When MAMUN reigned; expounds the heavenly signs
  Whose movements fix the span of mortal days;
Touches on Afreets and the ways of Djinns;
  Through his embroidered tale real heroes pass,
  RUSTUM the bold and BAHRAM the wild ass,
  Who never dreamed of using poisoned gas
Or spread barbed wire before the foeman's shins.

I think I hear you saying, "Not so much
  Of waving palm-trees and the flight of years;
It 's evident that you are out of touch
  With war as managed by the Engineers.
Hot blasts of *sherki* are our daily treat,
  And toasted sandhills full of Johnny Turk
  And almost anything that looks like work,
  And thirst and flies and marches that would irk
A cast-iron soldier with asbestos feet."

Know, then, the thought was fathered by the wish
  We oldsters feel, that you and everyone
Who through the heat and flies conspire to dish
  The "*Drang nach Osten*" of the beastly Hun
Shall win their strenuous virtue's modest wage.
  And if at Nishapur and Babylon
  The cup runs dry, we 'll fill it later on,
  And here where Cherwell soothes the fretful don
In flowing sherbet pledge our easeful sage. ALGOL.

APPROPRIATOR OF TUBERS.

AT a time when not a potato was to be found in all Kensington, the Food Controller decided to form the Potato Appropriations Department. I was put at its head and received my orders direct from that supreme official.

Up to the moment of being called upon to take up this important post I was a Captain on the Staff of an Artillery Headquarters, and my ignorance of the finer points of the potato was profound. It was therefore with some trepidation that I proceeded to hold a lengthy consultation with the Controller on the subject of the organisation and general duties of my department. My official title, I was told, was Appropriator of Tubers. I was further informed that, until the department got into the swing of routine, it had better work under the direct supervision of the Food Controller. I agreed.

I was then taken into the Controller's confidence with regard to a certain matter, and it was suggested that I should see to it.

I demurred on the ground that I did not yet feel myself a sufficient authority on the potato to carry out this particular duty; but the Controller overcame my objection by sending for a Mrs. Marrow, an expert on the Potato Utilisation Board. She appeared, a plump middle-aged lady, attired appropriately in a costume of workmanlike simplicity.

Thus reinforced, I ordered the car and drove to Whitechapel. At the end of a street whose gutters were full of vegetable garbage I stopped, and, descending, beckoned imperiously to an adjacent policeman.

"On duty for the Food Controller, constable," I said. "Take me to the nearest greengrocer, please."

He saluted respectfully and led the way to where a long queue, armed with a varied assortment of baskets and bags, waited impatiently and clamoured. A hush fell on our approach. Two more policemen who now appeared on the scene constituted themselves my retinue. Through a lane opened in the throng I made a stately entrance, Mrs. Marrow and the police bringing up the rear. I was confronted by a large flabby individual, who grasped a cabbage in one hand and a number of mangel-wurzels in the other.

"Good morning, Sir," I remarked courteously but firmly. "You are the proprietor of this shop, I presume?"

His reply left no room for doubt.

"I am the A.T.," I said impressively, indicating the red brassard of office presented to me by the Food Controller. "In case you do not know what that means, I am the Appropriator of Tubers. A tuber, Sir, is a potato. Now it has been brought to the notice of my chief, the Food Controller, that certain vendors of vegetables are seeking to defraud the public by selling as potatoes a totally different kind of vegetable disguised with colouring matter and rubbed with earth."

I paused to allow this weighty announcement to sink in. My audience gaped. I continued—

"Acting on orders received from the Controller I am making a series of surprise inspections with a view to discovering the guilty parties, who will be proceeded against under section A, subsection 2, paragraph 1,769 of Part III. of King's Regs.—I mean, the Defence of the Realm Act. I particularly wish you to understand," I went on ruthlessly, nipping an indignant protest in the bud, "that I do not for a moment allege, suggest or insinuate that you specifically are one of these potato-swindlers; nevertheless I have my duty to do, and I must ask you here and now to lay out your entire stock for inspection."

The flabby individual wiped his forehead and signed to a trembling assistant.

"Get 'em art," he said. "Fer Gawd's sake, get 'em art!"

Six bushel baskets of the precious vegetables were brought and laid in a row at my feet.

"Perhaps, Madam," I said, turning to Mrs. Marrow, "you will be so kind as to inspect these—ah, tubers. Mrs. Marrow," I explained to the greengrocer, "the famous tuber expert."

In silence Mrs. Marrow began to overhaul the contents of the baskets, every now and then picking out a particularly choice specimen, which she added to an accumulating pile on the floor.

"Aha! Suspects!" I exclaimed grimly. "I shall take all these to the laboratory at the Food Controller's Headquarters, where Mrs. Marrow will submit each tuber to a meticulous test in order to satisfy herself as to its *bona fides*. You will be gratified to hear that, should your potatoes prove to be all they seem, the Controller will issue you a blue card, registering you as a certified vendor of Government-tested potatoes. This you may place in your window for the information of your customers. If the test proves unsatisfactory"—I paused. In the deathly silence the heavy breathing of Mrs. Marrow was distinctly audible—"you will hear further," I concluded. "Weigh these suspects."

They turned the scale at eighteen pounds.

"Since in any case the potatoes will be rendered unfit for consumption by the rigorous process through which they will be passed, I am empowered by the Food Controller to compensate you in advance, at a rate not exceeding sevenpence per pound, out of the special appropriation funds, this sum to be returned in the event of the test proving unsatisfactory."

So saying I handed him ten-and-sixpence. The basket was carried out to the car by one of the guardians of law and order. Then I headed for Kensington.

The Food Controller met us breathlessly at the door.

"Oh, what darlings!" she exclaimed. "Do you think they will last out the master's leave?"

"They 've jolly well got to," declared the master promptly. "There are limits, Elsie, to the elasticity of conscience. Besides, my ability to maintain a flow of official phraseology is exhausted."

The Food Controller kissed me very sweetly. It was cheap at ten-and-sixpence.

TURKISH MUSIC.

[According to "a distinguished neutral" there is a great demand in Constantinople just now for pianos.]

OF all occasions to unfaithful scoffers
Given by Turkey in this year of grace,
The unexpected homage that she offers
To the piano holds the foremost place.

For Turkish music, *vide* GROVE and others,
Meant in the past the cymbals and big drum,
And piccolo, a group which wholly smothers
All other instruments and strikes them dumb.

Compared with this barbaric combination
The tinkling of the keys, so soft and clear,
Is lacking in explosive concentration,
And yet there 's more in them than meets the ear.

At least, one reason for this revolution
Is plain; the keyboard, though its tones are cold,
Viewed as a means of rapid "execution"
Endears itself to Turks both Young and Old.

"M. Bratiano, Rumanian Prime Minister and Minister for Foreign Affairs, has returned to Bukarest from Petrograd."—*The Times.*

The force of habit, we presume. How surprised the German Governor must have been to see him.



AT THE EXHIBITION OF THE "FORERUNNERS' SOCIETY."

Artist. "I RATHER LIKE THAT." *Super-Critic.* "BAH! PRETTY-PRETTY! CHOCOLATE BOX!"

HEXAMETERS.

I HAVE been examining a book by the POET LAUREATE, in which that learned and painstaking man puts forward for general acceptance a new theory and a new practice of metre in English poetry. It seems that our verse is accentual, whereas it ought to be quantitative—or it may be the other way about; my brain is in such a whirl with it all that I can't be certain which is right, but I am sure that one of them is, and so I leave you to take your choice. Failing that, you can buy Dr. BRIDGES' book, which is entitled *Ibant Obscuri* (Oxford University Press), and thus expresses my inmost convictions about our great official poet and his followers. We are henceforth to write hexameters in English on an entirely new plan, of which the result is that they lose all likeness to any hexameters previously encountered on the slopes of Parnassus or anywhere else and become something so blind and staggering and dreadfully amorphous that the whole mind of the reader rises up in revolt against them.

That, at any rate, is my condition at this moment after going through a course of them. I notice that the reviewers have been a little shy of these hexametric efforts. They have mostly described them as "interesting experiments" and have applauded Dr. BRIDGES for his adventurous industry and his careful scholarship, and thereafter they have skirmished on the outskirts and have shown a disinclination to come to grips with the LAUREATE on the main question whether these hexameters are a success or a failure. Now I have no hesitation whatever in admitting my metrical ignorance and at the same time in denouncing as a fiasco the experiment of Dr. BRIDGES. I have spent some time in struggling with his hexameters; I have attempted to track his dactyls to their lair; I have followed up what I took to be his spondees, and I am thankful to say that I have managed to survive.

Let me now give some examples, not composed, it is true, by the LAUREATE, but by myself. This is not an unfair proceeding, for it will serve to show the effect of *Ibant Obscuri* on a mind not too obtuse. I promise that the rules shall be observed. There shall be six feet in each line, dactyls or spondees, and the fifth foot shall be a dactyl and the sixth a spondee or a trochee. Are you ready? Go!

> Apollo now came forth his course through the sky to fulfil;
> In other words it was morning and most people got out of bed;
> And fathers of families munched and grumbled at their breakfasts,
> Denouncing their bacon and not to be mollified with their
> Coffee or tea, as the case might be, and the housewives reproved them,
> Saying 'twas impossible to control them with such an example.

Beyond the above I cannot go, but I must add that the lines are of the most perfect metrical lucidity and the purest melody when compared with some written by the LAUREATE in *Ibant Obscuri*.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MR. H. G. WELLS also among the New Theologians is not an entirely unexpected event. We have all had intimation in his later writings of the coming of some such thesis as *God, The Invisible King* (CASSELL). I can see the deans making mincemeat of the rash author. All's well if they'll eat some of the meat. And they may. At least this is no super-subtle modernist divine dealing out old coins surreptitiously stamped with a new image and superscription, but a plain blunt heretic who knows his mind (or, rather, mood). But it is a reverent, indeed, I dare to say, a noble book. The sanely and securely orthodox may read it with profit if with shock. It should brace their faith, and will rob them of nothing but a too-ready doubt that so forthright a house-breaker may be a builder in his own way. There is indeed more faith in these honest denials than in half the assents of the conformists. Just because it is not a subtle book it should not be "dangerous." It is romantic, rather; inspired, you might loosely say. The *Index Expurgatorius* will of course list it when they learn of it; but foolishly, because while the philosophy, the cosmology, the metaphysics may be advanced (so advanced as to be called hasty and apt to run into the theological barrages), the religion, the mysticism, the "conviction of sin," the vision of the invisibles, the perception of the imponderables, are positive, vivid, sincere, passionate in phrasing and in intention. Sincere as Mr. WELLS is always sincere; sincere rather than stable, patient, learned and so forth. I rather wonder that he insists so much on his *finite* God. The postulate hardly touches his real thesis. And I find it easier to believe that there may be some things behind "this round world" that Mr. WELLS cannot fully understand because he (the author) is finite—and busy—than accept what seems a contradiction in terms to no particular end.



Resigned Patriot. "DO WE DRAW FOR THIS, MY DEAR?"

The author of *Grand Chain* (NISBET) is profoundly aware that man is not the master of his fate (though he may be the captain of his soul, which is quite a different matter), and that the claim so universally put forward, that the leopard can change his spots, is simply an excuse for criticising the superficial pigmentation of other leopards. *Dermod Randall*, Miss G. B. STERN'S hero, is certainly not the master of his fate, which is inexorably moulded by the belief of his relatives, ascendant and descendant, that he must inherit the vices of his father, a particularly pard-like specimen, and may be expected at any minute to come out in spots himself. As a matter of fact his only failings were a young heart and a sense of humour; but, as these qualities were as out of place in the *Randall* family as a hornpipe at a funeral, *Dermod* lives under a perpetual cloud of unmerited suspicion. How he is compressed into a life groove, of which an ineffably turgid respectability provides the chronic atmosphere, is the theme of *Grand Chain*. And because the author possesses a wonderfully delicate gift of satire and a power of character delineation that never gets out of hand, she has written a novel deserving of more praise than the usual reviewer, all too timid of superlatives, may venture to give. Comparisons in criticism are dangerous, but Miss STERN'S philosophy strongly calls to mind BUTLER'S *The Way of All Flesh*. At least there is the same mordant and rather hopeless analysis of the power for evil in a too complicated world of impeccable people with no sense of humour. And in *Dermod's* case the effect is heightened by the feeling that if he had really been the irresponsible creature he was suspected of being he would have come much nearer to controlling his own destinies. He sowed a decent regard for his obligations, and reaped a perfect whirlwind of well-to-do respectability. *Grand Chain* is a really remarkable novel, and no discriminating reader will overlook it.

Was it not Mr. ALBERT CHEVALIER who used to sing some hortatory lyrics upon the inadvisability of introducing your donah to a pal? Something of this sort, *mutatis mutandis* in the matter of sex, might stand as the moral of *That Red-headed Girl* (JENKINS). Because no sooner had *Julia*, the heroine, got herself engaged to *Dick* than the arrival of auburn-tressed *Sheila* so dazzled the youth that in less time than it takes to write he had called the engagement off and prepared to marry the new-comer. However, to square matters, *Sheila* now jilted him; whereupon he fled back to *Julia* (meanwhile, though he knew it not, legatee of twelve thousand a year) and promptly married her. Which was entirely satisfactory, save from the view-point of Miss LOUISE HEILGERS, who was left with her hero and heroine united and the whole affair at an end before she had passed Chapter XII. Here however intervened a very touching instance of filial piety. Springing to the rescue of her author, and with no other possible motive or excuse than that of helping Miss HEILGERS towards a publishable six-bobs-worth, the resourceful *Julia* determined to think that *Dick* had married her for the money of whose existence he was palpably unaware. He, on his part, not to be outdone, played up to the situation thus created with a lunatic behaviour that gave it the support it wanted. I need not, of course, insult your intelligence with any indication of the end. A happy, flagrantly artificial little comedy of manners, as exhibited by the characters in polite pre-war fiction, and nowhere else.

Intensive Warfare in Palestine.

"On a front of fourteen yards, this position extends by a series of redoubts and trenches eleven miles south-east of Gaza."
Isle of Man Times.

"Lord Devonport . . . hoped their Lordships would realise that the stable necessaries of life had been brought under Government control."—*Belfast News-Letter.*

They do realise it. You should hear their language about oats.

CHARIVARIA.

COUNT TISZA has declared his intention of going to the Front for the duration of the War. He denies, however, that he caught the idea from Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL.

* * *

The Germans announced that Chérisy was impregnable. In view of the fact that the place has since been captured by the British it is felt that Sir DOUGLAS HAIG could not have read the German announcement.

* * *

Owners of babies are asked to hang out flags from their houses during the forthcoming Baby Week at Croydon. Parents who have only a little Bunting should hang that out instead.

* * *

A parrot owned by a lady at Ipswich is said to make "poll scratchers" for herself out of small pieces of soft wood. In justice to the bird it must be stated that she has frequently expressed a desire to be allowed to do war-work, but has been discouraged.

* * *

A Battersea fitter has been committed for trial for breaking into a Kingston jeweller's and stealing goods worth £2,350. There is really no excuse for this sort of thing, as the public have been repeatedly asked by the Government not to go in for expensive jewellery.

* * *

An Eastbourne coal merchant told the tribunal that a substitute sent to him was "too dirty to cart coals." The department has apologised for the mistake and explained that it was thought the man was required to deliver milk.

* * *

According to the *Berliner Tageblatt*, twenty-nine houses in Oberreuth have been burned down and a villager aged ninety-seven years has been arrested. The veteran, it appears, puts down his sudden crime to the baneful influence of the cinema.

* * *

One of the latest Army Orders permits the wearing of leather buttons in place of brass. Our readers should not be too ready to assume that this will have any effect on the existing meat-pie shortage.

* * *

Recently published statistics of the Zoological Gardens show a marked decrease of mortality among the inmates since they were placed on rations. A nasty rumour is also laid to rest by the declaration that the notices which deal with "Enquiries for Lost Children" and are prominently displayed in the Gardens were actually in vogue before the rationing system was introduced.

* * *

Paper is one of the principal foods of "Chips," the pet goat of Summerdown Camp. In view of the increasing value of this commodity an attempt is to be made to encourage the animal to accept caviare instead.

* * *

"Quite good results in the sterilisation of polluted drinking water," says *The British Medical Journal*, "have been obtained by the use of sulphondichloraminobenzoic." It appears that you just mention this name to the germs (stopping for lunch in the middle) and the little beggars are scared to death.

* * *

In a recent message to General LUDENDORFF, the KAISER refers to the German defence as being "mainly in your hands." And only last April they were professing to find it in HINDENBURG'S feet.

* * *

It is not yet compulsory under the new Order, but as a precaution it is advisable for the owner of a cheese to have his full name and address written on the collar.

* * *

The gentleman who advertised last week in a contemporary the loss of two pet dogs will be greatly interested in a little book just published, entitled *How to Keep Dogs*.

* * *

"It is the most extraordinary case I ever heard of," said the Chairman of the Middlesex Appeal Tribunal, in the case of a one-eyed man passed for general service. The case is not unique, however, for a one-eyed man named NELSON is recorded as having seen some general service in the early part of the nineteenth century.

* * *

Brazil has entered the War and Germany is now able to shoot in almost any direction without any appreciable risk of hitting a friend.

* * *

A five-months-old boy having been called up at Hull, the mother took the baby to the recruiting office, where we are told the military were satisfied that a mistake had been made.

* * *

The author of an article in *The Daily Mail* stated recently that nine readers of that paper had sent him poems. This of course is only to be expected of a newspaper which advocates reprisals.

* * *

According to the *Vossische Zeitung* washing soap is unobtainable in Berlin. Even eating soap, it is rumoured, can be obtained only at prohibitive prices.

* * *

Before the Law Society Tribunal, Mr. JACOB EPSTEIN, the sculptor, was stated to have passed the medical test. On the other hand Mr. EPSTEIN'S Venus is still regarded as medically unfit.

* * *

A Devon lady who has just celebrated her one hundredth birthday declares that to drink plenty of water daily is the secret of good health. This is a great triumph for the milk trade.



Curate (to old parishioner troubled with insomnia). "HAVE YOU TRIED COUNTING SHEEP JUMPING OVER A STILE?"

Old Lady. "AH, THAT'S WORSE THAN USELESS, SIR. IT SETS ME WORRYIN' ABOUT THEM BUTCHERS WITH THEIR ONE-AND-TENPENCE A POUND FOR MUTTON."

THE BEST GAME THE FAIRIES PLAY.

THE best game the fairies play,
The best game of all,
Is sliding down steeples—
You know they 're very tall.
You fly to the weathercock
And when you hear it crow
You fold your wings and clutch your things,
And then you let go!

They have a million other games;
Cloud-catching 's one:
And mud-mixing after rain
Is heaps and heaps of fun;
But when you go and stay with them
Never mind the rest;
Take my advice—they 're very nice,
But steeple-sliding 's best!

"Home wanted for tabby Persian Cat, 3 years old (neutral)."—*Scotch Paper.*
Why doesn't it join the Allies?

A SHORT WAY WITH SUBMARINES.

"A SHORT way with submarines?" said Bill; "oh, yes, we've *got* one all right; but," he added regretfully, "I don't know as I'm at liberty to tell you. Wot I'm thinkin' about is this 'ere Defence o' the Realm Act—see? Why, there was a feller I knew got ten days' cells for just tellin' a young woman where 'er sweet'eart's ship was."

It was the last day of Bill's "leaf," of which he had spent the greater part warding off the attacks of old acquaintances bent upon finding out something interesting about the Navy. Of course during his absence Bill had written home regularly, but his letters had been models of discretion and confined to matters of the strictest personal interest. Since his return quite a number of temporary coldnesses had arisen as a result of his obstinate reticence, and the retired station-master, after several attacks both in front and flank had ignominiously failed, flew into a rage and said he didn't believe there was any Navy left to tell about, the Germans having sunk it all at the Battle of Jutland.

Bill said they might 'ave done, he really didn't know, not to be certain.

But now, with his bundle handkerchief beside him, just having another drink on his way to the station, Bill really seemed to be relenting a little. The customers of the "Malt House" all leaned forward attentively to listen.

"It's all among friends, Bill," said the landlord encouragingly, "it won't go no further, you can rest easy about that."

"I've 'eard tell as it's this 'ere Mr. Macaroni," began the baker, who took in a twopenny paper every day, and gave himself well-informed airs in consequence.

"If you'd ever been properly eddicated," said Bill, wiping his mouth on the back of his hand, "you'd know as the best discoveries 'ave been made by haccident, same as when the feller invented the steam-engine along of an apple tumblin' on 'is 'ead. That's 'ow it is with this 'ere submarine business, an' no macaroni about it an' no cheese neither.

"Sailormen gets a deal o' presents sent 'em nowadays, rangin' from wrist-watches an' cottage-pianners to woolly 'ug-me-tights in double sennit. But the best present we ever 'ad—well, I'll tell you.

"An old lady as was aunt or godmother or something o' the sort to our Navigatin' Lootenant sent him a present of an extra large tin of peppermint 'umbugs. Real 'ot uns, they was, and big—well, I believe you! I've 'ad a deal o' peppermints in my time, but this 'ere consignment from the Navigator's great-aunt fairly put the lid on. You'd ha' thought all 'ands was requirin' dental treatment the day the Navigator shared 'em out, an' when the steersman come off duty, 'e give the course to the feller relievin' the wheel as if 'e'd got an 'ot potato in 'is mouth.

"Well, the peppermints was in full blast an' the ship smellin' like a bloomin' sweet factory when the look-out reported a submarine on our port bow. O' course we was all cleared for haction, an' beginnin' to feel our Iron Crosses burnin' 'oles in our jumpers, when we begun to see as there was something funny about 'er.

"Naturally we was lookin' for 'er to submerge—but not she! There she sat, waitin' for us, an' all 'er crew was pushin' an' fightin' to get their 'eads out of 'er conning tower. We was right on top of 'er in two twos, and all as we 'ad to do was to pick up the officers and crew as if they was a lot o' wasps as 'ad been drinkin' beer, an' tow the submarine—which was in fust-rate goin' order, not a month out o' Kiel dockyard—'ome to a port as I'm not at liberty to mention."

"But 'ow?" began the baker.

"I thought as I'd made it middlin' plain," said Bill severely, "but seein' as some folks wants winders lettin' into their 'eads I suppose I'd better make it plainer. I daresay you've 'eard as they're very short o' sweet-stuff in Germany."

"I 'ave," said the baker triumphantly, "I read it in my paper."

"Well," said Bill, "there was a wind settin' good and strong from us towards the submarine, an' when one of 'em as 'appened to be takin' the air at the time got a sniff of us 'e just couldn't leave off sniffin'. Then 'e passed the word down to the others, an' the hodour of the peppermints was that powerful it knocked 'em all of a 'eap, the same as food on an empty stummick. See? That's the real reason o' the sugar shortage. There's 'arf-a-dozen factories workin' night an' day on Admiralty contracts, turnin' out nothin' at all only peppermint 'umbugs.

"Simple, ain't it?" Bill concluded, as he paid for his beer and reached for his bundle. "Anyway, it does as well as anything else to tell a lot o' folks as can't let a decent sailorman spend 'is bit o' leaf in peace an' quietness without tryin' to get to know what 'e's got no business to tell 'em nor them to find out."

"Concrete holds its own in the construction of our houses, our public buildings, our brides . . ."—*New Zealand Paper.*

This ought to cement the affections.

THE FUNERAL OF M. DE BLANCHET.

"NEVER let your husband have a grievance," said Madame Marcot, stirring the lump of sugar that she had brought with her to put into her cup of tea. "It destroys the happiness of the most admirable households. Have you heard of the distressing case of the de Blanchets—Victor de Blanchet and his wife?"

We had not.

"Very dear friends of mine," said Madame Marcot vivaciously, delighted at the chance of an uninterrupted innings, "and belonging to a family of the most distinguished. They were a truly devoted couple, and had never been apart during the whole of their married life. As for him, he was an excellent fellow. If he had a fault, it was only that perhaps he was a little near; but still, a good fault, is it not? When he was called to the Front his wife was desolated, simply desolated. And then, poor M. de Blanchet—*not* the figure for a soldier—of a rotundity, Mesdames!" And Madame Marcot lifted her eyes heavenwards, struck speechless for a moment at the thought of M. de Blanchet's outline. "However, like all good Frenchmen, he made no fuss, but went off to do his duty. He wrote to his wife every day, and she wrote to him.

"All at once his letters ceased, and then, after a long delay, came the official notice, 'Missing.' Imagine the suspense, the anxiety! For weeks she continued to hope against hope, but at last she heard that his body had been found. It had been recognised by the clothes, the identity disc (or whatever you call it), and the stoutness, for, alas, the unfortunate gentleman's head had been nearly blown away by a shell and was quite unrecognisable. Poor Madame de Blanchet's grief was terrible to witness when they brought her his sad clothing, with the embroidered initials upon it worked by her own hand. One thing she insisted on, and that was that his body should be buried at A——, in the family vault of the de Blanchets, who, as I have said before, are very distinguished people.

"This meant endless red tape, as you may imagine, and endless correspondence with the authorities, and delays and vexations, but finally she got her wish, and the funeral was the most magnificent ever witnessed in that part of the world. You should have seen the '*faire part*,'" said Madame Marcot, alluding to the black-bordered mourning intimations sent out in France, inscribed with the names of every individual member of the family concerned, from the greatest down to



COMMON IDEALS.

BRITISH FOOD PROFITEER (*to German ditto*). "ALAS! MY POOR BROTHER. YOU SHOULD HAVE BEEN AN ENGLISHMAN. ENGLAND IS A FREE COUNTRY."

[The Berlin *Vossische Zeitung* states that about four thousand cases of profiteering are dealt with monthly in Germany.]

the most insignificant and obscure. "Several pages, I assure you; and everybody came. The cortège was a mile long. M. l'Abbé Colaix officiated; there was a full choral mass; and she got her second cousin once removed, M. Aristide Gérant, who, as you know, is Director of the College of Music at A——, to compose a requiem specially for the occasion; and he did not do it for nothing, you may believe me. In fine, a first-class funeral. But, as she said, when some of her near relations, including her stepmother, who is not of the most generous, remonstrated with her on the score of the expense, 'I would wish to honour my dear husband in death as I honoured him in life.'

"After it was all over she had a magnificent marble monument erected over the tomb, recording all his virtues, and with a bas-relief of herself (a very inaccurate representation, I am told, as it gave her a Madonna-like appearance to which she can lay no claim in real life) shedding tears upon his sarcophagus."

Madame Marcot paused for breath, and, thinking the story finished, we drifted in with appropriate comments. But we were soon cut short.

"Ten months afterwards," continued the lady dramatically, "as Madame de Blanchet, dressed of course in the deepest mourning, was making strawberry jam in the kitchen and weeping over her sorrows, who should walk in but Monsieur?"

"What—her husband?" cried everybody.

"The same," answered Madame Marcot. "He was a spectacle. He had lost an arm; his clothing was in tatters, and he was as thin as a skeleton. But it was Monsieur de Blanchet all the same."

"What had happened?" we shrieked in chorus.

"What has happened more than once in the course of this War. He had been taken prisoner, had been unable to communicate, and at last, after many marvellous adventures, had succeeded in escaping."

"But the other?" we cried.

"Ah, now we come to the really desolating part of the affair," said Madame Marcot. "The corpse in M. de Blanchet's clothing, what was he but a villainous Boche—stout, as is the way of these messieurs—who had appropriated the clothes of the unfortunate prisoner, uniform, badges, disc and all, in order, no doubt, to get into our lines and play the spy. Happily a shell put an end to his activities; but by the grossest piece of ill-luck it made him completely unrecognisable, so that Madame de Blanchet, as well as the officers who identified him, were naturally led into the mistake of thinking him a good Frenchman, fallen in the exercise of his duty."

"What happiness to see him back!" I remarked.

"I believe you," said Madame Marcot, "and touching was the joy of M. de Blanchet too, until he observed her mourning. He was then inclined to be slightly hurt at her taking his death so readily for granted. However, she soon explained the case; but, when he heard that a nameless member of the unspeakable race was occupying the place in the family vault that he had been reserving for himself for years past at considerable cost, he became exceedingly annoyed; and when, through the medium of his relations, he learned of the first-class funeral, and of the oak coffin studded with silver, and the expensive full choral mass, and the requiem specially written for the occasion, and the marble monument, his wrath was such that in pre-war days, and before he had undergone the reducing influence of the German hunger-diet, he would certainly have had an apoplectic seizure. To a man of his economical turn of mind it was naturally enraging. But the thing that put the climax on his exasperation was the bas-relief of his wife, 'ridiculously svelte,' as he remarked, shedding tears over the ashes of a wretched Boche.

"The situation for him and for the family generally," concluded Madame Marcot, "is, as you will readily conceive, one of extreme unpleasantness and delicacy. The cost of exhuming the Hun, after the really outrageous expense of his interment, is one that a thrifty man like M. de Blanchet must naturally shrink from; indeed he assures me that his pocket simply does not permit of it.

"In the meantime he can never go to lay a wreath upon the tombs of his sainted father and mother, or pass through the cemetery on his way to mass (he is a good Catholic), without being reminded of the miserable interloper and all the circumstances of his magnificent first-class funeral. Hence he is a man with a grievance—an undying grievance, I may say—for he is practically certain to have a ghost hereafter haunting the spot that ought to be its resting-place but isn't. Still, it is *chic* to have a ghost in the family. The de Blanchets will be more distinguished than ever."



"'OW'S YOUR SON GETTIN' ON IN THE ARMY, MRS. PODDISH?"
"FINE, THANKEE. THEY'VE MADE 'IM A COLONEL."
"OH, COME——"
"CAPTAIN, THEN."
"GO ON. YOU MEAN CORPORAL, P'RAPS."
"WELL, 'AVE IT THAT WAY IF YOU LIKE. I KNOW IT BEGAN WITH A 'K.'"

Lifting and Uplifting.

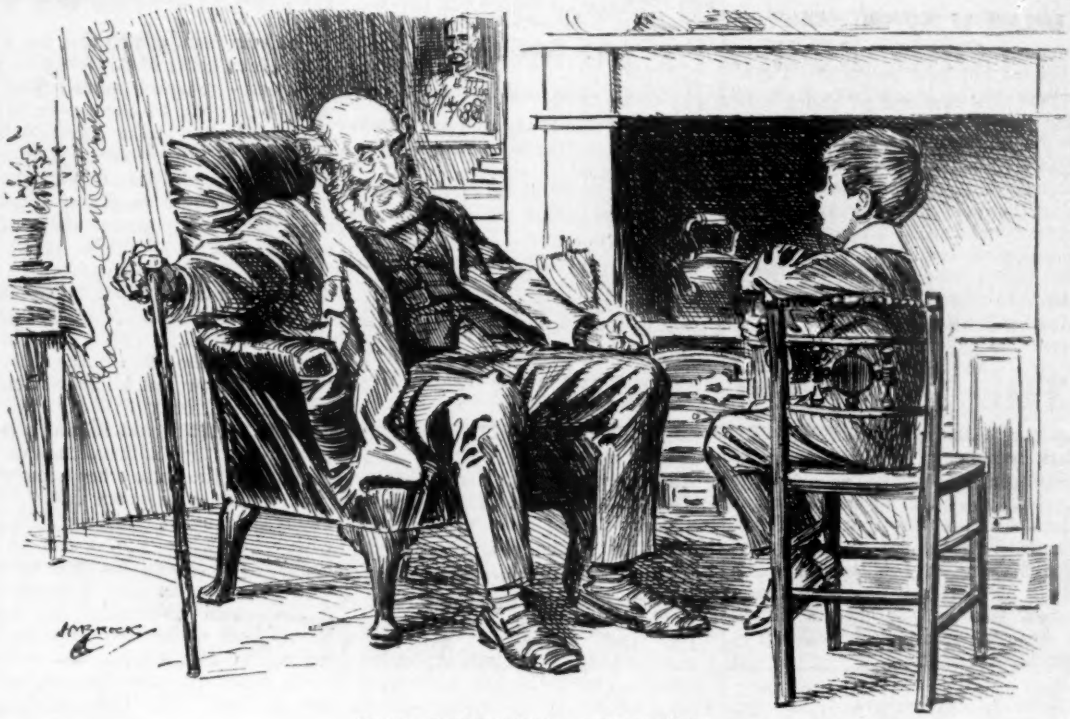
Our Canadian contemporary, *Jack Canuck*, publishes a protest against the invasion of Canada by British temperance reformers, whom it describes as "uplifters." Immediately below this protest it produces a picture from *Punch*, lifted without any acknowledgment of its origin.

"On Sunday one British pilot, flying at 1,000ft., saw four hostile craft at about 5,000ft., and dived more than a mile directly at them. As he whirled past the nearest machine he opened fire, and saw the observer crumple up in the fusselage as the pilot put the machine into a steep live."—*Daily Sketch.*

While confessing ignorance as to the exact nature of a "live," we are sure it is not as steep as the rest of the story.

A Muscular Christian.

"Vicar, Compton Dando, Bristol, would Let two Fields, or few Yearlings could run with him."—*Bristol Times and Mirror.*



THE PERSONAL EQUATION.

Time 1940.

"WHAT DID YOU DO IN THE GREAT WAR, GRANDPA?" "WHAT DID I DO, MY LAD? I HELPED TO RELIEVE MAFEKING."

THE MUSINGS OF MARCUS MULL.

(*In the manner of an illustrious Mentor.*)

I.

I NOTED in last week's issue the persistence of the strange story that Mr. GLADSTONE, in his wrath at his reduced majority in Midlothian, broke chairs when the news arrived. I was careful to add that, as the result of searching investigation, I was in a position to state that Mr. GLADSTONE never did any such thing. Still I cannot altogether regret having alluded to the story in view of the interesting letters on the subject which have reached me from a number of esteemed correspondents.

II.

As an eminent Dundonian divine, who wishes to remain anonymous, remarks, it is a melancholy fact that men of genius have often been prone to violent ebullitions of temper. He recalls the sad case of MILTON, who, while he was dictating his *Areopagitica*, threw an ink-horn at his daughter, "to the complete denigration of her habiliments," as he himself described it. Yet MILTON was a man of high character and replete with moral uplift. I remember that my old master, Professor Cawker of Aberdeen, once told me that as a child he was liable to fits of freakishness, in one of which he secreted himself under the table during a dinner-party at his father's house and sewed the dresses of the ladies together. The result, when they rose to leave the room, was disastrous in the extreme. But Professor Cawker, as I need hardly remind my readers, was a genial and noble-hearted man. I presented him on his marriage with a set of garnet studs. Ever after when I dined at his house he wore them. Nothing was ever said between us, but we both knew, and I shall never forget.

III.

My old friend, Lemmens Porter, whose name I deeply regret not to have read in the Honours List, reminds me of the painful story of SWINBURNE, who, in a fit of temper, hurled two poached eggs at GEORGE MEREDITH for speaking disrespectfully of VICTOR HUGO. The incident is suppressed in Mr. GOSSE's tactful life, but Mr. Porter had it direct from MEREDITH, whose bath-chair he frequently pulled at Dorking. SWINBURNE was, I regret to say, pagan in his views, but, unlike some pagans, he was incapable of adhering to the golden mean. ARISTOTLE, I feel certain, would never have condescended to the use of such a missile, and it is beyond "imagination's widest stretch" to picture, say, the late Dr. JOSEPH COOK, of Boston, the present Lord ABERDEEN, or the Rev. Dr. Donald McGuffin acting in such a wild and tempestuous manner.

IV.

Still we must admit the existence of high temper even in men of high souls, high aims and high achievements. Everyone may improve his temper. We cannot all emulate the patience of JOB, but we can at least set before us the noble example of Professor Cawker, who redeemed the angular exuberance of his youth by the mellow and mollifying kindliness of his maturity. Even if Mr. GLADSTONE *did* break chairs, we should not lightly condemn him. You cannot make omelettes without breaking eggs. Besides, chairs cannot retaliate.

MARCUS MULL.

A Cynical Headline.

"NEW BRITISH BLOW.—BIRTHDAY HONOURS LIST."

Daily Mirror.

We congratulate our contemporary on its terseness. *The Times* took nearly a column to say the same thing.

BALLADE OF INCIPIENT LUNACY.

Scene.—A Battalion "Orderly" Room in France during a period of "Rest." Runners arrive breathlessly from all directions bearing illegible chits, and tear off in the same directions with illegible answers or no answer at all. Motor-bicycles snort up to the door and arrogant despatch-riders enter with enormous envelopes containing leagues of correspondence, orders, minutes, circulars, maps, signals, lists, schedules, summaries and all sorts. The tables are stacked with papers; the floor is littered with papers; papers fly through the air. Two type-writers click with maddening insistence in one corner. A signaller buzzes tenaciously at the telephone, talking in a strange language apparently to himself, as he never seems to be connected with anyone else. A stream of miscellaneous persons—quarter-masters, chaplains, generals, batmen, D.A.D.O.S.'s, sergeant-majors, staff-officers, buglers, Maires, officers just arriving, officers just going away, gas experts, bombing experts, interpreters, doctors—drifts in, wastes time, and drifts out again.

Clerks scribble ceaselessly, rolls and nominal rolls, nominal lists and lists. By the time they have finished one list it is long out-of-date. Then they start the next. Everything happens at the same time; nobody has time to finish a sentence. Only a military mind, with a very limited descriptive vocabulary and a chronic habit of self-deception, would call the place orderly.

The Adjutant speaks, hoarsely; while he speaks he writes about something quite different. In the middle of each sentence his pipe goes out; at the end of each sentence he lights a match. He may or may not light his pipe; anyhow he speaks:—

"Where is that list of Wesleyans I made?
And what are all those people on the stair?
Is that my pencil? Well, they *can't* be paid.
Tell the Marines we have no forms to spare.
I cannot get these Ration States to square.
The Brigadier is coming round, they say.
The Colonel wants a man to cut his hair.
I think I *must* be going mad to-day.

"These silly questions! I shall tell Brigade
This office is now closing for repair.
They want to know what Mr. Johnstone weighed,
And if the Armourer is dark, or fair?
I do not know; I cannot say I care.
Tell that Interpreter to go away.
Where is my signal-pad? I left it there.
I think I *must* be going mad to-day.

"Perhaps I should appear upon parade.
Where is my pencil? Ring up Captain Eyre;
Say I regret our tools have been mislaid.
These companies would make Sir DOUGLAS swear.
A is the worst. Oh, damn, is this the *Maire?*
I 'm sorry, Monsieur—*je suis désolé*—
But no one 's pinched your miserable chair.
I think I *must* be going mad to-day.

ENVOI.

"Prince, I perceive what CAIN's temptations were,
And how attractive it must be to slay.
O Lord, the General! This is hard to bear.
I think I *must* be going mad to-day."

THE MUD LARKS.

IF there is one man in France whom I do not envy it is the G.H.Q. Weather Prophet. I can picture the unfortunate wizard sitting in his bureau, gazing into a crystal, *Old Moore's Almanack* in one hand, a piece of seaweed in the other, trying to guess what tricks the weather will be up to next.

For there is nothing this climate cannot do. As a quick-change artist it stands *sanspareil* (French) and *nulli secundus* (Latin).

And now it seems to have mislaid the Spring altogether. Summer has come at one stride. Yesterday the staff-cars smothered one with mud as they whirled past; to-day they choke one with dust. Yesterday the authorities were issuing precautions against frostbite; to-day they are issuing precautions against sunstroke. Nevertheless we are not complaining. It will take a lot of sunshine to kill us; we like it, and we don't mind saying so.

The B.E.F. has cast from it its mitts and jerkins and whale-oil, emerged from its subterranean burrows into the open, and in every wood a mushroom town of bivouacs has sprung up over-night. Here and there amateur gardeners have planted flower-beds before their tents; one of my corporals is nursing some radishes in an ammunition-box and talks crop prospects by the hour. My troop-sergeant found two palm-plants in the ruins of a chateau glass-house, and now has them standing sentry at his bivouac entrance. He sits between them after evening stables, smoking his pipe and fancying himself back in Zanzibar; he expects the coker-nuts along about August, he tells me.

Summer has come, and on every slope graze herds of winter-worn gun-horses and transport mules. The new grass has gone to the heads of the latter and they make continuous exhibitions of themselves, gambolling about like ungainly lambkins and roaring with unholy laughter. Summer has come, and my groom and countryman has started to whistle again, sure sign that Winter is over, for it is only during the Summer that he reconciles himself to the War. War, he admits, serves very well as a light gentlemanly diversion for the idle months, but with the first yellow leaf he grows restless and hints indirectly that both ourselves and the horses would be much better employed in the really serious business of showing the little foxes some sport back in our own green isle. "That Paddy," says he, slapping the bay with a hay wisp, "he wishes he was back in the county Kildare, he does so, the dear knows. Pegeen, too, if she would be hearin' the houn's shoutin' out on her from the kennels beyond in Jigginstown she 'd dhrop down dead wid the pleasure wid 'in her, an' that 's the thrue word," says he, presenting the chestnut lady with a grimy army biscuit. "Och musha, the poor foolish cratures," he says and sighs.

However, Summer has arrived, and by the sound of his cheery whistle at early stables shrilling "Flannigan's Wedding," I understand that the horses are settling down once more and we can proceed with the battle.

If my groom and countryman is not an advocate of war as a winter sport our Mr. MacTavish, on the other hand, is of the directly opposite opinion. "War," he murmured dreamily to me yesterday as we lay on our backs beneath a spreading parasol of apple-blossom and watched our troop-horses making pigs of themselves in the young clover—"war! don't mention the word to me. Maidenhead, Canader, cushions, cigarettes, only girl in the world doing all the heavy paddle-work—that 's the game in the good ole summertime. Call round again about October and I 'll attend to your old war." It is fortunate that these gentlemen do not adorn any higher positions than those of private soldier and second-lieutenant, else, between them, they would stop the War altogether and we should all be out of jobs. PATLANDER.

Commercial Candour.

"—— & Co.
The Leading Jewellery House.
Grand Assortment of Cut Glass."
Advt. in Chinese Paper.



THE ROAD TO RUIN.



SIDELIGHTS ON THE GREAT FOOD PROBLEM.

THE SOCIETY FOR THE DISCOVERY OF NEW WAR FOODS TEST THEIR LATEST DISH.

PICCADILLY.

GAY shops, stately palaces, bustle and breeze,
The whirring of wheels and the murmur of trees;
By night or by day, whether noisy or stilly,
Whatever my mood is—I love Piccadilly.

Thus carolled FRED LOCKER, just sixty years back,
In a year ('57) when the outlook was black,
And even to-day the war-weariest Willie
Recovers his spirits in dear Piccadilly.

We haven't the belles with their Gainsborough hats,
Or the Regency bucks with their wondrous cravats,
But now that the weather no longer is chilly
There 's much to enchant us in New Piccadilly.

As I sit in my club and partake of my "ration"
No longer I 'm vexed by the follies of fashion;
The dandified Johnnies so precious and silly—
You seek them in vain in the New Piccadilly.

The men are alert and upstanding and fit,
They 've most of them done or they 're doing their bit;
With the eye of a hawk and the stride of a gillie
They add a new lustre to Old Piccadilly.

And the crippled but gay-hearted heroes in blue
Are a far finer product than wicked "old Q,"
Who ought to have lived in a prison on skilly
Instead of a palace in mid Piccadilly.

The women are splendid, so quiet and strong,
As with resolute purpose they hurry along—
Excepting the flappers, who chatter as shrilly
As parrots let loose to distract Piccadilly.

Thus I muse as I watch with a reverent eye
The New Generation sweep steadily by,
And judge him an ass or a born Silly Billy
Who 'd barter the New for the Old Piccadilly.

A Clearance.

"WANTED.—Lady shortly leaving the Colony is desirous of recommending her baby and wash Amahs, also Houseboy."
South China Morning Post.

"Though the King's birthday was officially celebrated yesterday, there were no official celebrations."—*Daily Express.*

It seems to have been a case of unconscious celebration.

"We shall want a name for the American 'Tommies' when they come; but do not call them 'Yankees.' They none of them like it."
Daily News.

As a term of distinction and endearment Mr. Punch suggests "Sammies"—after their uncle.

"Petrograd.

The local Committee of the Soldiers' and Workmen's Delegates announces that it will take into its hands effective power at Cronstadt, and that it will not recognise the Provisional Government, and will remove all Government representatives.

This fateful decision was adopted by 21 votes to 40, with eight abstentions."—*Provincial Paper.*

The trouble in Russia just now is the tyranny of the minority.



A WORD OF ILL OMEN.

CROWN PRINCE (*to* KAISER, *drafting his next speech*). "FOR GOTT'S SAKE, FATHER, BE CAREFUL THIS TIME, AND DON'T CALL THE AMERICAN ARMY 'CONTEMPTIBLE.'"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Tuesday, June 5th.—In listless and dejected mood the House of Commons reassembled after its all-too-brief recess. Members collectively missed their MARK, for Colonel LOCKWOOD, the only popular Food Controller in history, had been summoned upstairs and left the Kitchen Committee to its fate. The shower of Privy Councillorships, baronetcies and knighthoods which had simultaneously descended upon the faithful Commons afforded little compensation for this irreparable loss; and even the sight of the ATTORNEY-GENERAL'S immaculate spats appearing over the edge of the Table was insufficient to dispel the prevailing gloom.

Mr. PEMBERTON-BILLING made a gallant effort to galvanize his colleagues into life. Remembering that it was an air-raid that got him into the House—some people will never forgive the Germans for this—he seldom allows a similar incident to pass without endeavouring to improve the occasion. As his policy of "two bombs to one" failed to intrigue Mr. BONAR LAW he sought to move the adjournment, but when the Question was put only five Members, instead of the necessary forty, rose in its support.

If Sir H. DALZIEL has his way, and the consumer is allowed to purchase his sugar unrefined, the British breakfast will become a most exciting meal. Lice, beetles and, on one occasion, a live lizard have been found in the bags arriving from Cuba. Even with meat at its present price, Captain BATHURST doubts whether such additions to our dietary would be really welcome.

In the pre-historic times before August, 1914, the POSTMASTER-GENERAL was wont to give on the Vote for his department a long and discursive account of its multifarious activities, and to enliven the figures with anecdotes and even with jokes. Mr. ILLINGWORTH knows a better way. With deliberate monotony he reeled off his statistics to a steadily diminishing audience. Only once did he evoke a sign of animation. He has abolished the absurd rule that the person presenting a five-pound note at a post-office should be required to endorse it; and, in defending this momentous change, he remarked that he himself had endorsed many such notes, "but never with my own name." For a moment Members were startled by this cynical admission of something which seemed to their half-awakened intelligence very like a confession of forgery. But the POSTMASTER-GENERAL soon put them to sleep again, and by nine o'clock had got his vote safely through.

Wednesday, June 6th.—Nothing short of a revolution, it was supposed, would cause Whitehall to empty its precious pigeon-holes, in which so many millions of pious aspirations and abortive complaints sleep their last sleep. But the War has penetrated even here, and Mr. BALDWIN was able to announce, with a cheerfulness that some of the older officials probably regard as almost indecent, that already a vast quantity of material has gone to the pulping-mill.



COLONEL LOCKWOOD'S FAREWELL TO THE KITCHEN ON HIS ELEVATION TO THE UPPER HOUSE.



Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL (with eye on the Air Board). "ANY UNIFORM SUITS ME, THANK YOU."

In the course of the debate on the Representation of the People Bill, Sir FREDERICK BANBURY explained that he resigned his membership of the SPEAKER'S Conference because he found that he and his party were expected to give up everything and to get nothing in return. If so the Liberals on the Conference were very short-sighted, for a little concession then would have saved them a lot of trouble now. What Sir FREDERICK does not know about the art of Parliamentary obstruction is not worth knowing, and he evidently means to use his knowledge for all it is worth. He even succeeded—a rare triumph—in drafting an instruction to the Committee which passed the SPEAKER'S scrutiny and took a good hour to debate. In vain Sir GEORGE CAVE and Mr. LONG reminded the House that it had already approved the main principles of the Bill. You can't ride a cock-horse when BANBURY'S cross.

Another old hand at the game is Lord HUGH CECIL. His particular grievance against the Bill is, I fancy, that it alters the character of his constituency, and, should it pass, will oblige him to appeal for the votes of callow young Bachelors with horrid Radical notions instead of being able to repose in confidence upon the support of a solid phalanx of clerical M.A.'s. He possesses also an hereditary antipathy to extensions of the franchise. Lord CLAUD HAMILTON must have thought himself back in 1867, listening to Lord CRANBORNE attacking the Reform Bill wherewith DIZZY dished the Whigs. Lord HUGH, like his father, is a master of gibes and flouts and jeers, and used most of the weapons from a well-stocked armoury in an endeavour to drill a fatal hole in the Bill.

At one moment he chaffed the HOME SECRETARY for seeking to turn the House into a Trappist monastery, where Ministers alone might talk and Members must obey; at the next he was reminding the House, on a proposal to raise the age of voters, that a great many of the persons who took part in the massacre of St. Bartholomew were under twenty-two years of age. But though Members listened and laughed they refused, for the most part, to vote with him. The Bill came almost unscathed through the first day of its ordeal in Committee.

Thursday, June 7th.—If all the hundred and sixty-eight Questions on the Order Paper had been fully answered the German Government would have



THE COMFORTER.

Lance-Corporal (in charge of footsore Tommy who has fallen out on the march). "YOU 'VE NOTHING TO GROUSE ABOUT. YOU 'RE GETTIN' YOUR OWN BACK FROM THE GOVERNMENT. AIN'T YOU WEARIN' OUT THEIR BLINKIN' BOOTS?"

learned quite a number of things that it is most anxious to know, for the Pacifist group were full of curiosity regarding the war-aims of the Allies. Several of the most searching inquiries had to be met by such discouraging *formulæ* as "I have nothing to add to my previous reply," or "The matter is still under consideration."

Mr. SNOWDEN, however, learned from the HOME SECRETARY that the Government, the House and the Country were in full sympathy with the war-policy laid down by the French Governmer t, and that we were prepared to go on fighting until it was achieved. Here is something for his colleagues to tell the Stockholm Conference, if they can get there.

For some occult reason the word "cheese" always excites Parliamentary merriment. Mr. GEORGE ROBERTS'S announcement that the Board of Trade had made arrangements by which a quantity of this commodity would be available for public use next week was greeted with the customary laughter. Upon Army requirements, he added, would depend the quantity to be "released." Colonel YATE was perturbed by this Gorgonzolaesque phrase, and anxiously inquired to what species of cheese it referred.

CAUTIONARY TALES FOR THE ARMY.

III.

(Private Whidden, who ate his Iron Rations and came to an untimely end.)

Private Tom Whidden had a passion
For eating of his iron ration—
A thing, you know, which isn't *done*
(Except, just now and then, for fun),
Because there is a rule about it
And decent people rarely flout it.
But Tom was greedy and each day
He 'd put a tin or two away,
Though duty told him, clear and plain,
To keep them safe as brewers' grain,
For eating *as a last resort*
When eatables were running short.
His Corporal said, "My lad, don't do it!"
His Sergeant groaned, "I 'm *sure* you 'll rue it!"
But still he never stopped. At last
His Captain heard and stood aghast . . .
Then he said sternly, "Private Whidden,
Really, you know, this is forbidden.
Some day, Sir, if you *will* devour
Your ration thus from hour to hour,
You 'll find yourself in No Man's Land
With neither bite nor sup at hand.
Yes, when it *is* your proper fare,
Your iron ration won't be there;
Then in your hour of bitter need
You will be sorry for your greed."

He ceased. But Private Thomas Whidden,
Being thus seriously chidden,
Said simply (with a Devon burr),
"Law bless us! do 'ee zay zo, Zur?"
Then with an uncontrolléd passion
He went and ate his iron ration.

So, since he chose, from day to-day,
Persistently to disobey,
As you 'd expect, the man is dead,
Though not the way his Captain said.
The fate of starving out of hand,
Or nearly so, in No Man's Land—
Alas! it never came in question.
He died of chronic indigestion.

With or without a medium.

"William Henry Gadd, said to have left Middlesex in 1812 for South America, or anyone acquainted with his whereabouts, will oblige by communicating at first opportunity with H.M. Consul-General, 25 de Mayo 611, this city."—*The Standard (Buenos Aires).*

A correspondent informs us that the male gasworker is familiarly known as "Cokey," and asks us whether the ladies who have recently entered the business ought to be described as "Cokettes." We think it very probable.



British Officer (interrupting carousal in Bosch dug-out). "TIME, GENTLEMEN, PLEASE!"

THE GOD-MAKERS.

THE financial success of Mr. H. G. WELLS' punctuality and enterprise in looking into the vexed question of the Deity, even in war time, has had the usual effect, and many literary men are feverishly pursuing similar studies. In due course some of these will no doubt take practical shape. Meanwhile it has seemed desirable for a *Punch* man to make a few inquiries among our leading philosophers and readers of the future with regard to the same engrossing topic. For England will ever be the wonder and despair of other nations in its capacity, no matter with what seriousness its hands are filled, for pursuing controversial distractions.

To run Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT to earth was no easy matter, for in these days he is behind every scene, and no statesman, however new, can get along without his counsel or correction. But, since to the good *Punch* man difficulties exist only as obstacles of which the circumvention acts as intellectual cocktails or stimuli, the task was accomplished. Mr. BENNETT agreed that the book of the other famous Essex fictionist was a meritorious and ingenious work, but he found it far from exhaustive. The idea of God, he held, still needed handling in a capable efficient way. What was wrong with religion was, he said, its mystery; if only it could be pruned of nonsense and made practical for the man in the street, it might become really useful. He personally had not yet thought finally on the subject of God, having just now more tasks on hand (including a new play and universal supervision) than he could count on the Five Fingers, but directly he had time he meant to attend to the matter and polish it off. It was a case where his intervention was clearly called for, since omniscience could be handled only by omniscience.

The *Punch* man has, however, to admit himself beaten in the matter of Sir OLIVER LODGE. On inquiring at Birmingham University he was told that the illustrious Principal was absent, no one knew where, but it was believed that he was visiting the higher slopes of Mount Sinai. All that the *Punch* man could obtain was one of the black velvet skull-caps which the seer wears, but, as it refused to give up any of its secrets, he must confess to failure—at any rate until Sir OLIVER returns.

Being in Brummagem (as it has been wittily called), the *Punch* man bethought him of the Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, once the very darling of the new gods—in fact the arch neo-theologian. But Mr. CAMPBELL, erstwhile so articulate and confident, had nothing to say. All he could do was to lock himself for safety in his church and look through the keyhole with his beautiful troubled wistful orbs.

Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON loomed up to a dizzy height amid a cloud of new witnesses. Greeting the *Punch* man, he laid aside his proofs.

"I was just deleting the abusive epithet 'Lloyd' from all the references to the PREMIER," he said, "but I have a moment for you. I find a moment sufficient time for the assumption of any conviction however lifelong."

The *Punch* man asked if he had read the Dunmow evangel.

"I have read Mr. WELLS's book, *God, the Invisible Man*, with the greatest interest," said Mr. CHESTERTON.

The *Punch* man ventured to correct him. "*God, the Invisible King*," he interposed.

"Very likely," replied the anti-Marconi Colossus. "But what's in a title anyway? Books should not have titles

at all, but be numbered, like a composer's operas, Op. 1, Op. 2, and so on."

"Whether or not the opping comes, some of them," said the *Punch* man, "are certain to be skipped."

The giant was visibly annoyed. "You're not playing the game," he said. "It's I who ought to have said that. Not you. You're only the interviewer. You'd better give it to me anyway."

"And what," the *Punch* man asked, "are your views respecting God?"

"I consider," he said instantly, "that an honest god's the noblest work of man."

"I felt sure you would," the *Punch* man replied. "In fact, I had a bet on it."

The Rev. Sir WILLIAM ROBERTSON NICOLL, Editor of *The British Weekly*, said that for many years his paper had supported Providence, to, he believed, their mutual advantage, and it would continue to do so. He personally recognised no need for change. Still, no one welcomed honest analysis more warmly than himself, and he had read Mr. WELLS's masterpiece with all his habitual avidity and delight.

The *Punch* man, passing on to the office of *The Times*, craved permission to see the Editor, through smoked glass if necessary. Having complied with a thousand formalities he was at last ushered into the presence. The great man was engaged in selecting the various types in which to-morrow's letters were to be set up—big for the whales and minion for the minnows. "I can give you just two minutes," he said, without looking up. "These are strenuous ti——, I should say days. Self-advertisement we leave to the lower branches of the family."

"All I want to know," said the *Punch* man, "is what is your idea of God? The feeling is very general that God should be more clearly defined and, if possible, personified. One of your own Republican correspondents, who not only got large type but a nasty leader, has said so. How do you yourself view Him?"

"I have a god of my own," said the Editor, watch in hand, "and I see him very distinctly. Powerfully built, with a boyish face and a wealth of fairish hair over one side of the noble brow. Aloof but vigilant. Restive but determined. Quick to praise but quicker to blame. Adaptive, volcanic, relentless and terribly immanent—terribly. That is my god. A king, no doubt, but"—here he sighed—"by no means invisible. Good day."

Nothing but the absence of Mr. FRANK HARRIS in what is not only his spiritual but his actual home, America, prevents the publication of his definitive and epoch-making views on this suggestive theme.

Meanwhile things go on much as usual.



Officer (superintending party that is trying to extinguish a fire at French farm). "GOOD HEAVENS, CORPORAL, WHAT ARE YOU DOING UP THERE?"
Irish Corporal. "I'M WATCHIN' THE STRAW DOESN'T CATCH A-FIRE, SOR."
Officer. "WELL, TAKE CARE. IS IT AN EASY PLACE TO GET OUT OF?"
Corporal. "IT IS THAT. YOU MIGHT GO THROUGH THE FLOOR ANNYWHERE, SOR."

More Substitution.

From a Stores circular:—

"Members who like a very delicately Smoked Bacon or Ham will appreciate the valuable new line recently added to our Stock, namely:—
—— MILD CURED SALMON."

"From Switzerland comes a report of a noiseless machine gun, operated by electricity."
Yorkshire Evening Post.

Another invention gone wrong.

New Lights on Ancient History.

"Senor Aladro Castriota, the wealthy wine merchant of Xerxes."—*Daily News.*

HERODOTUS omits this detail.

"Mrs. —— thoroughly recommends her Russian Nursery Governess; speaks fluent French, German; will answer any question."
Daily Paper.

There are a lot of questions we should like to ask her about Russia.

"The jury found the prisoner guilty of manslaughter, and was sentenced to 18 months' hard labour."—*Provincial Paper.*

No wonder there is a scarcity of jurymen.

AT THE PLAY.

"SHEILA."

Mark Holdsworth, a bachelor of middle age, is bored with commercial success and seeks a diversion. He would like to have a son. And his attractive typist, *Sheila*, strikes his fancy as a suitable medium. On her side the girl (obviously recognisable by her innocence as a pre-war flapper) is sick of drudgery, longs very simply for the joys of life, as she imagines them, meaning freedom and pretty dresses and money to spend and piles of invitation cards, and so forth. His proposal of marriage, practically the first word he has ever said to her outside their business relations, seems to her too good to be true. There is no question of a grand passion, not even a question of every-day romance. It is just a fair exchange, though she is too young to appreciate the man's motives and is content with the pride of being his choice and the prospects of the wonderful life that opens before her.

Three months later (they are married and in their different ways have grown to care for one another) we find her discontented. Her social blunders and the attitude of his people have set her on edge, and we are further to understand that she is not very responsive to the strength of his feelings for her. A bad shock comes when she hears, through a jealous woman-friend of his bachelor days, that he has married her for the sake of a son. This poisons for her the memory of their first union and she refuses to be his wife again.

An old obligation, entered into before his marriage, compels him to go abroad on business where she cannot accompany him. He does not know that she is to have a child, and in his absence she keeps the knowledge from him. Her boy is born and dies. The news, reaching *Holdsworth* through a brother, brings him home, and husband and wife are reconciled. Such is the plot, told crudely enough.

Now, if Miss SOWERBY meant deliberately to create a woman who does not really know what she wants—a creature of moods without assignable motives—then I am not ashamed of failing to understand her *Sheila*, since her *Sheila* did not understand herself. But if she is designed to illustrate the eternal feminine (always supposing that there is such a thing) then I protest that her chief claim to be representative of her sex is her unreasonableness. Of course I should never pretend to say of a woman in drama or fiction that she has not been drawn true to nature. To know one man is, in most essentials, to know all men; to know fifty women (though this may be a liberal education) does not advance you very far in knowledge of a sex that has never been standardized.

When we first meet *Sheila* her idea of happiness is to spend an evening (innocent of escort) at the picture-palace; take this from her and her heart threatens to break. Three short months and she has developed to the point of breaking off relations with a husband who has given her all the picture-palaces she wanted, but has also committed the unpardonable indecency of marrying her with the object of getting a son!

Here, if she approves the attitude of her heroine, I am tempted to argue, in my dull way, with the charming author



THE VICE OF INCONSTANCY.

Sheila. "BEFORE YOU MARRIED ME YOU WEREN'T NEARLY SO NICE TO ME. IT'S HORRID OF YOU TO CHANGE."

Mark Holdsworth . MR. C. AUBREY SMITH.
Sheila . . . . . MISS FAY COMPTON.

of *Sheila*. You must always remember that there was no love—not even courtship—before this betrothal. The girl was swept off her feet by the honour done to her and by the chance of seeing "life" as she had never hoped to see it. The man, on his side, wanted a son. Was his object so very contemptible in comparison with hers? Women marry by the myriad for the mere sake of having children, and nobody blames them. Indeed, we call it, very reverentially, the maternal instinct. Well, what is the matter with the paternal instinct?

However, I am not going to set my opinion up against Miss SOWERBY's. Where I can follow her I find so much clear insight and observation that I must needs have faith in her good judgment where I cannot understand. This arrangement still leaves me free to prefer her in her less serious moments. Here she is irresistible with that delicate humour of hers that is always in the picture and never has to resort to the device of manufactured epigram. There is true artistry in her lightest touch. Her people are not galvanised puppets; they simply draw their breath and there they are. And she has the particular quality of charm that makes you yield your heart to her, even when your head remains your own.

How much she owes to Miss FAY COMPTON's interpretation of *Sheila* she would be the first to make generous acknowledgment. It was an astonishingly sensitive performance. Miss COMPTON can be eloquent with a single word or none at all. By a turn of her eyes or lips she can make you free of her inarticulate thoughts. I must go again just to hear her say "Yes," and give that sigh of content at the end of the First Act.

Mr. AUBREY SMITH as *Mark Holdsworth* had a much easier task, and did it with his habitual ease. Mr. WILLIAM FARREN—a very welcome return—was perfect as ever in a good grumpy part. It was strange to see the gentle Miss STELLA CAMPBELL playing the unsympathetic character of a jealous and rather cruel woman; but she took to it quite kindly. Mr. LANCE LISTER, as the boy *Geoffrey*, who kept intervening in the most sportsmanlike way on the weaker side and adjusting some very awkward complications with the gayest and most resolute tact, was extraordinarily good. Admirable, too, were Miss JOYCE CAREY as a shop-girl friend of *Sheila's* boarding-house period, and Mr. HENRY OSCAR as her "fate," whose line was shirts. The scene in which these two encounter the superior relatives of *Sheila's* husband abounded in good fun, kept well within the limits of comedy. It was a pure joy to hear *Miss Hooker's* garrulous efforts to carry off the situation with aggressive gentility; but even more fascinating was the abashed silence of her young man, broken only when he blurted out the word "shirts," and gave the show away.

The whole cast was excellent, and Sir GEORGE ALEXANDER must be felicitated on a very clever production. But it is to author and heroine that I beg to offer the best of my gratitude for a most refreshing evening. O. S.

"You will find that the men most likely to get off the note are those who never really got on to it."—*Musical Times.*

The real question is how those who never got on to the note contrive to get off it.



Mother (reading paper). "I SEE A BAKER'S BEEN FINED TEN POUNDS FOR SELLING BREAD LESS THAN TWELVE HOURS OLD."
Alan (who now goes to school by train—joining in). "OH, THINK! AND HE MIGHT HAVE PULLED THE CORD AND STOPPED THE TRAIN TWICE FOR THAT!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

WHEN I first read the title of *Secret Bread* (HEINEMANN) my idea was—well, what would anyone naturally think but that here was a romance of food-hoarding, a tale of running the potato blockade and the final discovery of a hidden cellar full of fresh rolls? But of course I was quite wrong. The name has nothing to do with food, other than mental; it stands for the sustaining idea (whatever it is) that each one of us keeps locked in his heart as the motive of his existence. With *Ishmael Ruan*, the hero of Miss F. TENNYSON JESSE'S novel, this hidden motive was love of the old farm-house hall of Cloom, and a wish to hand it on, richer, to his son. *Ishmael* inherited Cloom himself because, though the youngest of a large family, he was the only one born in wedlock. Hence the second theme of the story, the jealousy between *Ishmael* and *Archelaus*, the elder illegitimate brother. How, through the long lives of both, this enmity is kept up, and the frightful vengeance that ends it, make an absorbing and powerful story. The pictures of Cornish farm-life also are admirably done—though I feel bound to repeat my conviction that the time is at hand when, for their own interest, our novelists will have to proclaim what one might call a close time for pilchards. Still, Miss JESSE has written an unusually clever book, full of vigour and passion, of which the interest never flags throughout the five-hundred-odd closely-printed pages that carry its protagonists from the early sixties almost to the present day. No small achievement.

Mrs. SKRINE has collected some charming fragrant papers from various distinguished sources concerning the ever-recurring phenomenon of *The Devout Lady* (CONSTABLE), in order to inspire one JOAN, a V.A.D. heroine of the new order. I guess JOAN, of whom only a faint glimpse is vouchsafed, must be a nice person—the author's affectionate interest in her is sufficient proof of that. I suppose we all know our Little Gidding out of SHORTHOUSE'S *John Inglesant*. Mrs. SKRINE deprecates the Inglesantian view and offers us a stricter portrait of MARY COLLET. "Madam" THORNTON, Yorkshire Royalist dame in the stormy days of the Irish Rebellion and the Second JAMES'S flight to St. Germain, is another portrait in the gallery; then there 's PATTY MORE, HANNAH'S less famous practical sister, of Barleywood and the Cheddar Cliff collieries; and a modern great lady of a lowly cottage, in receipt of an old-age pension and still alive in some dear corner of England—the best sketch of the series, because drawn from life and not from documents. If the author has a fault it is her detached allusiveness, her flattering but mystifying assumption that one can follow all her references, and her rather mannered idiom: "He proved a kind husband, but sadly a tiresome." These, however, be trifles. Read this pleasant book, I beg you, and send it on to your own Joan.

I have read with deep interest and appreciation and with a mournful pleasure the *Letters of Arthur George Heath* (BLACKWELL, Oxford). It is the record, in a series of letters mostly written to his parents, of the short fighting life of a singularly brave and devoted man. There is in addition a beautiful memoir by Professor GILBERT MURRAY, whose privilege it was to be ARTHUR HEATH'S friend. HEATH was not vowed to fighting from his boyhood onward. He was a brilliant scholar and afterwards a fellow of New College, Oxford. The photograph of him

shows a very delicate and refined face, and his letters bear out the warrant of his face and prove that it was a true index to his character. Until the great summons came one might have set him down as destined to lead a quiet life amid the congenial surroundings of Oxford, but we know now that the real stuff of him was strong and stern. He joined the army a day or two after the outbreak of war, being assured that our cause was just and one that deserved to be fought for. He had no illusions as to the risk he ran, but that didn't weigh with him for a moment. On July 11th, 1915, he writes to his mother from the Western Front: "Will you at least try, if I am killed, not to let the things I have loved cause you pain, but rather to get increased enjoyment from the Sussex Downs or from Janie (his youngest sister) singing Folk Songs, because I have found such joy in them, and in that way the joy I have found can continue to live?" Beautiful words these, and typical of the man who gave utterance to them. The end came to him on October 8th, his twenty-eighth birthday. His battalion of the Royal West Kent Regiment was engaged in making a series of bombing attacks. In one of these ARTHUR HEATH was shot through the neck and fell. "He spoke once," Professor MURRAY tells us, "to say, 'Don't trouble about me,' and died almost immediately." His Platoon Sergeant wrote to his parents, "A braver man never existed," and with that epitaph we may leave him.



THE ARTS IN WAR-TIME.

First Tommy (watching artist engaged in protective colouring). "MARVELLOUS, AIN'T IT, BERT, 'OW TALENT WILL OUT, EVEN IN THE MOST ADWERSE CIRCUMSTANCES?"

Second Tommy. "YUS. WOT *I* LIKES BEST IS THE EXPRESSION ON THE DAWG."

The scenes of *A Sheaf of Bluebells* (HUTCHINSON) are laid in Normandy, where they speak the French language. But the Baroness ORCZY does not take advantage of this local habit, and is careful not to put too heavy a strain upon the intelligence of those who do not enjoy the gift of tongues. "*Ma tante*," "*Mon cousin*," "*Enfin*"—these are well within the range of all of us. Indeed, though I shrink from boasting, I could easily have borne it if she had tried me a little higher. "*Ma tante*," for instance, got rather upon my nerves before the heroine had finished with it. The plot (early nineteenth century) is concerned with one *Ronnay de Maurel*, a soldier and admirer of NAPOLEON, and in consequence anathema to most of his own family. The heroine was betrothed to *Ronnay's* half-brother, as elegant and royalist as *Ronnay* was uncouth and Napoleonic. It is a tale of love and intrigue for idle hours, the kind of thing that the Baroness does well; and, though she has done better before in this vein, you will not lack for excitement here; and possibly, as I did, you will sometimes smile when strictly speaking you ought to have been serious.

"Economy, I hate the word!" said a much-harassed housekeeper recently: echoing, I fear, the sentiments of the great majority of the British people. Nevertheless, let no one be deterred by a somewhat forbidding title from reading Mr. HENRY HIGGS's *National Economy: An Outline of Public Administration* (MACMILLAN). Although written by a Treasury official—a being who in popular conception is compounded of red-tape and sealing-wax and spends his life in spoiling the Ship of State by saving halfpennyworths of tar—it is not a dry-as-dust treatise on the art of scientific parsimony, but a lively plea for wise expenditure. Mr. HIGGS is no believer in the dictum that the best thing to do with national resources is to leave them to fructify in the pockets of the taxpayers—"doubtful soil," in his opinion; nor is he afraid that heavy taxation will kill the goose with the golden eggs. It may be "one of those depraved birds which eat their own eggs, in which case, if its eggs cannot be trapped, killing is all it is fit for." The author is full of well-thought-out suggestions for saving waste and increasing efficiency in our national administration. The introduction of labour-saving machinery, the elimination of superfluous officials, the reduction of the necessary drudgery which too often blights the initiative and breaks the hearts of our young civil servants—all these and many other reforms are advocated in Mr. HIGGS's most entertaining pages. I cordially commend them to the attention of everyone who takes an intelligent interest in public affairs, not excluding Cabinet Ministers, Members of Parliament, and political journalists.

Though already we have so portentous an array of books jostling each other upon the warshelf, there must be many people who will gladly find the little space into which they may slip a slender volume called *A General's Letters to His Son on Obtaining His Commission* (CASSELL). So slender indeed is the book that by the time you have read the disproportionate title you seem to be about halfway through it. But here is certainly a case of infinite riches in a little room. The anonymous writer is deserving of every praise for the mingled restraint and force of his method; you feel that, were the name less outworn, he might well have signed himself "One Who Knows," for practical experience sounds in every line. Greatest merit of all, the letters contrive to handle even the most delicate matters without a hint of preaching. But no words of mine could, in this association, add anything to the tribute paid in a brief preface by so qualified a critic as General Sir H. L. SMITH-DORRIEN: "If young officers will only study these letters carefully, and shape their conduct accordingly, they need have no fear of proving unworthy of His Majesty's Commission." This is high praise, but well deserved. Personally, my chief regret is that so valuable a collection of advice should have delayed its appearance so long: there would have been use and to spare for it these three years past.

"The Admiralty announce that several raids were carried out by naval aircraft from Dunkirk in the course of the night of May 21-June 1, the objectives being Ostend, Zeebrugge and Bruges. Many bombs were dropped on the objectives with good results."
Cork Constitution.

The Huns must have found it a very long night.

CHARIVARIA.

A MAN who purchased sandwiches at a railway restaurant and afterwards threw them into the road was fined five shillings at Grimsby Police Court last week. His explanation—that he did not know they might injure the road—was not accepted by the Court.

* * *

We cannot help thinking that too much fuss has been made about trying to stop Messrs. RAMSAY MACDONALD and JOWETT from leaving England. So far as we can gather they did not threaten to return to this country afterwards.

* * *

A North of England man, obviously wishing to appear unusual, still persists in the stupid story that he did not hear the Messines explosion.

* * *

We can think of no finer example of the humility of true greatness than KING CONSTANTINE'S decision to abdicate.

* * *

There were forty thousand fewer paupers in 1916 than in 1915, according to figures recently published. The difference is accounted for by the number of revue-writers who have resumed their agricultural occupations.

* * *

In a small town in Australia, says a news item, over two tons of mice were killed in two days. For some unknown reason, which perhaps the Censor can explain, the name of the cat is withheld.

* * *

"Eliminate the middleman," demands a contemporary. It might prove a simpler affair, after all, than the present system of suppressing the inner man.

* * *

Mr. GINNELL, M.P., is responsible for the statement that "bringing an action against the police in Ireland is like bringing one against Satan in hell." The chief obstacle in the latter case is of course the total absence of learned counsel in that locality.

* * *

The KAISER, it appears, has lost no time in commiserating with his troops on their magnificent victory at Messines.

* * *

The title which Mr. JOHN HASSALL wrote under one of his sketches suggested the words for a song which has now been written. It is only fair to the artist to say that he was not aware that his quite innocent title would lead to this.

* * *

The National Service staff at St. Ermin's Hotel, Westminster, has been reduced by half. It is now expected that the unemployed half will volunteer for National Service.

* * *

Berlin announces that all through-lines in Germany are running. The case of the HINDENBURG Line seems to be infectious.

* * *

"No cheese," says *The Evening News*, "has quite the bite of Cheddar." At the same time, unless it wags its tail to show that it is friendly, we feel that every cheese with a bite like that would be much safer if muzzled.

* * *

Triplets were born in Manchester last week. The father is going on as well as can be expected.

* * *

Complaint has been made by a member of the Hounslow Burial Committee of courting couples occupying seats in the cemetery. The killjoy!

* * *

We can only suppose it was the hot weather that tempted a newsagent correspondent to ask whether Lord NORTHCLIFFE had gone to America on "sail or return."

* * *

Mr. BALFOUR, we are told, while staying at Washington, visited eleven public buildings and interviewed nine representative Americans on one day. There is some talk of his being elected an honorary American.

We wish to deny the foolish rumour that when he arrived in London from his American tour and was asked if he had had a good voyage, he remarked, "Sure thing, sonny. All the little Mister Congressmen gathered around, and it suited your Uncle Dudley very nicely and some more. Yep!"

* * *

An old lady was recently fined two pounds for putting out crumbs for birds. Had the bread-crumbs been put outside, instead of inside, the birds, no offence, it seems, would have been committed.

* * *

Newspapers in Germany may now be sold only to subscribers for one month or more. A similar measure for England is opposed on the ground that it would be most inadvisable to check the practice at present in vogue among patriotic supporters of the Coalition Government of buying *The Morning Post* and *The Daily News* on alternate days.

* * *

Bobbing for eels is being pursued with much enthusiasm on the Norfolk Broads. Two-bobbing for haddocks in Kensington is sport enough for most of us.

* * *

Large numbers of the German prisoners taken at Messines wore new boots and new uniforms. Other improvements included a less ragged rendering of the well-known recitation, "Kamerad!"

* * *

Asked what bait could be used for coarse fish, the late FOOD-CONTROLLER suggested one "made from bran, with a limited quantity of oatmeal." The correspondent has now written to inquire whether the fish have been officially informed of the new diet.

* * *

Four shillings a hundredweight is being paid for old omnibus tickets, but there are still a few people who use these vehicles for pleasure, without any motive of gain.



Visitor. "YES, BUT WHAT'S THE POINT OF WHITEWASHING THE TREE TRUNKS?"

Amateur Gardener. "I CAN'T SAY FOR CERTAIN; BUT I *think* THE IDEA IS TO KEEP THE BATS FROM KNOCKING THEIR HEADS IN THE DARK."

Suspended Animation.

"LAUNDRY.—Girl to hang up and make herself useful."—*Liverpool Echo.*

"For myself, I have very good reasons for not being in khaki. I live on a farm near the Grand Falls of the St. John River. These falls are second to Niagara in size and splendour, and attract visitors from all over the country."—*Canadian Paper.*

He must have told the recruiting-officer that he was subject to cataract.

T. M. G.

FAREWELL, my CONSTANTINE! A guardian navy
Facilitates your exit on the blue;
For Greece has been this long while in the gravy
And he that put her there was plainly you;
"TINO MUST GO!" was writ for all to see,
Or, briefly, "T. M. G."

Whither, dear Sir, do you propose to sally?
To Switzerland's recuperative air,
To sip condensed milk in a private chalet
Or pluck the lissom chamois from his lair,
Or on the summit of a neutral Alp
Recline your crownless scalp?

Or did you ask from him you love so dearly
A royal haven fenced from rude alarms,
Even though WILLIAM should reserve you merely
A bedroom at "The Hohenzollern Arms,"
Having for poor relations on the loose
No sort of further use?

Beware! I gather he might clasp his TINO
Only too warmly to his heaving chest,
Saying, "O how reward such merits?" *We* know!
Thou shalt command an Army in the West!
Yes, thou shalt bear upon the British Front
The pick of all the brunt."

Frankly, if I were you, I wouldn't chance it.
Fighting has never really been your forte;
Witness Larissa, and your rapid transit,
Chivied by slow foot-sloggers of the Porte;
Far better make for Denmark o'er the foam;
There is no place like home.

Try some ancestral palace, well-appointed;
For choice the one where *Hamlet* nursed his spite,
Who found the times had grown a bit disjointed
And he was not the man to put 'em right;
And there consult on that enchanted shore
The ghosts of Elsinore. O. S.

LESSONS OF THE WAR.

I.

(*Acting upon instructions received from the 3rd Self-help Division the 9th Self-help Brigade issues its orders for a Raid.*)

9TH SELF-HELP BRIGADE OPERATION ORDER No. 49.

August 1st, 1920.

Ref. Maps LONDON $\frac{1}{40000}$ sheet 27[d] S.W. and (Special) $\frac{1}{500}$ (BROADMEAD).

1. The 9th Self-help Brigade will carry out a Raid upon BROADMEAD HOUSE, BROADMEAD SQUARE, W., on the night of 12/13 August.

2. The Raid will be carried out by the BILL SIKES and ROBIN HOOD Battalions. The CHARLIE PEACE Bn. will be in close support, and the DICK TURPIN Bn. in reserve.

3. The four sides of the house will be attacked simultaneously, the BILL SIKES Bn. attacking with one Coy. each on the North and West, and the ROBIN HOOD on the South and East.

4. The noise of entry will be covered by a barrage of street cries and taxi whistles. "Q." will arrange.

5. Zero hour will be notified later.

6. The grounds and approaches will be reconnoitred thoroughly and as many friends as possible made in the neighbourhood. Every opportunity of reconnoitring the house itself, either through friendship or by substitution for legitimate plumbers, window-cleaners, piano-tuners, etc., will be taken.

7. The Brigades on the Right and Left will co-operate by starting a street fight and a small fire respectively at some convenient distance from the scene of operations.

8. At Zero *minus* one hour, a cordon of outposts will be established at a radius of 500 yards from the house, with strong points at the street corners. "Q." will arrange for a supply of hedging-gloves.

9. The general scheme of approach will be on the lines as laid down in the "Self-help Corps Standard Formation of Attack" (OK 340/CV/429).

10. Commanding Officers will submit a detailed scheme for the attack (with sketch maps) not later than 4 P.M. on August 6th.

11. Mopping-up parties will be detailed to deal with all dug-outs known to be occupied. Prisoners will not be taken, but undue roughness is to be discouraged as likely to bring discredit upon the service. Steps will be taken, however, to ensure the immediate, if temporary, silence of the obstreperous. O.C. Chloroform will arrange.

12. The Dog emplacement at G 36 A 0.8 will be dealt with by the Brigade Dog-fancier.

13. Brigade Cooks will be detailed in specified areas to act as decoys for Policemen.

14. All information as to the plans, intentions, appearance, habits and dispositions of inhabitants will be found in Appendix I. Some good interior photographs of the house have been obtained by Corps photographers acting as window-cleaners.

15. As foreshadowed in the Self-help Corps Intelligence Summary of June 29th most of the family will be away at the seaside by the date fixed for the Raid.

16. A teetotal Guard will be placed over all cellars.

17. Advanced Report Centre will be at G 25 D 93 ("The Peck and Jackdaw").

18. A site for a forward dump will be chosen — preferably on the BAYSWATER-BROADMEAD Road. "Q" will arrange.

19. Practice Raids will be carried out upon a model of the objective which will be erected at the depôt.

20. Parties detailed for Glass-cutting, Safe-opening, etc., etc., will draw the necessary tools from the Main Dump at K 25 A on the 12th inst. "Q" will arrange.

21. Dress: Fighting Order with Rubber Soles.

22. A non-committal hot meal (without onions) will be served to all before starting. "Q" will arrange.

23. Results of the Raid will be collected and dumped at Advanced Brigade dump at G 36 A. "Q" will arrange for necessary transport. Distribution of proceeds will be made in accordance with G.R.O. 15. "*G*" *Staff will arrange.*

24. Please acknowledge. *Issued at* 5.15 P.M.

Copies to
Diary I.
Diary II., etc., etc.

"Detroit aldermen yesterday adopted a resolution asking for the freedom of Ireland from British rule.

It is addressed to the president and was introduced by Alderman Walsh.

Other Irish patriots eager for the freedom of Erin who did sign the resolution were Jacob Guthard, William H. C. Hinkle, Joseph H. Bahorski, Joseph A. Miotke, Anthony Nowe, Herman Zink, Charles Braun, Charles A. Kocher, Oscar A. Dodt, John C. Bleil, Ralph G. Mitter, Alexander Dill, John A. Kronk, Herman Schultz, Albert G. Kunz, Frederick W. Wendell and Oscar Riopelle."

Detroit Free Press.

Your true Irish patriot doesn't mind what country he comes from.



HOIST WITH HIS OWN PETARD.

MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD (*Champion of Independent Labour*). "OF COURSE I'M ALL FOR PEACEFUL PICKETING—ON PRINCIPLE. BUT IT MUST BE APPLIED TO THE PROPER PARTIES."

BLANCHE'S LETTERS.

WAR FEVER.

Park Lane.

DEAREST DAPHNE,—Juno ffarrington's wedding to the Oldcastles' boy, Portcullis, the other day, was quite the best done of the Allotment Weddings that are having a little vogue just now. Juno's white satin gown was embroidered with mustard and cress and spring onions in their natural colours, her veil was kept in place by a coronal of lettuce leaves, and, instead of a Prayer-Book or a posy, she carried a little ivory-and-silver spade. The effect was *absolutely!* The 'maids had on Olga's latest in Allotment Wedding frocks, carried out in potato-brown charmeuse and cabbage-green chiffon; also they 'd garden-hats, tied under the chin with ribbon-grass and with a big cluster of radishes at the left side, and each of them carried a bunch of small salad and a darling little crystal-and-silver watering-pot (Portcullis's gifts). The Duke of Southlands gave his daughter away, and Juno *insisted* on his wearing a smock-frock and carrying a trowel, and just as the dear Bishop said, "Who giveth this woman?" the poor old darling dropped his trowel with a crash and rather spoilt things.

The wedding-cake was a great big war loaf stuck with flags. Juno cut it in old-fashioned style with Portcullis's sword. While we were doing ourselves well with war-bread and margarine, boiled eggs and plenty of champagne, the Controller of Wedding Breakfasts blew in (it 's a new post, and he 's two hundred and fifty able-bodied young assistants). He was curious to see what we were having, and cautioned us against throwing any rice after our bride and 'groom. "But how absurd, you ricky person!" chipped in Popsy, Lady Ramsgate, who, of course, is Juno's great-aunt. "*We* never throw rice at our wedding-people! *That* 's only done by the outlying tribes of barbarians." It was a pity she attracted his notice, for he was down on her directly for having on a toque almost entirely made of young turnips and carrots. He said it was "an infraction of rule 150, cap. 4,500 of the Safety of the Empire Act, forbidding the use of the people's food for personal adornment."

The Allotment expression, which is the correct one now, is a look of interest and expectation, because what one 's planted is coming up. *Some* people rather spoil their Allotment expression by a *puzzled* look. *Et pourquoi?* My dear, they 've *quite* forgotten what they planted, and, though they *pretend* they know *exactly* what it is that 's coming up, they really haven't the slightest!



THE LAST STRAW.

My last photo is considered to show the Allotment expression in utter perfection. (It 's been in *People of Position*, *Mayfair Murmurs*, and several other weeklies.) I 'm standing in my potato-patch (my Allotment toilette is finished off by a pair of *enthralling* little hob-nailed boots!) and I 'm holding a rake and a hoe and a digging-fork in one hand and a garden-hose in the other; there 's a wheel-barrow beside me, and I 'm looking at the potato-plants with the *true* Allotment smile, my dearest. I sent a copy of this picky to Norty, and under it I wrote those famous last words of some celebrated Frenchman (I forget whether it was MOLIÈRE or MIRABEAU or NAPOLEON): "*Je vais chercher un grand peut-être!*"

Wee-Wee is frightfully worried about Bo-Bo being so overworked. He used to be at the head of the Department for Telling People What to Do, and he and his five hundred assistants were worked half dead; and *now* he 's at the head of a still newer department, the one for Telling People What They 're *Not* to Do, and, though he 's eight hundred clerks to help him, Wee-Wee says the strain is too great for words. He goes to Whitehall at ten every day and comes back at three! And then he has the Long-Ago treatment that 's being used so much now for war-frayed nerves. The idea is to get people as far away from the present as poss. So when Bo-Bo comes in from Whitehall he lies down on a fearful old worm-eaten oak settle in a dim room hung with moth-eaten tapestry, and Wee-Wee reads CHAUCER to him, and sings ghastly little folk-songs, accompanying herself on a thing called a *crwth*—(it 's a tremendously primitive sort of harp, but I can't believe that even a *crwth* was meant to make such a horrible noise as Wee-Wee makes on it!). Myself, I don't consider Bo-Bo a bit the better for the Long-Ago treatment, and there 's certainly a wild look in his eyes that wasn't there before!

M'amie, would you like to hear the simply *odious* storyette of Somebody's Cousin? Well, so you shall. Somebody is by way of being an intimate foe of mine, and Somebody's Cousin has long been a thorn in the flesh and a shaking of the head to his people. Before the War he belonged to the League for Taking Everything Lying Down, the Fellowship for Preventing People from Standing up against Foreign Aggression, and the Brotherhood for Giving up All



Recruit. "EXCUSE ME, SIR, I FEEL GREATLY EXHAUSTED BY THIS EXERCISE."
Instructor. "DO YOU, DEARIE? WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE TO PLAY AT? KISS-IN-THE-RING?"

Our Advantages to Aliens. He was of military age, and when war came, after giving vent to some completely detestable sentiments, he crossed to the U.S. and naturalised himself there, constantly attacking the country that was unlucky enough to produce him.

When the U.S. came in, he shed his citizenship in a hurry, fled to South America, and naturalised himself in a republic that had sworn by all its gods to keep out of the War *à tout prix*. This republic, however, changed its mind later and followed its big northern brother into the War, *et voilà!* Somebody's Cousin was at a loose end again. He afterwards naturalised himself in half-a-dozen small far-away nations that all finally came in, and *then*, *chérie*, he drifted down to the islands of the South Pacific (the favourite ocean of *his* sort!) and had himself made an Ollyoola. (The Ollyoolas are a tribe that has *never in all its past history* been known to go to war). He was made an Ollyoola with all the native rites, dancing and shrieking and so on, and he wore the correct Ollyoola dress (a few shells and his hair trained on sticks to stand straight up).

And *now* comes the point of this storyette: Only a few weeks after Somebody's Cousin had become a full-blooded Ollyoola (I think that's the proper phrase), the Ollyoolas suddenly fell out with the Patti-Tattis (on the next island) and went to war, for *absolutely the first time*, with a *ferocity*, my Daphne, that seems to have been saving up through all their centuries of peacefulness!

Nothing's been heard since of Somebody's Cousin!

Ever thine, BLANCHE.

"AIRMEN'S ORDEAL IN THE NORTH SEA.
FIVE DAYS ON A PIECE OF CHOCOLATE."
Continental Daily Mail.

Rather a precarious perch.

"'GIB.' SHELLS FALL IN MOROCCO.
MADRID.—Near Algeciras 20 shells fell from the batteries of Gibraltar. There were no victims, and no damage was caused. The authorities at Gibraltar have given satisfactory explanations."—*Evening Paper.*

Still, we should like to know the nature of the explosive that blew Algeciras across the Straits.

KINSMEN AND NAMESAKES.

AN official circular, commenting on the presentation at the Scala, in film form, of *The Crisis*, by Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL, the American novelist, adds the interesting statement, "the author is of course a distant cousin of the Right Hon. Winston Churchill, M.P." This sounds a little ungracious. Why "of course *distant*"? But perhaps the gifted novelist shares the opinion held by Lord BERESFORD of the politician who did not write *The Crisis*, but is always trying to make one.

From the account of a military wedding in *The West London Press*:—

"The bridegroom was wearing a simple draped gown of lavender-blue crepe georgette, with a mushroom-shaped hat in the same shade, wreathed with small coloured flowers and draped with a blue lace veil."

Some mufti!

"When the Lord Provost ruled that the mater was not urgent, the Labourists created something of a scene."—*Glasgow Citizen.*

Quite justifiably, in view of the imminence of "Baby Week."

THE DISSUADERS.

For many years—ever since the first piece of chalk was applied to the first wall and advertising began its bombastic career—the advertiser's tendency has been to commend his wares, if not to excess, at any rate with no want of generosity. Everyone must have noticed it. But war changes many things besides Cabinets, and if the paper famine is to continue there will shortly be a totally novel kind of advertising to be seen, where dissuasion holds the highest place. For unless something happens those journals which have already done much to reduce circulation will have to do more and actually decry themselves. Such counsels as those which follow may before long meet the eyes, and, it is possible, influence the minds, of the great B.P.:—

THE PROPRIETORS OF
THE TIMES
Urge you to spend your money elsewhere.
THE TIMES
may have the best foreign correspondence, the latest news, the greatest variety of letters (in types of all sizes), the funniest dramatic criticisms, the sternest leading articles, and the only newspaper proprietor now acting as a plenipotentiary in America;
BUT
you are implored not to buy it.
Remember its virtues for future use, when skies are brighter, but disregard them to-day.

We appeal to the great-hearted Public to make a real effort and refrain from buying
THE OBSERVER.
Sunday may be only half a Sunday without it;
But indulge in a little self-sacrifice.
Not only eat less bread
But
Read less GARVIN.

DOWN SPECTATORS!
Give
THE SPECTATOR
A WIDE BERTH.
There are reasons why it must be published regularly
But there are no reasons why you should buy it.
There is no better, saner, or soberer Critic of Life; but what of it?
We print all the latest Canine and Feline news; but never mind.
If you won't, as seems probable, down your glass, down your *Spectator*.

HELP TO WIN THE WAR
BY NOT BUYING
THE DAILY CHRONICLE.

Whatever Sixpenny weekly you buy don't let it be
THE NATION.
Owing to its persecution by the present incapable Government *The Nation* is achieving an embarrassing popularity.
Please forget it.
Let your only
NATION
Be your determi-
Nation
NOT TO BUY IT.

THE PROPRIETORS OF
THE STAR
urge you not to buy it any more until the War is over and paper is cheap again.
Buy *The Evening News* instead.

DON'T BUY
THE SPHERE.
IT IS ONLY SEVENPENCE A WEEK,
BUT DON'T BUY IT.
It is full of Pictures of the War, but you can do without them. It has punctual literary judgments of astounding finality by "C. K. S.," but they can wait.
Do anything in reason, but don't buy
The Sphere.

The depreciation, you observe, is not always quite whole-heartedly done. But it must be remembered that the habit of self-praise cannot be broken down in a minute, and this is only a beginning.

PAN PIPES.

In the green spaces of the listening trees
Pan sits at ease,
Watching with lazy eyes
Little blue butterflies
That flicker sidelong in the fitful breeze;
While on his pipe he plays
Quaint trills, and roundelays
With dropping cadences;
And shy red squirrels rub against his knees.

And, thro' the city's tumult and the beat
Of hurrying feet,
Those whom the god loves hear
Pan's pipe, insistent, clear;
Echoes of elfin laughter, high and sweet;
Catch in the sparrows' cries
Those tinkling melodies
That sing where brooklets meet,
And the wood's glamour colours the grey street.

A LOCAL FOOD-CONTROLLER.

"No partner for you this evening, Sir," said the Inspector. "Mr. Tibbits has just telephoned through that he has rheumatism badly again."

I know Tibbits' rheumatism. I also know he plays off his heat in the club billiard handicap to-night. I can imagine him writhing round the table. Still I remember the first rule of the force—under no circumstances give another policeman away.

"You'll have to take Dartmouth Street by yourself, Sir," continues the Inspector.

"What's it like?"

"Bit of a street market. All right—just tact and keep them moving."

I reach Dartmouth Street. It is a thronged smelly thoroughfare. I pass along modestly, hoping that every one will ignore me.

But a gentleman who is selling fish detects me and calls "'Ere, Boss, move this ole geeser on."

"What's the trouble?" I inquire.

The old geeser turns rapidly on me. "'Ere 'e 's gone and sold me two 'errings for tuppence 'alfpenny which was that salt my 'usband went near mad, what with the pubs bein' shut all afternoon, an' now 'e 's popped the fender jus' to get rid of 'is thirst."

"I told you to soak 'em in three waters," says the fishmonger,

"'Ow much beer is my 'usband to soak 'imself in—tell me that?"

It is time for tact. I whisper in the lady's ear, "Come along—don't argue with a man like that. He 's beneath you."

She comes away. I am triumphant. But she turns round and cries, "This gentleman as *is* a gentleman says I ain't to lower meself by talkin' to a 'ound like you."

I move on. I doubt if the fishmonger will be pleased by the lady's representation of my few words, and I make a mental note to keep away from his stall. All at once another lady, who for some obscure reason is carrying a bucket, grips me by the arm.

"I 'm goin' to 'ave the law on my side, I am," she declares emphatically, "an' then I 'll smash 'is bloomin' fice in."

I am swayed towards a fruit-stall.

"Look at them," says the irate lady, holding out three potatoes. "Rotten—at thrippence a pound. My 'usband 'e 'd 'ave set abaht me if I 'd give 'im them for 'is dinner."

The fruiterer takes a lofty moral standard. "I sold yer them fer seed pertaters, I did. If yer 'usband eats them 'e 's worse than a Un."

"Seed pertaters, was they? Where



Stage Manager. "THE ELEPHANT'S PUTTING UP A VERY SPIRITED PERFORMANCE TO-NIGHT."
Carpenter. "YESSIR. YOU SEE, THE NEW HIND-LEGS IS A DISCHARGED SOLDIER, AND THE FRONT LEGS IS AN OUT-AND-OUT PACIFIST."

was I to grow 'em? In a mug on the mantelpiece?"

"'Ow was I ter know yer 'adn't a 'lotment?"

"You 'll need no 'lotment. It's a cemet'ry you 'll want when my 'usband knows you 've called 'im a Un."

"Now, now," I interpose tactfully. "Perhaps you can exchange them, then you 'll have the lady for a regular customer."

"I don't want the blighter fer a reglar customer," says the fruiterer.

Three potatoes whirl past me at the fruiterer. The lady with the bucket departs rapidly.

"Lemme get at 'er," cries the irate fruiterer.

"You wouldn't hit a woman," I protest.

"Wouldn't I?" says the infuriated fruiterer.

I interpose—verbally. "You 'll get everything stolen," I say, "from your stall if you leave it."

"I 'll leave you in charge."

"I 'm needed down my beat," I reply, and stalk on instantly, leaving a sadly disillusioned man behind me.

I reach a queue outside a grocer's shop.

"There now," says a stout lady, "give 'er in charge."

The queue all speak at once.

"She 's a 'oarder, she is. Got 'arf-a-pound o' sugar already in 'er basket and only 'erself and 'er 'usband at 'ome, while I got five kids."

A lady down the queue caps this with seven kids, and in the distance a lady in a fur cap claims ten, and is at once engaged by her neighbours in a bitter controversy as to whether three in France should count in sugar buying.

All the time the hoarder stands with nose in the air, the picture of lofty indifference.

Tact—tact—I remember the Inspector's advice.

"Excuse me, Madam," I say, "but in these times we all have to make sacrifices. You already have sugar. Some of your friends have none. Under the circumstances——"

Slowly the lady turns a withering eye on me. "I 'll move nowhere no'ow for nobody."

A lady in the background suggests that the female should be boiled in a sugar-sack. A more humane person expresses the hope that she will be bombed that night.

"But, Madam, consider your friends," I proceed.

"Don't you call that lot my friends! I 'm 'ere fer a pound of marge, and get it I will if all the bloomin' speshuls come 'oo 're doin' reglar coppers outer jobs."

Public opinion in the queue takes a sudden turn. One lady remarks that these speshuls are that interfering. Another alleges that she has no doubt I have sacks of sugar at home.

I remember the Inspector's counsel about moving on, and move myself on.

There is one man in England who proclaims himself absolutely unfitted to fill the Food-Controller's position.

I am that modest person.

Broody.

"WHIST DRIVE.—A sitting of eggs was given by Mrs. —— for the lady or gentleman sitting the greatest number of times consecutively."—*Worcester Daily Times.*

"In Captain ——'s boat all the men survived, although full of water."—*New Zealand Paper.*

In the interests of temperance we protest against "although."

"RUSSIAN TROOPS MUTINY.
Petrograd, Saturday.
The Minister of War has given orders to disband the regiments, and to bring the officers and men responsible before a court-martial."
East Anglian Daily Times.

That 's right. Let their wives talk to them.



"I'LL LEARN YER TO CALL ME 'LITTLE WILLIE.' MY FARVER DON'T ARF KNOW 'OW TO KILL GERMANS. AN' *I'LL SLOW YER WHERE HE GITS IT FROM!*"

OPEN WARFARE.

MEN said, "At last! at last the open battle!
  Now shall we fight unfettered o'er the plain,
No more in catacombs be cooped like cattle,
  Nor travel always in a devious drain!"
They were in ecstasies. But I was damping;
  I like a trench, I have no lives to spare;
And in those catacombs, however cramping,
  You did at least know vaguely where you were.

Ah, happy days in deep well-ordered alleys,
  Where, after dining, probably with wine,
One felt indifferent to hostile sallies,
  And with a pipe meandered round the line;
You trudged along a trench until it ended;
  It led at least to some familiar spot;
It might not be the place that you'd intended,
  But then you might as well be there as not.

But what a wilderness we now inhabit
  Since this confounded "open" strife prevails!
It may be good; I do not wish to crab it,
  But you should hear the language it entails,
Should see this waste of wide uncharted craters
  Where it is vain to seek the companies,
Seeing the shell-holes are as like as taters
  And no one knows where anybody is.

Oft in the darkness, palpitant and blowing,
  Have I set out and lost the hang of things,
And ever thought, "Where *can* the guide be going?"
  But trusted long and rambled on in rings,
For ever climbing up some miry summit,
  And halting there to curse the contrite guide,
For ever then descending like a plummet
  Into a chasm on the other side.

Oft have I sat and wept, or sought to study
  With hopeless gaze the uninstructive stars,
Hopeless because the very skies were muddy;
  I only saw a red malicious Mars;
Or pulled my little compass out and pondered,
  And set it sadly on my shrapnel hat,
Which, I suppose, was why the needle wandered,
  Only, of course, I never thought of that.

And then perhaps some 5·9's start dropping,
  As if there weren't sufficient holes about;
I flounder on, hysterical and sopping,
  And come by chance to where I started out,
And say once more, while I have no objection
  To other people going to Berlin,
Give *me* a trench, a nice revetted section,
  And let me stay there till the Bosch gives in!

A Judge Speaks Out.

"Regarding the assertions that the appellant introduced politics into his sermons, it would be a bad day for this country when in a political controversy when a clergyman could conceive cases in which some high ideal was involved in a political controversy when a clergyman could honestly and reasonably preach about it."—*Yorkshire Post.*

We have always felt that something like this needed saying.



COMFORT IN EXILE.

IMPERIAL BROTHER-IN-LAW. "AFTER ALL, MY DEAR TINO, YOU ARE SOMETHING BETTER THAN A KING; YOU ARE A FIELD-MARSHAL IN MY ARMY! YOU SHALL PRESENTLY HAVE A COMMAND ON THE WESTERN FRONT."

TINO (*without enthusiasm*). "THANK YOU VERY MUCH."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, June 11th.—I am told that it was WILLIE REDMOND'S ambition to be the Father of the House; indeed, that by some arithmetical process peculiar to himself he claimed, although only elected in 1883, to be already entitled to that venerable honour.

In reality he was the Eternal Boy, from the far-off time when it was his nightly delight with youthful exuberance to cheek Mr. Speaker BRAND until the moment of his glorious death in Flanders, whither he had gone at an age when most of his compeers were content to play the critic in a snug corner of the smoking-room.

Personal affection combined with admiration for his gallantry to inspire the speeches in which the PRIME MINISTER, Mr. ASQUITH and Sir EDWARD CARSON enshrined the most remarkable tribute ever paid to a private Member.

Sir GEORGE GREENWOOD'S affection for the animal creation is commonly supposed to be such that he would not countenance the slaughter of the meanest thing that crawls—not even those miserable creatures who hold that SHAKSPEARE'S plays were written by SHAKSPEARE. It was therefore with pained regret that I heard him attempting to support his objection to the activities of sparrow-clubs by the argument that, if the birds were destroyed, large numbers of grubs and caterpillars would be left alive. After this I shall not be surprised to hear that he has been summoned by the R.S.P.C.A. for brutality to a slug.

What I most admire in the CHIEF SECRETARY FOR IRELAND is his wonderful self-restraint. When Mr. GINNELL stridently inquired whether to institute legal process against the police in Ireland was not like bringing an action against Satan in hell, the ordinary man would have been tempted to reply: "The hon. Member probably has sources of information not accessible to me." Mr. DUKE contented himself with mildly suggesting that the hon. Member should "apply his own intelligence to that matter." Perhaps, however, he meant much the same thing.

Half the sitting was taken up with discussing whether Messrs. JOWETT and RAMSAY MACDONALD should be given passports to Russia. Mr. BONAR LAW clinched the matter by saying that the Russian Government wanted them. Well, *de gustibus*, etc.

Tuesday, June 12th.—Perhaps the most wonderful revelation of the War has been the adaptability of the British working-man. Mr. CATHCART WASON called attention to the case of a professional gardener who, having been recruited for home service, had first been turned into a bricklayer's assistant, then into an assistant-dresser, and finally into a munition-maker. For some time the Ministry of Munitions seems to have been loth to part with



IN RE AN ACTION AGAINST SATAN.
(MR. H. E. DUKE, K.C.)

the services of this Admirable Crichton, but having learned from the Board of Agriculture that there was a shortage of food it has now consented to restore him to his original vocation.

It will be a thousand pities if Captain BATHURST should persist in leaving the



HEAVY WORK FOR THE BOUNDARY COMMISSIONERS.
MR. EUGENE WASON TO BE SWEPT AWAY.

department of the FOOD-CONTROLLER. If he could only keep down food-prices as effectively as he does irrelevant questioners he would be worth his weight in "Bradburys." His latest victim is Mr. PENNEFATHER, who has developed a keen curiosity on the subject of potatoes. Did not the Government think that the high price would cause premature "lifting"? Were they aware that potatoes could be used for making rubber-substitutes and cement; and would they assure the House that there would be an abundance of them for the next twelve months? Captain BATHURST declined to figure in the *rôle* of prophet, and, for the rest, remarked that the hon. Member appeared to have an insatiable appetite for *crambe repetita*. Mr. PENNEFATHER is understood to be still searching the Encyclopædia to discover the properties of this vegetable, with the view of putting a few posers on the subject to Captain BATHURST (or his successor) next week.

As the friends of Proportional Representation are wont to refer to their little pet by the affectionate diminutive of "P.R.," they can hardly be surprised that its appearance should lead to combats recalling in intensity the palmy days of the Prize Ring. It was designed that the Front Bench should be content to perform the function of judicious bottle-holder, and leave the issue to be fought out by the rest of the House. But Sir F. E. SMITH, like the Irishman who inquired, "Is this a private fight, or may anyone join in?" could not refrain from trailing his coat, and quickly found a doughty opponent in Mr. HAYES FISHER. The House so much enjoyed the unusual freedom of the fight that it would probably be going on still but for that spoil-sport, the HOME SECRETARY, who begged Members to come to a decision. By 149 votes to 141 "P. R." was "down and out."

Mr. EUGENE WASON entered an anticipatory protest against the possibility that Scotland might be deprived of some of her seventy-two Members. "I myself," he said, "represent two whole counties, Clackmannan and Kinross, and I have a bit of Stirling and Perth and West Fife, and I am told I am to be swept out of existence." Gazing at his ample proportions the House felt that the Boundary Commissioners will have their work cut out for them.

Wednesday, June 13th.—Considering that barely three hours before the House met the "Fort of London" had been drenched with the "ghastly dew of aerial navies" Members showed themselves most uncommon calm. They exhibited, however, a little extra interest when any prominent personage entered the House, showing that he at least had escaped the bombs, and were too busy comparing notes regarding their personal experiences to ask many Supplementary Questions.

Even Mr. BONAR LAW'S announce-



Officer. "AND WHAT DID YOU SAY TO PRIVATE SMITH?" *Witness (who had discovered prisoner milking cow belonging to French farmer).* "I TOLD HIM TO STOP IMMEDIATELY AND PUT THE MILK BACK."

ment that KING CONSTANTINE had abdicated the throne of Greece passed almost without remark; except that Mr. SWIFT MACNEILL anxiously inquired whether TINO, having received the Order of the Boot, would be allowed to retain that of the Bath.

The mystery of Lord NORTHCLIFFE'S visit to the United States has been cleared up. Certain journals, believed to enjoy his confidence, had described him as "Mr. Balfour's successor." Certain other journals, whose confidence he does not enjoy, had declined to believe this. The fact, as stated by Mr. BONAR LAW, is that "it is hoped that Lord NORTHCLIFFE will be able to carry on the work begun by Mr. BALFOUR as head of the British Mission in America." He is expected "to co-ordinate and supervise the work of all the Departmental Missions." It was interesting to learn that his Lordship "will have the right of communicating direct with the PRIME MINISTER"—a thing which of course he has never done before.

Thursday, June 14th.—Mr. KEATING, having made the remarkable discovery that the War has injured the prosperity of Irish seaside resorts, demanded the restoration of excursion trains and season tickets. Mr. GEORGE ROBERTS stoutly supported the Irish Railway Executive Committee in its refusal to encourage pleasure-traffic. His decision



CAPTAIN BATHURST REFUSES TO BE A POTATO PROPHET.

received the involuntary support of Mr. MACVEAGH, who attempted to back up his colleague by the singular argument that the existing trains in Ireland ran half-empty.

The Lords spent the best part of a sunny afternoon in discussing whether or not the South-Eastern Railway should be allowed to bolster up the Charing Cross railway bridge. In vain Lord CURZON, flying in the face of his Ministerial colleague, the PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE, urged the claims of Art; in vain he assured the House that when WORDSWORTH wrote of the view from Westminster, "Earth has not anything to show more fair," he was not thinking of that maroon-coloured monstrosity. The majority of their lordships, understanding that the proposal had something to do with "strengthening the piers," declined to reject it.

We have received a copy of *The Glasgow Weekly Herald*, dated "May 56, 1917." Trust a Scot to make a good thing go as far as possible.

"Great jubilation prevailed amongst the people at finding the children alive, and congratulations were extended to their parents that their little ones were not lost in the cavities and chasms of Knocknatubber Mountain, though straying thereon for upwards of 25 years."—*Nenagh Guardian.*

The young "Rips"!



National Service Volunteer (late crack billiard player). "MARKER, HAND ME THE REST."

"IN PRIZE."

A SHIP was built in Glasgow, and oh, she looked a daisy
(Just the way that some ships do!)
An' the only thing against 'er was she allus steered so crazy
(An' it 's true, my Johnny Bowline, true!)

They sent 'er out in ballast to Oregon for lumber,
An' before she dropped 'er pilot she all but lost 'er number.

They sold 'er into Norway because she steered so funny,
An' she nearly went to glory before they drawed the money.

They sold 'er out o' Norway—they sold 'er into Chile,
An' Chile got a bargain because she steered so silly.

They chartered 'er to Germans with a bunch o' greasers forrard;
Old shellbacks wouldn't touch 'er because she steered so 'orrid.

She set a course for Bremen with contraband inside 'er,
An' she might 'ave got there some time if a cruiser 'adn't spied 'er.

She nearly drowned the boarders because she cut such capers,
But they found she was a German through inspectin' of 'er papers.

So they put a crew aboard 'er, which was both right an' lawful,
An' the prize crew 'ad a picnic, because she steered so awful.

But they brought 'er into Kirkwall, an' then they said, "Lord lumme,
If I ever see an 'ooker as steered so kind o' rummy!"

But she 'll fetch 'er price at auction, for oh, she looks a daisy
(Just the way that some ships do!)
An' the chap as tops the biddin' won't know she steers so crazy
(But it 's true, my Johnny Bowline, true!) C. F. S.

TO MR. BALFOUR ON HIS RETURN.

OUR hearts go out with all our ships that plough the deadly sea,
But the ship that brought us safely back the only ARTHUR B.
Was freighted with good wishes in a very high degree.

There are heaps of politicians who can hustle and can shriek,
And some, though very strong in lung, in brains are very weak,
But A. J. B.'s equipment is admittedly unique.

His manners are delightful, and the workings of his mind
Have never shown the slightest trace of self-esteem behind;
Nor has he had at any time a private axe to grind.

For forty years and upwards he has graced the public scene
Without becoming sterilized or stiffened by routine;
He still retains his freshness and his brain is just as keen.

His credit was not shipwrecked on the fatal Irish reef;
He has always been a loyal and a sympathetic chief;
And he has also written *The Foundations of Belief*.

As leader of the Mission to our cousins and Allies,
We learn with satisfaction, but without the least surprise,
That he proved the very cynosure of Transatlantic eyes.

For the special brand of statesman *plus* aristocratic sage,
Like the model king-philosopher described in PLATO'S page,
Is uncommonly attractive in a democratic age.

"BALFOUR Must Go!" was once the cry of those who deemed him slack,
But now there 's not a single scribe of that unruly pack
Who is not glad in every sense that BALFOUR has come back.

And as for his "successor"—the Napoleonic peer
Whose functions are restricted to a purely business sphere—
We must try to bear his absence in a spirit of good cheer.

THE INFANTICIDE.

FROM an economic point of view it was inexcusable. I can only hope that the affair will never reach the ear of the new FOOD-CONTROLLER. The chief culprit was undoubtedly Joan minor—I only became an accomplice after the fact—and I can scarcely believe that even a Food-Controller could be very angry with Joan minor. For one thing she really is so very minor. And then there 's her manner; in face of it severity, as I have found, is out of the question. Even Joan major, who has been known to rout our charlady in single combat, finds it irresistible. Indeed when I taxed her with having a hand in the crime she secured an acquittal on the plea of duress.

Ever since Joan minor arrived at years of understanding the weeks preceding the great day have been fraught with a mystery in which I have no share. Earnest conversations which break off guiltily the moment I enter the room; strained whisperings and now and again little uncontrollable giggles of ecstatic anticipation from Joan minor—these are the signs that I have learned to look for, and, being well versed in my part, to ignore with a sublime unconsciousness which should make my fortune in a melodrama of stage asides. And then, on the morning of my birthday, the solemn ceremonial of revelation, I would come in to breakfast, to find a parcel lying by my plate. At first I would not see it. In a tense and unnatural silence Joan minor would follow me with her eyes while I opened the window a few inches, closed it again, stroked the cat and generally behaved as though sitting down at table was the last thing I intended. Then, when I did take my place, "The post is early to-day," I would say, pushing the parcel carelessly on one side as I took up the paper, while Joan minor hid her face in Joan major's blouse lest her feelings should betray her into premature speech. And at last I would open it, and my amazement and delight would know no bounds. There was very little acting needed for that. It is no small thing to be spirited back to the age when birthdays really matter.

And so this year it was with a feeling of having been cheated that I left the house for the office, where, in company with other old fogies and girl clerks, I do my unambitious bit towards downing the Hun. The premonitory symptoms had seemed to me unusually acute, but the morning had brought no parcel. My years weighed on my shoulders again, and I am afraid I was more than a little tart with my typist.

I was kept late for dinner, and when I entered the room I found Joan minor sitting in her place, her eyes bright with expectation. Beside my place was a covered muffin dish. There was no dallying with the pleasure this time, for I had suddenly become young again, and could not have waited had I tried. I lifted the cover, and there, about the size of a well-nourished pea, lay the first-fruit of Joan minor's peculiar and personal allotment, prepared, planted and dug by Joan minor's own hands, a veritable and unmistakable potato.



Official of Lady War-workers' Bureau. "WHAT SORT OF WORK DO YOU FEEL FITTED FOR?" *Applicant.* "I DON'T QUITE KNOW, BUT I WANT TO WEAR THESE CLOTHES."

Our Official Pessimists.

From an Admiralty notice:—

"It is to be particularly noted that entries are only being made for 12 years' service, and not for duration of war."—*Evening Paper.*

"Summoned at Barry for having driven a horse whilst drunk, Antonio Millonas was stated to have narrowly missed a policeman and two children."—*Western Mail.*

We are all in favour of prohibition for horses.

IN A GOOD CAUSE.

THE Newport Market Army Training School, Greencoat Place, Westminster, which has for over fifty years been training homeless and destitute boys to become soldiers of the KING, and has sent over two thousand into the Army, is in great need of funds. Mr. Punch cordially supports the appeal of the President of the School, H.R.H. the Duke of CONNAUGHT, who "sincerely hopes the public will generously support an Institution that has for so many years quietly and unobtrusively furnished a Christian home and education to poor and outcast lads, and has supplied the Army with so many good and gallant soldiers."

Donations and inquiries should be addressed to the Secretary, the Rev. H. A. WILSON, 20, Great Peter Street, Westminster, S.W. 1.

A Credit to the Commonwealth.

"COCKATOO, Australian, splendid talker, does not swear."—*Newcastle Evening Chronicle.*

THE HAT AND THE VISIT.

"Francesca," I said, "does my hat really look all right?"

When I put this momentous question we were in a train, being bound on a visit to Frederick at his preparatory school. A sudden doubt had just assailed me as to my presentability. Should I, as a father, be looked upon as a credit or a disgrace to my son? Francesca took some time before she answered my question. Then she spoke.

"Your hat," she said, "is well enough."

"I see what it is," I said; "you think I ought to have worn a top-hat. There are still occasions when a top-hat may, nay, must be worn; and this, you think, is one of them. There are solemnities and venerations that only a top-hat can inspire in the naturally irreverent mind of youth. A father in any other hat is a ridiculously youthful object and has no business to inflict himself on his son. Very well. I would not for worlds spoil Frederick's half-holiday by shaming him in the eyes of his schoolfellows."

"What do you propose to do about it, then? You can't alter your hat now."

"No," I said, "I can't; but I can get out of the train at the next station and go home and leave you in your comparative spickness and your relative spanness to spend your afternoon with the boy. Or, stay, there must be a shop in Belfield where top-hats can be bought. It is a cathedral city and possesses dignitaries of the Church who still wear top-hats, and——"

"But those are special top-hats. You couldn't go to Frederick in a bishop's hat, now could you?"

"No-o-o," I said doubtfully, "perhaps I couldn't. But suppose I wore the gaiters too—wouldn't that make it all right?"

"I should like," she said, "to see Frederick's face on perceiving the new bishop."

"Francesca," I said, "you talk as if no boys ever had bishops for their fathers. Let me assure you, on the contrary, that there are many bishops who have large families of both sexes. I once stayed with a bishop, and I never heard anybody attempt to make a mockery of his gaiters."

"But they were his own. He couldn't be a bishop without them."

"That fact doesn't render them immune from laughter. My present hat, for instance, is my own, and yet you have been laughing at it ever since I called your attention to it."

"Not at all; I have been admiring it. I said it was well enough, and so it is. What more can you want?"

"I only hope," I said, "that Frederick will think so too. It would be too painful to dash the cup of half-holiday joy from a boy's lips by wearing an inappropriate hat."

"You're too nervous altogether about the impression you're going to make on Frederick. Take example by me. I've got a hat on."

"You have," I said fervently. "It has grazed my face more than once."



Officer. "BUT SURELY, THOMPSON, IF THESE MUD-BILLETS *ARE* ALL ALIKE YOU OUGHT TO REMEMBER WHERE YOU PUT MY HORSE——"



Batman. "HERE HE IS, SIR."

"It is feeding," she said, "on your damask cheek. But I'm quite calm in spite of it."

"But then," I said, "you never knew Rowell."

"No. Who was he?"

"Rowell," I said, "was a schoolfellow of mine, and he had a father."

"Marvellous! And a mother too, I suppose."

"Yes," I said, "but she doesn't come into the story. Rowell's father had a passion, it appears, for riding, and one dreadful afternoon, when we were playing cricket, he rode into the cricket-field. *He was wearing trousers, and his trousers had rucked up to his knees.* It was a terrific sight, and, though we all pretended not to see and were very sorry for young Rowell, he felt the blow most keenly. I hope my hat won't be like Rowell's father's trousers."

"It isn't a bit like them yet," said Francesca. R. C. L.

"FIREMAN wanted; consuming under 50 tons; wages 30s."

Under the present system of rationing, this demand for moderation does not seem excessive.



Inspecting Officer. "IT'S NO USE YOUR TELLING ME YOU HAVEN'T GOT ANY POTATOES ABOUT THE PLACE. IF YOU HOLD THE END OF THIS TAPE I'LL VERY SOON TELL YOU HOW MANY YOU HAVE HERE."

Farmer. "YE'LL BE A MAIN CLEVER LITTLE FELLOW, THEN. THEY WAS TURMUTS WHEN I PUT 'EM IN LAST BACK END."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

IT is my deliberate verdict that Mr. E. F. BENSON is (as my old nurse used to express it) "in league with Somebody he oughtn't." I hope, however, that he will understand this for the extorted compliment that it is, and not magic me into something unpleasant, or (more probably) write another book to prove to my own dissatisfaction that I am everything I least wish to be. That indeed is the gravamen of my charge: the diabolic ingenuity with which he makes not so much our pleasant vices as our little almost-virtues into whips to scourge us with. All this has been wrung from me by the perusal of *Mr. Teddy* (FISHER UNWIN). Even now I can't make up my mind whether I like it or not. The first half, which might be called a satire on the folly of being forty and not realising it, depressed me profoundly. I need not perhaps enlarge upon the reason. Later, Mr. BENSON made a very clever return upon the theme; and, with a touch of real beauty, brought solace to poor *Mr. Teddy* and consolation to the middle-aged reader. I need give you only a slight indication of the plot, which is simplicity itself. Into the self-contained little community of a provincial society, where to have once been young is to retain a courtesy title to perpetual youth, there arrives suddenly the genuine article, a boy and girl still in the springtime of life, by contrast with whom the preserved immaturity of *Mr. Teddy* and his partner, *Miss Daisy*, is shown for an artificial substitute. Baldly stated, the thesis sounds cynical and a little cruel; actually, however, you will here find Mr. BENSON in a kindlier mood than he sometimes consents to indulge. He displays, indeed, more than a little fondness for his disillusioned hero; the fine spirit with which *Mr. Teddy* faces at last the inevitable is a sure proof of the author's sympathy.

You will hardly have traversed the passages of our underground railway system without being hurriedly aware in passing of a picture in reds and browns, representing a faun-like figure piping to an audience of three rather self-conscious rabbits. This pleasing group does not portray an actual scene from *Autumn* (LANE), but is rather to be taken as symbolic of the atmosphere of Miss MURIEL HINE's latest book. The faun, I imagine, stands for *Rollo*, the middle-aged lover of the country, into whose happy life other, more human, loves break with such devastation. What the rabbits mean is a more difficult problem. I jest; but as a matter of fact I should be the first to admit that Miss HINE has written a story that, despite a certain crudity of colouring, is both unconventional and alive. The attitude of the characters towards their parents, for example, is at least original. *Deirdre*, the heroine, frankly despised her mother, to whom she owed a marriage with the man whom she hated. The gift of a country cottage enabled her to escape from him to rabbits (figurative) and the simpler life. There, however, she fell in with *Rollo*, who loved her at sight, and whose daughter, *Hyacinth*, adored her father, but quite blandly deceived him about her own amorous adventures. A pretty tangle, you observe, and I am not sure that I can wholly acquit the author of some cowardice in her manner of cutting it. But undoubtedly *Autumn* remains a story to read, and remember.

Since Mr. H. PERRY ROBINSON's name must be familiar

to most of us by now as that of one of the very select company of journalists who monopolise seats at the Front, one naturally turns with interest from his daily despatches to a sustained narrative. His account of last year's battle of the Somme, which he names *The Turning Point* (HEINEMANN), is as lively and vigorous a recital as can well be imagined of events hardly the less thrilling because already well-known. Although he disclaims expert knowledge of strategies, he is at least uncommonly well qualified to appraise the things he saw. "Before July, 1916, our Army," he says, "was like a small boy hoping to grow up and be big enough to lick a bully some day. Told to attack him before he felt sure of his own strength, the small boy would not have been sorry to wait a bit longer, but the pressure against Verdun and against the Russians had to be relieved, and so with steadily increasing skill and confidence the attack was made, and day after day fresh units proved themselves more than a match for the enemy." The result was a series of victories—Mametz, Contalmaison, Pozières, Guillemont, Thiepval, Beaumont-Hamel—and the writer is able to associate with each immortal name the regiments there engaged, all heroes, for "there were no stragglers." Indeed, if there is a weakness in the book it is that the insistent recording of the individual heroism of different battalions tends to become monotonous. But what a fault! It is a monotony of British valour crowned by a monotony of British triumph.

A point that will hardly avoid your notice in the plot of *In the Night* (LONGMANS), by Mr. R. GORELL BARNES (now Lord GORELL), is the exiguous part played in its elucidation by the Great Investigator, who (as usual) happens to be on the spot and able to place his services at the disposal of the local authorities. It is, I suppose, due to the Sherlockian tradition that these unhappy persons, the local detectives, must always be supplemented by a superior and high-handed expert. I think, from his preface, that the author does not quite share my own taste in such matters, since he promises that his Investigator shall keep no secrets and observe nothing withheld from the eye of the reader. So faithful is the author to this undertaking that he practically keeps his expert hanging about with the unenlightened crowd, while another character, in light-hearted amateur enthusiasm, does all the work. But of course, in a tale of this kind, the only thing that really matters is the one question of spotting the criminal, or who killed Cock Robin. Naturally I am not going to spoil your fun over this by any officious whisperings. As you probably know, the one safe rule in such matters is to concentrate upon Cæsar's wife; and even in repeating this antique maxim I may have betrayed too much. Forget it, and you may find what happened *In the Night* a sufficiently intriguing problem to provide a pleasant bedtime entertainment that will leave your subsequent repose unimpaired.

In deciding to add to what one may call the fiction of Metropolitan Adventures, whereof *The New Arabian Nights* may be regarded as both the model and the prototype, the author of *The London Nights of Belsize* (LANE) has undertaken a task which is both easy and difficult—easy because a sophisticated style and a lively imagination are the only essential qualifications, and difficult because it involves competition with a perfect galaxy of distinguished authors. There is always room for more of it, however, and, if Mr. VERNON RENDALL disappoints us, it is not merely because the standard has been set unusually high. His style is smooth and assured, and, though somewhat lacking in humour, his touch is light and pleasing. He begins well and interests us in his principal character so that we look forward with zest to the adventures of a personality which is everything that this sort of fiction requires. Here unfortunately the matter ends. *Belsize*, who promises so much, has no adventures worth the name. It is true that he rescues the *Prince of Mingrelia*, runs to earth a gang of highly-educated and æsthetic criminals, and does other things that we properly expect such men to do. But there is no excitement about his methods. Not to put too fine a point on it, the author of *Belsize* lacks the true imagination that makes the unreal seem real—a very different thing from the imagination which merely clothes realities in a garment of mystery. Notwithstanding this defect, *The London Nights of Belsize* should wile away an hour or so very pleasantly.



Delighted Patriot (after three days' absence). "NOT MUCH TO FEAR FROM U-BOATS IF WE CAN GROW FOOD AT THIS RATE!"
Voice from above. "PLEASE WOULD YOU THROW OVER OUR LITTLE BOY'S ZEPPELIN?"

If *A Regimental Surgeon in War and Prison* (MURRAY) does not create so profound an impression as it would have done two years ago, the reason must be that our capacity for disgust at Hunnish cruelty is exhausted by the demands already made upon it. Captain DOLBEY was in the Mons retreat and assisted at what he calls "the Miracle of the Marne," and in writing of these events he shows a real knowledge of both friend and foe. Taken prisoner under circumstances entirely creditable to himself, he saw the inside of German prison-camps, and suffered the indignities and horrors for which these places have so justly become infamous. His experiences are described with an almost judicial calmness. In one case of childish revenge I trust that the sufferers were sustained by a sense of humour. When the picture of a "Prussian family having its morning hate" appeared, the prisoners were punished by having their deck-chairs confiscated. Mr. Punch, while deeply regretting this vicarious expiation of his offence, cannot help deriving some solace from the thought that he succeeded in penetrating the hide of these Teuton pachyderms. When, for a change, Captain DOLBEY received a kindness from German hands he acknowledges it frankly. He also makes one or two suggestions which I sincerely hope will be considered by those who are in a position to deal with them. Altogether an illuminating book.

CHARIVARIA.

THE favourite reading of the Sultan of TURKEY is said to be criminal literature. A gift-book in the shape of a new Life of the KAISER is about to be despatched to him.

* * *

KING ALEXANDER of Greece originally proclaimed that he would "carry out his father's sacred mandate." But when it was pointed out to him that, if this was really his desire, an opportunity of following in his father's footsteps would doubtless be granted him, he tried again.

* * *

During the last air raid we are told that the employees of one large firm started singing "Dixie Land." We feel, however, that to combat the enemy's aircraft much sterner measures must be adopted.

* * *

"The Huns' diet is low," says a correspondent of *The Daily Mail*. But then their tastes are low too.

* * *

Writing of the recent Trentino offensive, Mr. HAMILTON FYFE says that several Austrian forts captured by the Italians were built of solid ice. It is time that London had some defences of this character.

* * *

The arrival of ex-KING TINO at Lugubrioso, on the Swiss-Italian frontier, has been duly noted.

* * *

The LORD MAYOR of London has decided in future to warn the City of impending air raids. Ringing the dinner-bell at the Mansion House, it is thought, is the best way of making City men take to their covers.

* * *

A new epidemic, of which "bodily swellings" are the first symptom, is reported by the German papers. And just when the previous epidemic of head-swellings was beginning to subside.

* * *

A Marylebone boy, arrested for forgery, told the police that he had made two complete £1 notes out of paper bags. Is this the paper-bag cookery of which we have heard so much?

* * *

A market gardener told the Enfield Tribunal that a conscientious objector whom he had employed was found asleep at his work on two successive days. People with highly-strung consciences very rarely enjoy this natural and easy slumber.

* * *

The American scientist who claims to have invented a substitute for tobacco cannot have followed the movement of the age. We have been able to obtain twopenny cigars in this country for years.

* * *

An applicant who said he had six children has been given six months' exemption. A member of the Tribunal remarked that the exemption would mean one month for each child. This great discovery proved too much for the poor fellow, who is said to have collapsed immediately.

* * *

A new ship is being fitted out for Captain AMUNDSEN, who is to proceed shortly with an Arctic exploration party. In case he should discover any new land, arrangements have been made to hold a flag-day for the inhabitants, if any.

* * *

Judging by the latest reports the Stockholm Conference is like the gun that they didn't know was loaded.

* * *

Because his wife accused him of not loving her, a farmer of Husavik, Manitoba, assaulted her with a pen-knife just to show that he did.



"AY, POOR OLD BEN'S ROOINED BY THE WAR. ALL 'IS YARNS WOS ABOUT *ABOVE-SEA* PIRATES!"

Special "storm troops"—men picked for their youth, vigour and daring, to carry out counter-attacks—are now a feature of the German Armies. Even our ordinary British soldiers, who are constantly compelled to take these brave fellows prisoners, bear witness to the ferocity of their appearance.

* * *

Taxes on watering-places, it is announced, will be a feature of the new French Budget. It is feared that this will bear hardly on breweries and dairies.

* * *

We are not permitted to publish the name of the Foreign Office official who strolled into a Piccadilly Bar last week and ordered a Clam-Martinic cocktail.

* * *

According to a report of the National Physical Laboratory the Tower of London is moving towards the Thames. The hot weather is thought to have something to do with it.

* * *

The Board of Agriculture advises the killing of all old cocks and hens. Lively competition between the railway refreshment rooms and the tyre factories should ensure a satisfactory price.

* * *

The High Court at the Hague has ordered a new trial in the case of the Editor of the *Telegraaf*, who was sentenced for referring to "a group of rascals in the centre of Europe." The rascality of the persons in question is now deemed to be proved beyond the shadow of a doubt.

* * *

The announcement that there will be no more Sunday music at the Zoo has been received with satisfaction by the more conservative residents, who have always complained that the presence of a band tended to reduce the place to the level of a mere circus.

* * *

A well-known inn at Effingham having changed its name from the Blücher to the Sir Douglas Haig, it is further suggested that the name of the village should be changed to Biffingham.

TITLE AND HALF-TITLE PAGES.

With a view to economy of paper, the title and half-title pages of the Volume which is completed with the present issue are not being delivered with copies of *Punch* as hitherto; they will however be sent free, by post, upon receipt of a request.

Those readers who have their Volumes bound at the *Punch* Office, or by other binders in the official binding-cases, will not need to apply for copies of the title and half-title pages, as these will be bound in by the *Punch* Office or supplied direct to other binders along with the cases.

How to Cure a Wound.

"A wounded soldier jumped or fell from a passing S.E.R. Red Cross train between Swanley Junction and Bromley to-day. The train was running at about twenty miles an hour. When picked up the man was found to be uninjured."—*Evening Paper.*

ALGY.

ALGY, it must be admitted, is no Adonis, but at least there is something in his great round pudding-face and his cheery idiotic smile which gives one the impression of a warm and optimistic nature.

Algy is humble and not ambitious; but for all that he is doing his bit, just as you and I are doing. He never goes on strike, and if he had any money, which he never does have, I know he would invest it in War Loan. Above all he is not a food-hog; not for him the forbidden potato or the millionaire's beer—no! Against all luxuries Algy has resolutely steeled his voluminous tummy. He has turned into the strictest of teetotalers, and, though a glass of Scotch may bring a wistful look into his eyes, yet he remains captain of his soul, unbroken as ST. ANTHONY.

His job is war-work of the steeliest order, such as very few men would care to undertake. All for the cause he stands, day after day, with a little band of comrades, facing uncomplainingly the most terrible buffetings, so that men may learn from him how to strike terror into the heart of the Hun.

Needless to remark, he is beloved by all the Tommies who inflict such pain upon the region of his gaudy blue waistcoat; he never seems to care and never grouses, but beams down on them undaunted with that quaint old grin of his.

'Twas a great and solemn day when we installed him. Conspicuous by his horrible suit of reach-me-downs, supported on one side by the sergeant-major, on the other by the sergeant, he was led gently but firmly out of his billet and initiated into his honourable task.

Algy has but one grievance. He wants badly to sport a few golden stripes on his cuff. He is modest and does not push himself forward, but as he has several times been severely wounded he thinks it only fair that he should receive the coveted distinction. But the authorities will not grant his simple request because, they say, he has shed no blood.

He has outlived all his compeers; lesser men may succumb but Algy goes on. One day, I suppose, he will meet the common fate; but may that sorry day be far ahead. For we could ill spare our Algy—our dear old bayonet dummy!

"INDIAN WAR LOAN.—The amount applied for in Rangoon yesterday was Rs. 00,000, making the progressive total Rs. 00,00,000."
Rangoon Times.

Nothing to boast about.

THE BAN ON RACING.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—In this bitter controversy I hope that a few moderate and impartial words from one, like myself, who sees clearly both sides of the question, may not be out of place. In any case I feel it is incumbent upon me to do all I can to avert the dire consequences of the frightful catastrophe that has fallen upon us through the mad act of an insensate War Cabinet. I can only say that if this is to be our spirit we are indeed defeated. Where is our devotion to manly sports, so potent in the moulding of our National character? What has become of our immemorial Right to Look On? Where is our boasted liberty, deprived as we are now to be of a chance to find the winner? What did WELLINGTON say of Waterloo? and MARLBOROUGH of Blenheim? and BOTTOMLEY of the Battle of the Somme? By what perversity of reasoning are we thus to asphyxiate the best instincts of our race?

We are said to be fighting for all that we hold sacred. Yet there is nothing that is held more sacred in every cottage home throughout the land than the Preservation of our Bloodstock. Let us not deceive ourselves. It is our supremacy in Bloodstock alone that makes possible the governess car, the milk van, the brewer's dray, the very plough itself. These are fundamental facts.

It has been suggested that, in order to avoid the assembling of frivolous crowds in war-time, races might be run in private. But that is quite impracticable. Only on the public racecourse can the lofty virtues of our British Bloodstock be displayed. The exciting presence of the crowd is absolutely essential to tune up its nerve and temper. Already our Bloodstock has suffered cruelly from gaps in the Grand Stand.

Then again there are some who actually complain that petrol is consumed in large quantities by those attending race meetings. Are we to put new heart into our enemies by letting it be known that we are short of petrol?

And finally there are some who so little understand the qualities of the Thoroughbred as to suggest that gambling should be stopped in war-time. The horse, unlike the Cabinet, is intelligent. Can he be expected to exhibit his priceless qualities of speed and stamina if no one puts his money up?

I need say no more. Such flippant legislation is bad enough at any time; during the Armageddon period it is little short of treason. One wonders when our Government will begin to realise that we are at war.

I am, Yours helpfully, as usual,
STATISTICIAN.

THE DIARY OF A CO-ORDINATOR.

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Standing on his head, we suppose.

Extract from a report of a sermon by Father BERNARD VAUGHAN:—

"They might as well go on to one of the main lines and attempt to stop one of the engines gorging from Euston to Edinburgh."
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Perhaps it would be wiser to refer the matter to the FOOD-CONTROLLER.



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Bluejacket (on torpedo-boat that has only just avoided collision with a neutral steamer). "I KNOW YOU LOVE ME, ALFONSO, BUT THERE'S NO BLINKIN' NEED TO TRY AND KISS ME EVERY TIME WE MEET."

JUST SAILORS.

Betty, having made an excellent breakfast, thank you, slipped from her chair and sidled round the table to me. Her father's guests are, naturally and without exception, Betty's slaves, to do with as she deems best. To her they are known, regardless of age, either by their Christian names or as "Mr. —er." I had enjoyed the privilege of her acquaintance for five years, but was still included in the second category.

Betty has an appealing eye, freckles, and most fascinating red-gold hair, and on the morning of which I write, after preparing the attack with the first, she gently massaged my face with the second and third, the while insinuating into my own a small hand not innocent of marmalade. Betty is seven or thereabouts. "Mr. —er," she said, "what shall we be to-day?"

"Let us," I replied hastily, "pretend to be not quite at our best this morning, and have a quiet time in the deck-chairs on the lawn." Betty very naturally paid no regard whatever to this cowardly suggestion.

"I 'm not quite sure," she said, "if we will be pirates or soldiers or just sailors. What do you think?"

Pirates sounded rather strenuous for so hot a day. Soldiers, I felt sure, involved my becoming a German prisoner and parading the garden paths with my arms up, crying "Kamerad!" while Betty, gun in hand, shepherded and prodded me from behind. Just sailors, on the other hand, smacked of gentle sculling exercise in the dinghy on the lake, so I said, "Let 's be just sailors."

But a sailor's life, as interpreted by Betty, is no rest cure. On land it includes an exaggerated rolling gait—itself somewhat fatiguing—and intervals of active participation in that most exacting dance, the hornpipe, to one's own whistling accompaniment. At odd moments, also, it appears that the best sailors double briskly to such melodies as "Tipperary" and "Keep the Home Fires Burning."

It was only when we arrived by the lake-side that Betty observed my gum-boots; instantly a return to the house in search of Daddy's nautical footgear was necessitated. This, though generous in dimensions, was finally induced to remain in position on Betty's small feet, her own boots being, of course, retained.

The dinghy was launched and, after a little preliminary wading in the gum-boots, the crew embarked. Betty's future profession will, I am sure, be that of quick-change artist. In less than ten minutes she had risen from cabin-boy to skipper, *vid* ordinary seaman, A.B., bo'sun and various grades of mate. My rank, which had at the outset been that of admiral, as speedily declined, until I was merely the donkey-engine greaser, whose duties appeared to include that of helmsman (Betty is not yet an adept with two sculls).

Our vessel also changed its character with lightning rapidity. It was in turn a ferry-boat—imitation of passengers descending the gangway by rhythmical patting of hand on thwart; a hospital ship chased by a submarine—cormorant's neck and head naturally mistaken for periscope; a destroyer attacking a submarine—said cormorant kindly obliging with quick diving act when approached; a food-ship laden with bananas represented by rushes culled from the banks; and a smuggler running cargoes of French wine contained in an elderly empty bottle discovered in the mud above high-water mark. It was breathless work.

The disaster occurred when Betty, against my maturer judgment, insisted upon the exploration on foot of a mangrove swamp on the shore of a cannibal-infested South Sea island. The immediate cause was a suddenly developed attachment on the part of one of Daddy's sea-boots to the mud on the lake-side. The twain refused to be parted, and the youthful explorer measured her length in the mire.

Generously overlooking my carelessness in not warning her that we were traversing a quicksand, Betty, rather shaken, very muddy and with a suspicion of tears in her voice, bound me by a blood-curdling nautical oath not to breathe a word of the mishap to

Mummy, Daddy or Miss Watt, her governess. The pledge having been given, Betty, the offending boots discarded, fled to her own room by way of the back-door.

It was then twelve o'clock, and in the hour that remained before luncheon I was fertile in excuses for Betty's absence from the scene; in fact, the necessity for concealing the calamity quite marred what should have been a time of well-earned relaxation.

At last we sat down to the midday meal, and the members of the house-party began to relate their morning's adventures. Finally some thoughtless person said, "Well, Betty, and what mischief have you been up to?"

Betty, quite recovered and with a radiant smile, replied, "Oh, Mr. —er and I had a scrumptious time on the lake. We were sailors—just sailors—and did all sorts of lovely things, didn't we, Mr. —er?"

I agreed, and Betty went on to her peroration:

"And at the very end Mr. —er was a tiger and I was a little small boy, and he jumped on me out of the bushes and knocked me down in the mud" [O Betty! O unjust sailor!], "and Miss Watt came in as I was changing my things. It *was* splendid, wasn't it—Reggie?"

Per ardua ad astra. I had won my promotion to the commissioned ranks of the Christian names.

WIMMIN.

BEHIND wi' the sowin',
An' rent-day to meet,
For first time o' knowin'
John Buckham was beat;
Torpedoed an' swimmin'
An' fairly done in,
When someone said, "Wimmin
Would suit ye at Lynn."

Dal Midwood, at Mutcham,
Who runs by old rules,
Said, "John, don't 'ee touch 'em—
A pa'sel o' fules
Aye dabbin' an' trimmin'
Wi' powder an' pin;
No, don't 'ee have wimmin,
John Buckham, at Lynn."

Well, back wi' the sowin',
An' rent-day to meet,
I had to get goin'
Or own I were beat.
The banks needed trimmin';
The roots wasn't in;
'Twas either take wimmin
Or walk out o' Lynn.

They came. They was pretty
An' white o' the hand,
But good-heart an' gritty
An' chockful o' sand;
Wi' energy brimmin'
Right up to the chin—
An' that sort o' wimmin
Was welcome at Lynn.

At ploughin' they 're able,
Or drainin' a fen,
They 'll muck out a stable
As well as the men.
Their praises I 'm hymnin',
For where would ha' bin,
If it weren't for the wimmin,
John Buckham, at Lynn?

W. H. O.



Mrs. Green to Mrs. Jones (who is gazing at an aeroplane). "MY WORD! I SHOULDN'T CARE FOR ONE OF *THEM* FLYING THINGS TO SETTLE ON ME."

"The Cairo Governorate has engaged white-washers to whiten plate-forms of points from which streets branch which will be compelled by the end of next week, before the commencement of the gaz lanterns decrease take place."
Egyptian Gazette.

The Sphinx has been requested to furnish an explanation.

Our Indomitables.

"THE ENGLISH GIRL.

STANDING IN WITNESS-BOX WITHOUT A QUIVER.

Rose ——, sixty-seven, —— road, South Tottenham, a young girl, was a witness in a London county court when the boom of guns and detonation of bombs were heard."
Daily Paper.

Our English girls to-day are only as old as they feel.

"Mrs. A. Thomson writes a vigorous protest against the carelessness with which the W.F.L. resolution urging the Prime Minister to make Woman Suffrage an integral part of the Bill, was acknowledged on his behalf. The acknowledgment was as follows:—

'I am directed by the Prime Minister to acknowledge the receipt of the resolution which you have forwarded on the subject of the formation of a Maternity Department in the new Ministry of Health.'"—*The Vote.*

But was it carelessness, or humour?

HEART-TO-HEART TALKS.

(*Herr Schultze and Herr Müller, privates in a Prussian regiment of Infantry.*)

Schultze. Leave will soon be over now and we shall have to go back to the fighting.

Müller. Yes; it is not a very cheerful prospect.

Schultze. No; that is a very true saying. And, what is more, there seems no possible end to this War, though (*dropping his voice and looking round*) we all hate it from the bottom of our hearts.

Müller. Yes, we all hate it. Indeed the hatred between me and the War gets worse and worse every day. I don't care who hears me.

Schultze. Don't be too bold; one never knows who may be listening.

Müller. It is to become mad. Why did we ever let the ALL-HIGHEST MAJESTY begin such a war? We were all so comfortable, and then suddenly the Austrian ARCHDUKE gets himself murdered and, piff-paff, we Germans must go to war against Russia and France and England. I am very sorry for the ARCHDUKE, but there were other Archdukes to supply his place, and even if there had not been I do not think he himself was worth the four millions of killed, wounded and prisoners whom we have lost since the guns began to go off.

Schultze. It is terrible to think of. And the sausages get worse and worse, and the beer costs more and more and is not like beer at all.

Müller. And the English have good guns and plenty of them, and know colossally well how to use them; and they have millions of men—more than we have; and their soldiers are brave—almost as brave as our own soldiers. They have certainly won some victories, it seems.



"I WARN YOU, SIR! THE DISCOURTESY OF THIS BANK IS BEYOND ALL LIMITS. ONE WORD MORE AND I—I WITHDRAW MY OVERDRAFT."

Schultze. So it seems; but our Generals have not told us much about it.

Müller. And we all thought they had only a contemptible little army.

Schultze. Yes, that was what the ALL-HIGHEST said.

Müller. The ALL-HIGHEST has also said several times that our soldiers would be back in their homes before the leaves fell from the trees, and here are you and I doomed to go away from our homes in the third year of the war. It would be better, I think, if the ALL-HIGHEST did not always speak so much and tried honestly to bring us a good solid peace.

Schultze (*with a deep sigh*). Peace? I do not think we shall ever have peace again. And the winning of victories seems to push it always further away from us. At that rate what is the use of victories?

Müller. Then you don't believe that the U-boats can starve England into surrender?

Schultze. Certainly I don't. Do you know anyone that does believe in that fairy story? All that the U-boats have really effected up to the present has been to bring in America on the side of our enemies.

Müller. That doesn't matter. The Americans have no army.

Schultze. Wasn't that what we said about the English? You yourself said it as loudly as anyone else at the beginning.

Müller. The fact is this War has gone on too long. A war for six weeks, that one can endure; but when it goes on for years——

Schultze. Yes, that is not so pleasant, though the KAISER is always talking about hacking through and having an iron fist and being a wall of steel and other things of that sort.

Müller. Oh, he! I'm tired to death of his speeches and his prancing about. Again I say I don't care who hears me. We have done enough for glory; isn't there something we can do for peace?

Schultze. No, nothing—and you know it. It is more likely we shall end in prison if we talk like this.

"NAVAL APPOINTMENTS.

ROYAL NAVAL RESERVE.

Mr. J. R. MACDONALD entered as Skipper (temp.)"—*The Times.*

If this is how the Government hopes to get the Member for Leicester to Petrograd there is still the difficulty of enlisting a crew (temp.)

"Successful raids were carried out by us during the night east of Lagnicourt (two or three metres south of Bullecourt)."

Evening Times and Echo.

For the sake of precision we could have wished that the measurement had been worked out to inches.

"Thousands on foot and in every kind of vehicle visited the grisly relic. A Sunday school teacher marched the girls of her class to the place. Some 80ft. of her nose-end is stuck aslant in the air."—*Daily Mail.*

Not every woman is so well-equipped for showing contempt of the enemy.

"Wanted, Coachman-Chauffeur, 'Over-land' Car (Protestant), over military age."—*Londonderry Sentinel.*

Whatever its religion a car of this age must be almost past praying for.

"The sort of women who literally make ducks and drakes of their duty as the family administrator."—*Spectator.*

Having regard to the high price of poultry might not the new Food-Controller get these women to explain how they do it?

The Buffer's Vindication.

I haven't fought, I haven't dug, I've worn no special caps,
Too little has my country, sure, had from me;
But I've never talked of "strafe-ing" anyone for any lapse,
And I've never called a fighting man a "Tommy."



Old Soldier (trying to "swing the lead"). "WELL, SIR, I CAN'T NEITHER EAT, SLEEP NOR DRINK, SIR."
M.O. (in a spasm of enthusiasm). "MY GOOD MAN! THE ARMY WANTS A BATTALION LIKE YOU!"

THE WATCH DOGS.

LXII.

MY DEAR CHARLES,—I've become so artful these days in disguising identities under assumed names that I'm hanged if I can remember myself which of my people is which. Still I daresay your own memory isn't too good, so we'll call him Ross this time, and trust to luck that that is what we called him last time. He is that one of my friends and fellow-sinners who was plugging along nicely at the Bar in 1914, and was just about to take silk, when he changed his mind, came to France and got mixed up in what he calls "this vulgar brawl on the Continent." After nearly three years of systematic warfare in the second line he has at last achieved the rank of full lieutenant, which is not so bad for a growing lad of forty-five; and is running one of those complicated but fascinating sideshows which, to oblige Their Exigencies, we have to label Queer Trades, and leave at that.

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In the Army, all fleas have bigger fleas upon their backs to bite 'em. Were this not so somebody would have to act upon his own responsibility, and that, as you will admit, would make war an impossibility. Accordingly in every department there is a series of authorities, starting with "other ranks" at the bottom, proceeding in an ascending scale of dignity and worth, and disappearing through a cloud of Generals into an infinite of which no man knoweth the nature. Thus, with Ross's business (to take the tail end of it) the letter which the Corporal writes the Lieutenant signs on behalf of the Major. It is when the Major wants to do something more active that trouble arises. Let us take an incidental matter of administrative detail for example, setting it forth, as all mili-

HEART-TO-HEART TALKS.

(Herr Schultze and Herr Müller, privates in a Prussian regiment of Infantry.)

Schultze. Leave will soon be over now and we shall have to go back to the fighting.

Müller. Yes; it is not a very cheerful prospect.

Schultze. No; that is a very true saying. And, what is more, there seems no possible end to this War, though (*dropping his voice and looking round*) we all hate it from the bottom of our hearts.

Müller. Yes, we all hate it. Indeed the hatred between me and the War gets worse and worse every day. I don't care who hears me.

Schultze. Don't be too bold; one never knows who may be listening.

Müller. It is to become mad. Why did we ever let the ALL-HIGHEST MAJESTY begin such a war? We were all so comfortable, and then suddenly the Austrian ARCHDUKE gets himself murdered and, piff-paff, we Germans must go to war against Russia and France and England. I am very sorry for the ARCHDUKE, but there were other Archdukes to supply his place, and even if there had not been I do not think he himself was worth the four millions of killed, wounded and prisoners whom we have lost since the guns began to go off.

Schultze. It is terrible to think of. And the sausages get worse and worse, and the beer costs more and more and is not like beer at all.

Müller. And the English have good guns and plenty of them, and know colossally well how to use them; and they have millions of men—more than we have; and their soldiers are brave—almost as brave as our own soldiers. They have certainly won some victories, it seems.

Schultze. So it seems; but our Generals have not told us much about it.

Müller. And we all thought they had only a contemptible little army.

Schultze. Yes, that was what the ALL-HIGHEST said.

Müller. The ALL-HIGHEST has also said several times that our soldiers would be back in their homes before the leaves fell from the trees, and here are you and I doomed to go away from our homes in the third year of the war. It would be better, I think, if the ALL-HIGHEST did not always speak so much and tried honestly to bring us a good solid peace.

Schultze (*with a deep sigh*). Peace? I do not think we shall ever have peace again. And the winning of victories seems to push it always further away from us. At that rate what is the use of victories?

Müller. Then you don't believe that the U-boats can starve England into surrender?

Schultze. Certainly I don't. Do you know anyone that does believe in that fairy story? All that the U-boats have really effected up to the present has been to bring in America on the side of our enemies.

Müller. That doesn't matter. The Americans have no army.

Schultze. Wasn't that what we said about the English? You yourself said it as loudly as anyone else at the beginning.

Müller. The fact is this War has gone on too long. A war for six weeks, that one can endure; but when it goes on for years——

Schultze. Yes, that is not so pleasant, though the KAISER is always talking about hacking through and having an iron fist and being a wall of steel and other things of that sort.

Müller. Oh, he! I'm tired to death of his speeches and his prancing about. Again I say I don't care who hears me. We have done enough for glory; isn't there something we can do for peace?

Schultze. No, nothing—and you know it. It is more likely we shall end in prison if we talk like this.



"I WARN YOU, SIR! THE DISCOURTESY OF THIS BANK IS BEYOND ALL LIMITS. ONE WORD MORE AND I—I WITHDRAW MY OVERDRAFT."

"NAVAL APPOINTMENTS.

ROYAL NAVAL RESERVE.

Mr. J. R. MACDONALD entered as Skipper (temp.)"—*The Times.*

If this is how the Government hopes to get the Member for Leicester to Petrograd there is still the difficulty of enlisting a crew (temp.)

"Successful raids were carried out by us during the night east of Lagnicourt (two or three metres south of Bullecourt)."

Evening Times and Echo.

For the sake of precision we could have wished that the measurement had been worked out to inches.

"Thousands on foot and in every kind of vehicle visited the grisly relic. A Sunday school teacher marched the girls of her class to the place. Some 80ft. of her nose-end is stuck aslant in the air."—*Daily Mail.*

Not every woman is so well-equipped for showing contempt of the enemy.

"Wanted, Coachman-Chauffeur, 'Over-land' Car (Protestant), over military age."—*Londonderry Sentinel.*

Whatever its religion a car of this age must be almost past praying for.

"The sort of women who literally make ducks and drakes of their duty as the family administrator."—*Spectator.*

Having regard to the high price of poultry might not the new Food-Controller get these women to explain how they do it?

The Buffer's Vindication.

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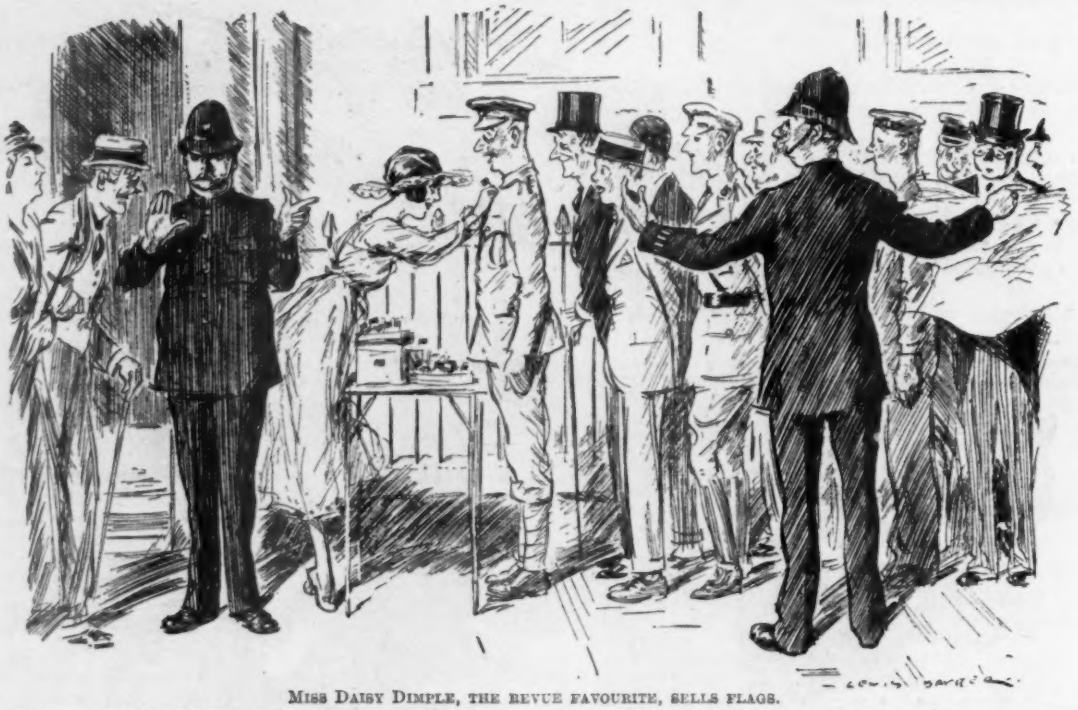
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MISS DAISY DIMPLE, THE REVUE FAVOURITE, SELLS FLAGS.

tary matters should be set forth, in paragraphs, separately numbered:—

1. Lt. Ross possessed a bicycle, motor, one. No. 54321 L/Cpl. Burt possessed feet, two, only. Ross had no occasion, ability or disposition to ride a motor bicycle. No. 54321 could neither do his business nor enjoy life afoot. Accordingly, No. 54321 rode the bicycle, while, for the purposes of what is known to better people than ourselves as Establishment, Ross owned it. But that was in the good old days, before Traffic and Police and all the Others interested themselves.

2. The first thing Traffic did was to say that all owners of motor bicycles must own cards, and produce them when demanded. That was easy: No. 54321 got the card. Then Police issued some vague but menacing literature with regard to the fate of people who stole other people's property or failed to stick to their own. There was no difficulty about this; Ross publicly fathered the thing.

3. Traffic, issuing new cards, said next that all owners of cards must also own bicycles. Realising the quandary, Ross was for saying he wouldn't play any more, but would declare a separate peace. His Mr. Brown however got up a long and intricate correspondence, at the end of which Ross was still owner and No. 54321 was still rider; both had cards, and all the authorities had, unknowingly, made themselves parties to the fraud.

Suddenly the Major declared his intention of putting the whole of Ross's establishment (including bicycle) on what he called a satisfactory basis by a series of orders which he proposed to draft himself. Ross, always ready to be put on a satisfactory basis by anybody, took note of the draft, and laid it before his Mr. Brown. The latter was aghast, and proved, by infallible reasons, the fatal results which would follow if the matter was stirred up. Ross made a careful note of the reasons, and laid them before the Major. The Major explained gently that discipline was discipline. And so Ross went to and fro between the two, until the Major said, "Really, Ross!" and his Mr. Brown said, "I'm very sorry, Sir, but there it is;" and yet Ross couldn't sack his Major, and he couldn't break away from his Mr. Brown.

He was between the Devil and the Deep Sea. What was he to do about it? Well, he just told the Deep Sea to keep calm a little longer, and went and waited outside the Devil's Mess. He saluted and asked the Devil if he'd care to come for a walk, and, the latter consenting, he led him to the Deep Sea. Then, when the Devil himself had been introduced to the Deep Sea itself, Ross slipped off and left them in his office to fix it up between themselves.

Ross dined with the Major that night, and the latter said he wasn't feeling at all well. The way Ross's Mr. Brown had licked his thumb and the lightning speed with which he had turned up exactly the right correspondence, office minute or Routine Order, had nearly given the Major heart disease. Besides, he'd lost the argument. "I was too heavily handicapped from the start," said he, "by not being in a position to lick *my* thumb or to stick *my* pencil behind my ear."

It was a good idea to introduce the Major and Mr. Brown, wasn't it, Charles? The Major says he was the first to suggest it, and Ross is careful to leave the credit with the Major, because he is sure that the idea really originated in the fertile and masterful brain of his Mr. Brown.

Yours ever, HENRY.

Another Impending Apology.

From a South African Parish Magazine:—

"Many thanks to the Rev. —— and the Rev. —— for coming to St. —— during the past month. The Rector went off to Clifton and Park Town, and enjoyed the change almost as much as the congregation."

"A bird flew into Willesden Court yesterday and perched above the magistrate's head.

Alderman Pinkham: 'It's not often we 'get the bird' on the bench.'"

But the "Beak" is there all the time.



THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS: LATEST INVERSION.

CONSERVATIVISM.
LIBERALISM . . .
LABOUR . . . } "DON'T FORGET, DEAR LADY, WHEN THE TIME COMES, THAT IT WAS *I* WHO GAVE YOU THE APPLE."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, June 18th.—Arising out of the dethronement of TINO a cloud-burst of questions descended upon Lord ROBERT CECIL, who took refuge under a wide-spreading umbrella of official ignorance. Mr. LYNCH was annoyed because his question whether the Allies would oppose the foundation of a Greek Republic was dismissed as "hypothetical," but Lord ROBERT assured him that there was "nothing abusive" in the epithet. But is that so? Suppose he were to describe Mr. LYNCH as a "hypothetical statesman"?

A detailed history of a Canterbury lamb, from its purchase in New Zealand at 6⅞*d.* a pound to its sale to the British butcher at 10½*d.*, was given by Mr. GEORGE ROBERTS. He threw no light, however, on the problem why it should double in price before reaching the consumer. This is engaging the anxious consideration of Lord RHONDDA, who declares that there is no adequate economic reason why Little Mary should have only a little lamb.

In the House of Commons as in a music-hall you can always get a laugh by referring to "the lodger." Whether the lodger, who is considered quite good enough to vote for a mere Member of Parliament, should also be allowed a voice in the election of really important people like town councillors was the theme of animated discussion. It ended ultimately in the lodger's favour, with the proviso that the apartments he occupies should be unfurnished. On such niceties does the British Constitution depend.

Tuesday, June 19th.—Mr. BALFOUR received a warm welcome from all sections of the House on making his first appearance after his return from America. Even the ranks of Tuscany, on the Irish benches, could not forbear to cheer their old opponent. Besides securing American gold for his country, he has transferred some American bronze to his own complexion, and has, if anything, sharpened his faculty for skilful evasion and polite repartee by his encounters with Transatlantic journalists.

In the course of the daily catechism on the subject of air-raids Mr. MACMASTER inquired, "Why is it that Paris appears to be practically immune, while London is not?" The answer came, not from the Front Bench, but from the Chair, and was delivered in a tone so low that even the Official Reporter failed to catch it. That is a pity, because it furnishes a useful hint for Ministers. In future, when posed with futile or embarrassing questions about the War, let them follow the SPEAKER'S example, and simply say, "You must ask the KAISER!"

In a perfectly free division, in which Ministers and ex-Ministers were mixed up together in both Lobbies, woman's



THE BETTER PART OF VALOUR.

Sir Frederick Smith. "WHAT'S THE GOOD OF STRUGGLING?"

right to be registered as a Parliamentary elector was affirmed by 385 votes to 55. Some capital speeches were made on both sides, but if any of them turned a



Literary Dame (at bookstall). "HAVE YOU ANY BOOKS BY THAT RISING YOUNG NOVELIST, LORD HUGH CECIL?"

vote it was probably the cynical admission of the ATTORNEY-GENERAL that he was as much opposed to female suffrage as ever, but meant to vote for it because it was bound to come. This probably had an even greater effect upon the average Member, who is not an idealist, than the nutshell novelette in which Lord HUGH CECIL lightly outlined the possible future of the female politician.

Wednesday, June 20th.—Military metaphors come naturally to the Duke of MARLBOROUGH. Yet I cannot think he was happily inspired when, in reminding the farmers of their duty to put more land under the plough, he compared the compulsory powers of the Board of Agriculture to a sword in its scabbard, and hoped there would be no necessity to rattle it. Everybody knows that the sword in question is a converted ploughshare, and that it rests with the War Office to turn it back again.

Last night fifty-five Members resisted Votes for Women. By this afternoon twenty-five of them had so far changed their minds as to protest against the limitation of the privilege to women over thirty. Major ROWLAND HUNT, convinced that women would soon vote themselves into the House, expressed a naïve preference for "young 'uns."

Thursday, June 21st.—During Sir EDWARD GREY'S long tenure of the Foreign Secretaryship he rarely visited the House of Commons more than twice a week. Until his voyage to the United States, Mr. BALFOUR was even less attentive to his Parliamentary duties and left most of the "donkey-work"—if one may so describe the business of answering the questions of curious Members—to Lord ROBERT CECIL. Since his return Mr. BALFOUR has developed a new zest for this pastime, and to-day for the third time in succession appeared in his place. Everybody is pleased to see him there, except perhaps the curious Members aforesaid, who find him even more chary of information than his deputy. Had not the PRESIDENT of the United States said something about Alsace-Lorraine? ventured Corporal LEES-SMITH. Mr. BALFOUR, fresh from the White House, blandly replied, "I do not propose to discuss President WILSON'S Notes."

The notion, prevalent at the beginning of the War, that every German waiter was an emissary of the KAISER, only awaiting "The Day" when he should return to take a full revenge for meagre gratuities, still subsists in certain minds. Mr. BROOKES was manifestly disappointed when Dr. MACNAMARA assured him that the aeronaut captured in the recent raid was not, as he supposed, one of these returned Ganymedes, but was making his first appearance on English soil.

"A small fire at a variety theatre burnt some dresses all up, but the revue went on as usual."—*Berrow's Worcester Journal.*

No need to worry over little things like that.



Long-suffering Sergeant. "WE GOT ANOTHER ARF-HOUR TO GO YET. *I* DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH YER."
Rookie (suggestively). "THERE'S SOME TREES OVER THERE, SERGEANT."
Sergeant. "YES, I KNOW. BUT THERE AIN'T ANY ROPES."

TO FIELD-MARSHAL SIR DOUGLAS HAIG.

JUNE 19TH, 1917.

SIR, though in dealing with the strong and straight
Of sentiment one cannot be too thrifty,
Still, after reading your despatch—the date
Chimes with your birthday, *ætat* six-and-fifty—
A humble rhymer, though denied by fate
Possession of the high poetic "giftie,"
May yet express the hope it won't displease you
To see yourself as one plain person sees you.

Some call you cold, because you are not prone
To bursts of eloquence or flights of feeling;
You do not emulate the fretful tone
Of those who turn from boastfulness to squealing;
Your temperament, I am obliged to own,
Is not expansive, Celtic, self-revealing;
But some of us admire you none the less
For your laconic simple truthfulness.

No doubt you would provide far better "copy"
To the industrious drivers of the quill
If you were more emotional and sloppy,
More richly dowered with journalistic skill;
To make despatches blossom like the poppy
You never have essayed and never will;
In short, you couldn't earn a pound a week
As a reporter on *The Daily Shriek.*

Frugal in speech, yet more than once impelled
To utter words of confidence and cheer,
Whereat some dismal publicists rebelled
As premature, ill-founded, insincere—
Words none the less triumphantly upheld
By Victory's verdict, resonantly clear,
Words that inspired misgiving in the foe
Because you do not prophesy—you *know;*

Steadfast and calm, unmoved by blame or praise,
By local checks or Fortune's strange caprices,
You dedicate laborious nights and days
To shattering the Hun machine to pieces;
And howsoe'er at times the battle sways
The Army's trust in your command increases;
Patient in preparation, swift in deed,
We find in you the leader that we need.

"The temperature in Berlin yesterday was 131 degrees Centigrade, which is the highest temperature since 1848."—*Daily Dispatch.*

Equal to about 268 degrees Fahr. and quite hot enough to keep the Imperial Potsdam boiling.

"A correspondent who knows a great deal about the coal trade says there is going to be great difficulty in obtaining coal during the coming winter."—*Torquay Times.*

This will confirm the belief that the shortage of fuel is not unassociated with the vested interests.

"We, on the other hand, are just as much entitled, under any sane code of morals, to bombard Kerman towns as to shoot German soldiers on the field."—*The Globe.*

We think, however, that the inhabitants of these Persian towns might reasonably object to such vicarious reprisals.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

OUR moorland novelists are of two schools. One of them depicts the dwellers on these heights as a superior race, using a vocabulary half Biblical, half minor-poetic, in which to express the most exalted sentiments; the other draws a picture of upland domesticity comparable to that found in a cage of hyenas. Mr. HALLIWELL SUTCLIFFE, though he is too skilled an artist to overdo the colouring, inclines (I am bound to say) so much towards the former method that I confess to an uneasy doubt, at times, whether any human families could maintain existence on the same plane of nobility as, for example, the *Holts* in his latest romance, *Lonesome Heights* (WARD, LOCK). These *Holts* were a race of farmer-squires, and in the book you see their development through two generations: the masterful old man and his twin sons. This is all the tale; a simple enough record, but full of the dignity and beauty which make the reading of any story by this author a refreshment to irritated nerves. Towards the end some space is devoted to the fight to abolish child-labour in the dale mills; there is also a scandal, and the fastening of blame upon the wrong brother; no very great matter. It is for such scenes as that of the death of old *Holt*, and his last words to the horse that has thrown him, that *Lonesome Heights* will earn its place on your library list.

The Dice of the Gods (HEATH, CRANTON) is not, as the title suggests, something rather thrilling in the way of romantic fiction, but one of those dispassionate novels in which the author, through the medium of his puppets, gently scourges the follies of society. *William van der Beck*, whose fictional house of clay very obviously clothes the spiritual essence of the author, Mr. LUCIAN DE ZILWA, returns to his native Colombo with a liberal education, to find that the life and thought of the strange Indo-European bourgeoisie to which he belongs by birth present no alluring features. In point of fact the ambitions and hypocrisies, pretences and prejudices of the Cingalese "burgher" with the tell-tale finger-nails are merely those of Bristol or Amsterdam evolved under Colonial conditions. *Jack van der Beck*, for example, the pompous medical ass with a flourishing practice among the local nabobs, can be found in every provincial town in Europe. *The Dice of the Gods* has no plot worthy of the name, but Mr. DE ZILWA has both satire and philosophy at his command, and a flair for atmosphere. His scenery and "props" too will be new even to the most hardened novel-reader. He paints a vivid Oriental background with which the semi-Western civilization of his characters alternately blends and contrasts rather effectively.



NEW SPORTS FOR OLD.
SNAIL-STALKING IN THE SUBURBS.

Mr. TRESIDDER SHEPPARD'S *The Quest of Ledgar Dunstan* (DUCKWORTH) is one of those half-sequels of which, while it remains true that You Can Start Here, you will get a better grip with some previous knowledge of the earlier story about the same people. Not that your hold upon the present book will, even then, be other than slightly precarious. For my own part I seldom met anything so elusive. I freely grant that it is original, thoughtful and provocative, but the effect it produces is rather like that of *Jaberwocky* upon *Alice* ("It fills me with ideas, only I don't know what they are!"). At first one seemed in for a comedy of disillusion. *Ledgar* and *Mary*, united, are met with in the process of living unhappily ever after. This is clear enough, human (unfortunately) and amusing. It was, for one thing, *Mary's* habit of misquotation that got upon *Ledgar's* nerves. "Alas, poor Garrick!" was one of her typical lapses. Nor was *Ledgar* himself more of a success with *Mary*, who found him (and here my sympathies went over to her) lacking in force and coherence. But as *Mary* eloped with somebody else at the end of part one she hadn't my prolonged experience of *Ledgar's* incomprehensibility. Nor did the question of his semi-lunatic friend worry her, or the whole problem of what, if anything, was the motive of the book. Eventually he is shown pairing off with his earlier love, *Winnie;* and I am bound to say that she too has my sympathy. I should sum up by saying that the analysis of introspective egotism, however subtly done, can make at best only an exasperating story.

In *By the Waters of Africa* (ROBERT SCOTT) Miss NORMA LORIMER has described her British East African travels in a series of letters, in which she shows a very real sense of style and a delightful assumption of her own unimportance. To people suffering from the books of travellers who seem more anxious to air themselves than to give impressions of the countries through which they have passed, it will be a pure relief to find an author who suppresses herself and really gets on with her business. Thanks to her friends, whose kindness she frankly acknowledges, Miss LORIMER was able to see native life under conditions impossible to a less privileged traveller, and she misses no feature in it that is either humorous or enlightening. It is a model book of its kind, valuable up to a certain point and always pleasant to read. Some of the author's adventures might easily have excused a reckless use of notes of exclamation. But only once does she give way to this weakness, and this I pardon her, for I should always use one myself on the eve of starting for the Mountains of the Moon.

For the Honeymoon?

"Lady wants quiet summer accommodation; near bees."—*Scotsman.*



MR. PUNCH IN RUSSIA.

IN the last Epilogue, where Mr. Punch was described as paying a call upon our brave soldiers in a German prison-camp, I confessed that I didn't understand how he got there in the body. To-day I have to report a far simpler enterprise. This time he has merely been on a mission to Russia. Anybody can do that, unless the Sailors' and Firemen's Union mistake him for Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD, and no one has yet made this error in respect of Mr. Punch.

His brilliant mastery of the Russian language is a harder thing to believe; but, as nothing is said of an interpreter, I must suppose that he had been quietly and painfully taking lessons in this very difficult tongue. Anyhow, you must picture him, at some spot not specified, addressing a concourse of enthusiastic Revolutionaries. I propose to give a brief summary of his speech, from which you will gather that he spoke to them like a father, and that, while he showed a cordial sympathy with the cause of Russian freedom, he did not hesitate to deliver himself of some very straight home-truths.

"Friends, Russians, Allies," he began; "I come on behalf of my fellow-countrymen" (you know his touching way of regarding himself as the medium of the best intelligence to be found in the British Empire) "to convey their affectionate sympathy with you in your triumph over the tyranny of Tsardom. At first we took the natural and hopeful view that your Revolution, supported by all that was noblest in all ranks of your society, was the result of bitter dissatisfaction with the conduct of the War, and with the secret and sinister enemy influences which were at work to ruin your chances in the common fight against Kaiserism.

"Yet it was immediately followed by wholesale desertions from the firing-line and a general disintegration of military discipline. It seems, then, that we were wrong; for otherwise it would be a curious irony that a movement designed for the better conduct of the War should produce a complete stagnation on your fighting fronts; or, to look at it from another point of view, that a Revolution which owed its success to the War, since, in such a war as this, the Army and the nation are one, should have, for its immediate consequence, an apparent failure on your part to remember the purpose for which the War is being fought.

"No doubt many motives were at work, and it was perhaps natural that in the joy of your new-found freedom you should be tempted to forget the conditions that had made it possible, and to regard the War as something outside and remote, and its importance as small compared with the achievement of internal liberty.

"Well, we have tried patiently to see things with your eyes, and now you in your turn must please make an effort to see them with ours. From the first, when we in England took on this War, we recognised that

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

OUR moorland novelists are of two schools. One of them depicts the dwellers on these heights as a superior race, using a vocabulary half Biblical, half minor-poetic, in which to express the most exalted sentiments; the other draws a picture of upland domesticity comparable to that found in a cage of hyenas. Mr. HALLIWELL SUTCLIFFE, though he is too skilled an artist to overdo the colouring, inclines (I am bound to say) so much towards the former method that I confess to an uneasy doubt, at times, whether any human families could maintain existence on the same plane of nobility as, for example, the *Holts* in his latest romance, *Lonesome Heights* (WARD, LOCK). These *Holts* were a race of farmer-squires, and in the book you see their development through two generations: the masterful old man and his twin sons. This is all the tale; a simple enough record, but full of the dignity and beauty which make the reading of any story by this author a refreshment to irritated nerves. Towards the end some space is devoted to the fight to abolish child-labour in the dale mills; there is also a scandal, and the fastening of blame upon the wrong brother; no very great matter. It is for such scenes as that of the death of old *Holt*, and his last words to the horse that has thrown him, that *Lonesome Heights* will earn its place on your library list.

The Dice of the Gods (HEATH, CRANTON) is not, as the title suggests, something rather thrilling in the way of romantic fiction, but one of those dispassionate novels in which the author, through the medium of his puppets, gently scourges the follies of society. *William van der Beck*, whose fictional house of clay very obviously clothes the spiritual essence of the author, Mr. LUCIAN DE ZILWA, returns to his native Colombo with a liberal education, to find that the life and thought of the strange Indo-European bourgeoisie to which he belongs by birth present no alluring features. In point of fact the ambitions and hypocrisies, pretences and prejudices of the Cingalese "burgher" with the tell-tale finger-nails are merely those of Bristol or Amsterdam evolved under Colonial conditions. *Jack van der Beck*, for example, the pompous medical ass with a flourishing practice among the local nabobs, can be found in every provincial town in Europe. *The Dice of the Gods* has no plot worthy of the name, but Mr. DE ZILWA has both satire and philosophy at his command, and a flair for atmosphere. His scenery and "props" too will be new even to the most hardened novel-reader. He paints a vivid Oriental background with which the semi-Western civilization of his characters alternately blends and contrasts rather effectively.



NEW SPORTS FOR OLD.
SNAIL-STALKING IN THE SUBURBS.

Mr. TRESIDDER SHEPPARD'S *The Quest of Ledgar Dunstan* (DUCKWORTH) is one of those half-sequels of which, while it remains true that You Can Start Here, you will get a better grip with some previous knowledge of the earlier story about the same people. Not that your hold upon the present book will, even then, be other than slightly precarious. For my own part I seldom met anything so elusive. I freely grant that it is original, thoughtful and provocative, but the effect it produces is rather like that of *Jaberwocky* upon *Alice* ("It fills me with ideas, only I don't know what they are!"). At first one seemed in for a comedy of disillusion. *Ledgar* and *Mary*, united, are met with in the process of living unhappily ever after. This is clear enough, human (unfortunately) and amusing. It was, for one thing, *Mary's* habit of misquotation that got upon *Ledgar's* nerves. "Alas, poor Garrick!" was one of her typical lapses. Nor was *Ledgar* himself more of a success with *Mary*, who found him (and here my sympathies went over to her) lacking in force and coherence. But as *Mary* eloped with somebody else at the end of part one she hadn't my prolonged experience of *Ledgar's* incomprehensibility. Nor did the question of his semi-lunatic friend worry her, or the whole problem of what, if anything, was the motive of the book. Eventually he is shown pairing off with his earlier love, *Winnie;* and I am bound to say that she too has my sympathy. I should sum up by saying that the analysis of introspective egotism, however subtly done, can make at best only an exasperating story.

In *By the Waters of Africa* (ROBERT SCOTT) Miss NORMA LORIMER has described her British East African travels in a series of letters, in which she shows a very real sense of style and a delightful assumption of her own unimportance. To people suffering from the books of travellers who seem more anxious to air themselves than to give impressions of the countries through which they have passed, it will be a pure relief to find an author who suppresses herself and really gets on with her business. Thanks to her friends, whose kindness she frankly acknowledges, Miss LORIMER was able to see native life under conditions impossible to a less privileged traveller, and she misses no feature in it that is either humorous or enlightening. It is a model book of its kind, valuable up to a certain point and always pleasant to read. Some of the author's adventures might easily have excused a reckless use of notes of exclamation. But only once does she give way to this weakness, and this I pardon her, for I should always use one myself on the eve of starting for the Mountains of the Moon.

For the Honeymoon?

"Lady wants quiet summer accommodation; near bees."—*Scotsman.*



MR. PUNCH IN RUSSIA.

IN the last Epilogue, where Mr. Punch was described as paying a call upon our brave soldiers in a German prison-camp, I confessed that I didn't understand how he got there in the body. To-day I have to report a far simpler enterprise. This time he has merely been on a mission to Russia. Anybody can do that, unless the Sailors' and Firemen's Union mistake him for Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD, and no one has yet made this error in respect of Mr. Punch.

His brilliant mastery of the Russian language is a harder thing to believe; but, as nothing is said of an interpreter, I must suppose that he had been quietly and painfully taking lessons in this very difficult tongue. Anyhow, you must picture him, at some spot not specified, addressing a concourse of enthusiastic Revolutionaries. I propose to give a brief summary of his speech, from which you will gather that he spoke to them like a father, and that, while he showed a cordial sympathy with the cause of Russian freedom, he did not hesitate to deliver himself of some very straight home-truths.

"Friends, Russians, Allies," he began; "I come on behalf of my fellow-countrymen" (you know his touching way of regarding himself as the medium of the best intelligence to be found in the British Empire) "to convey their affectionate sympathy with you in your triumph over the tyranny of Tsardom. At first we took the natural and hopeful view that your Revolution, supported by all that was noblest in all ranks of your society, was the result of bitter dissatisfaction with the conduct of the War, and with the secret and sinister enemy influences which were at work to ruin your chances in the common fight against Kaiserism.

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"No doubt many motives were at work, and it was perhaps natural that in the joy of your new-found freedom you should be tempted to forget the conditions that had made it possible, and to regard the War as something outside and remote, and its importance as small compared with the achievement of internal liberty.

"Well, we have tried patiently to see things with your eyes, and now you in your turn must please make an effort to see them with ours. From the first, when we in England took on this War, we recognised that

the country which was bound to get most good out of it was Russia. For her we hoped that it was to be in the fullest sense a War of Liberation. Your Allies would win liberty from external menace, but you would also see the bonds of internal tyranny broken. The TSAR, the little father of his people, had a chance, such as falls to few, of giving to his nation something of the true freedom that we in England know.

"He missed his chance. We will not ask why, but he missed it. Yet by other means the War has been for you a War of Liberation, and, if you break your pledge to see it through, you do not deserve your freedom. Nay more, you run the risk of losing it; or, if, through the steadfastness of your sworn Allies, you keep it, then you keep it at the cost of sacrificing the friendship and sympathy of all free nations who are fighting in the cause of liberty; and, on those terms, your own freedom is not worth having.

"Some of you argue that Russia's pledge to her Allies was an Imperialist pledge and that you have the right to ignore it. Have you forgotten so soon that the prime cause of Russia's entry into this quarrel was that Austria had threatened to crush a free nation, Serbia, whose race and faith are yours? Besides, a pledge like that is still a pledge, though governments may change. Would you have it so that no people, from this time on, shall trust the word of Russia for fear that a new *régime* might repudiate it?

"We have been patient and made allowances. We know that a great nation like yours cannot overthrow an age-long tyranny without being shaken through every fibre of its being. Time was needed for you to recover your balance and to resume a sane view of your obligations to others than yourselves. So we have been patient, and are patient still, though the inaction on your Front and your withdrawal from your part in the common struggle have made our burden in France far harder to bear.

"If you fail us, we shall no less fight on, we others. 'We shall march prospering—not through your presence.' We shall fight on till the ideals of Kaiserism, your worst enemy, are crushed. America, that great Republic that loves peace as passionately as you, will take your place, will fill up the gap that you leave in the ranks of those who fight for freedom. And we shall fight till we get the true peace that we want—not the peace which some of you have advocated, fraternising with the common foe, listening to the specious pleas of those who shirk the one test of their honesty when they are asked to revolt against a tyranny as least as deadly as that which you have yourselves overthrown.

"But you will not fail us, I know. Your hearts, as a nation, were once in this War; heavy as our sacrifices have been, yours have been heavier still. Why should you change? Why should the birth of your own freedom be the death of your sympathy with the cause of the freedom of the world? No, you cannot fail us; you are too great for that.

"Forgive me," Mr. Punch concluded, "if, in speaking from a full heart, I have allowed myself an excess of candour. At home they have always been very kind and let me have a charter to say just what I think; and I have been doing it, without much distinction of persons, for seventy-five years and more. If to you, who have been dumb so long, this seems beyond belief, permit me to offer you, with sincere affection and regard, a visible proof of my privilege in the shape of my

One Hundred and Fifty-Second Volume."



